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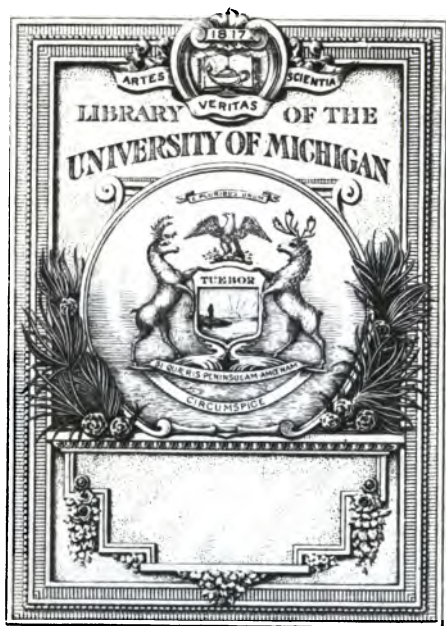
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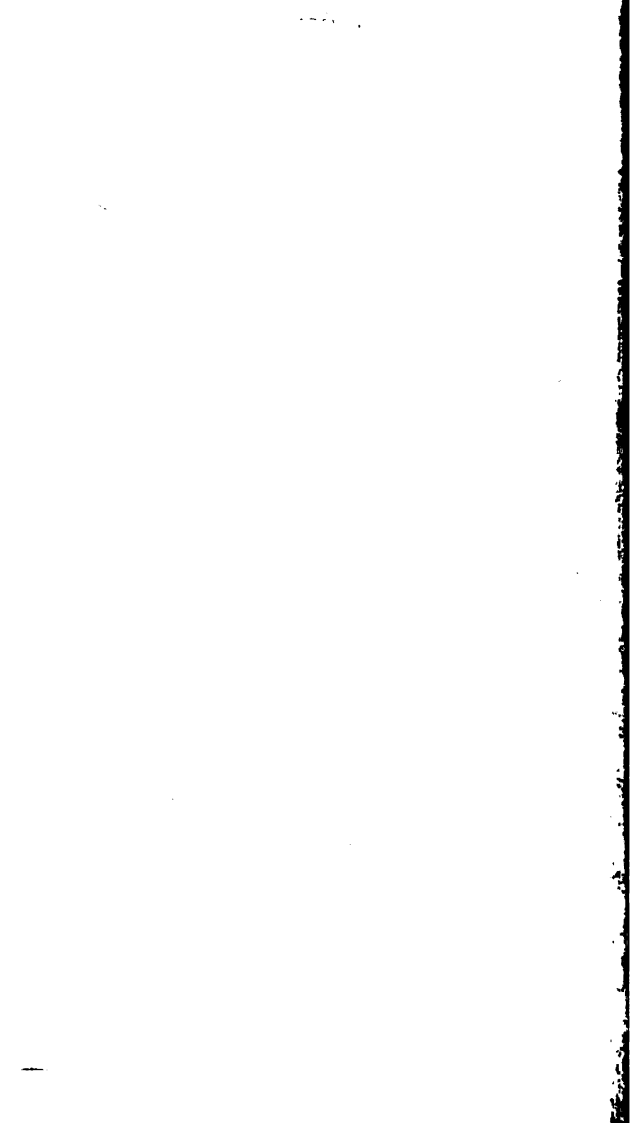


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*Harriet P. Weston*  
**HYMEN'S PRÆLUDIA:**

OR,

1860.

**Love's Master-Piece :**

Being that SO-MUCH-ADMIR'D

**R O M A N C E,**

INTITLED,

**CLEOPATRA.**

---

**IN TWELVE PARTS.**

---

Written Originally in FRENCH, and now Elegantly  
render'd into ENGLISH,

*By* **ROBERT LOVEDAY.**

---

EVAND.

*Quid magis optaret CLEOPATRA Parentibus orta  
Conspicuis, Comiti quàm placuisse Thori?*

---

**V O L. II.**

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**L O N D O N:**

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# Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

## *Love's Master-Piece.*

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### PART VII. BOOK I.

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LOVE entitled the Payment of his first Respects to *Cleopatra*, Amity pleads the Precedency of his Visit to *Marcellus*, but his Desire to observe an exact Decorum in the Requisites of his Duty, vanquished the Motions of Love and Amity, and conducted him with a great Train of Friends that followed, whose Number swell'd at every Step to the Emperor's Palace, where he then was in Person.

*Marcellus*, who had met the Report of his Arrival, as well as the rest, ran to meet him with a Throng of his Friends, and encountring at the

Palace-Gate, that Interview was spent upon the dear Entertainment of such mutual Caresses as cannot be well understood, but by those Souls that have list'd themselves under the Standard of as perfect an Amity: Nevertheless it was well observed, that their Faces were not painted with that Satisfaction which ought to have followed the Glory of my Master's Victories. After they had a thousand Times repeated their dear Embraces, and my Master's Courtesy paid what was due to the Salutes of his Friends, the two Princes drew themselves aside from the rest of the Company, and fell into some private Discourse, with the Subject of which the Language of their Actions easily acquainted me. We heard not what was said till the latter End, when my Prince raising his Voice: 'This is my Resolution, *said he*, I will go presently to *Cesar*, and render him an Account of the Commission he gave me, and after I have represented my Services, I will demand Justice of himself, for the Injustice he has done me.' And I, *said Marcellus*, will join with you, and against all Enemies that dare oppose us, our Interests shall be inseparable.

At these Words they mounted the Stairs Hand in Hand, and went together to the Emperor's Lodgings; he was then retir'd into his Cabiner only with *Agrippa* and *Mecenas*, that entertain'd him with some important Affairs of State; but when it was told him that *Marcellus* and *Coriolanus* were at the Door, he commanded they should enter, and maugre his Surprizal at my Master's sudden Appearance, he receiv'd him with a smooth Aspect, and gave him such a Welcome as was due to the fresh Memory of his grand Actions,

*Corio-*

*Coriolanus* having saluted him with all the Respect that was owing to his Person and Dignity, fixing a bold and undaunted Eye upon his Face, and preventing some Questions he was ready to ask:

• Sir, *said he*, I am doubtless culpable, by appear-  
 • ing in your Presence before the Repeal of your  
 • Orders; but while my Being was necessary in  
 • those Places, where you did me the Honour to  
 • send me, neither the Memory of my dearest In-  
 • terests, nor the entire Peace of my Soul, had  
 • Power to pull me from those Occasions of your  
 • Service: All your Enemies are defeated; above  
 • 100000 *Barbarians* have had their Threads cut,  
 • by our Swords, their Cities are all submitted,  
 • their Provinces in a profound Obedience, and  
 • what now remains for *Coriscus* to do, will cost  
 • neither Labour nor Effusion of Blood; and now  
 • Sir, I bring my Sword and my Life to your  
 • Feet, employ them both upon fresh Expediti-  
 • ons, if that which I came from, has not yet  
 • made me worthy of the Recompence yourself  
 • taught me to hope for; spare not Blood, for it  
 • cannot be more gloriously spilt, than for the Ser-  
 • vice of *Cesar*, and the Conquest of *Cleopatra*.

He let fall these Words in a graceful and becom-  
 ing Posture, that charmed the Spirit of *Augustus*,  
 who witnessed the high Thoughts he had of him,  
 by most particular Caresses, and after he had re-  
 peated many Embraces, with an Action that over-  
 flow'd with Kindness: 'You have done Things  
 • for our Empire, *said he*, the Grandeur of which  
 • does not only excuse your Return, but almost  
 • leaves us too weak to acknowledge it; yet I ex-  
 • pected no less from your Virtue, whereof you  
 • have ever shewn such beautiful Marks, as may  
 • give you a just Encouragement to attend a Re-  
 • compence, that possibly outweighs the Possession

‘ of *Cleopatra*.’ ‘ It is to her only, Sir, *hastily*  
‘ *reply’d the Prince*, that I have rais’d my Am-  
‘ bition, and, as, it belongs to none but great  
‘ *Cesar*, to give away a Gem of that Value, so  
‘ I ought to receive it of him as a Present, infi-  
‘ nitely above my Services.’ ‘ I am sorry, *re-*  
‘ *ply’d the Emperor*, that my Promise does oblige  
‘ me to favour *Tiberius* in his Research of *Cleo-*  
‘ *patra*; he is the Son of the Empress my Spouse,  
‘ whose Affection has too great a Sway in my  
‘ Breast, to go away with Refusal, yet I would  
‘ never have consented to vote against you, had  
‘ not I prepared you another Gift far more confi-  
‘ derable than what you pretend to.’ ‘ And with  
‘ what Gift, my Lord, *reply’d the impatient*  
‘ *Coriolanus*, can you satisfy me for the Loss of  
‘ *Cleopatra*? Have you any thing so precious in  
‘ the whole Extent of your Empire, to repair the  
‘ Injury you would do me, in martyring those  
‘ Hopes, which had never been conceiv’d but by  
‘ your Consent; nor come abroad but upon your  
‘ Parole?’ ‘ Yes, *answer’d the Emperor*, I have  
‘ the Realms of your Ancestors, the Crowns of  
‘ both the *Mauritanians* to restore unto you,  
‘ which I am contented you should possess under  
‘ the Protection of the Empire, in the same Man-  
‘ ner that *Herod*, *Polemon*, *Archelaus*, and those  
‘ other Kings, our Allies, do hold their Estates.

This was not so cheap an Offer of the Empe-  
ror’s, but it might have tempted any other Soul  
besides my Master’s, to have bit greedily at the  
Bait, and produc’d an Effect not incapable to calm  
their Displeasure; but in his it encountred no such  
Disposition, and not staying one Moment to bal-  
ance his Answer: ‘ Sir, *said he with an Action*  
‘ *full of coldness*, the Present you offer me is tru-  
‘ ly worthy of your own Altitude, and it pertains

‘ to



to none but great *Cæsar*, who is Master of all  
 Empires, to give, with so much Munificence  
 and Magnanimity: By the Gift of my Father's  
 Crowns, I should be infinitely over-paid for  
 my Services, though I add the Industry of my  
 whole Life, to bring them nearer to Equality:  
 But could you super-add the rest of the Earth to  
 this Present, I would refuse it, nay, and mis-  
 prize it too for *Cleopatra*; in her alone, by  
 your own Permission, I circled my Desires, and  
 without her, all the Baits of Ambition will lose  
 their Taste, and the Monarchy of the World  
 would be insupportable. 'I see your Passion  
 doth now blind you, *reply'd the Emperor*; but  
 when your Reason shall once recover its Liber-  
 ty, you will quickly acknowledge, that I do  
 you no Wrong, in taking a Woman from you;  
 to make you a King of two puissant Realms.'  
 Ah! My Lord, *cry'd Coriolanus*, this does not  
 agree with the Promise you made me; and when  
 I drew my Sword in your Quarrel against your  
 Enemies Forces, you were willing, that by the  
 Advancement of your Service, and my own Glo-  
 ry, I should try my Right to *Cleopatra's* Pos-  
 session. *Tiberius*, whom your own Condescen-  
 sion made my Antagonist, cannot render a fair-  
 er Account of his Employment, than I of mine;  
 and if you take the Pains to scan our Actions,  
 you will doubtless find the Difference cannot be  
 strained to his Advantage. If his Sword has  
 reaped a fairer Harvest than mine, and himself  
 be more considerable in being the Son of the  
 Empress, give him a Reward, Sir, that better  
 suits with his Services and Ambition, give him  
 the Diadems you offer me, I shall not see them  
 encircle his Temples with an envious Eye, tho'  
 they were once my Father's Inheritance; and

' if *Cleopatra* cannot be merited, but by him that  
 ' can set a Crown upon her Head, I will go seek  
 ' it among a People, which have not yet felt your  
 ' Puissance, where I may possibly gain that at the  
 ' Point of my Sword, which the disastrous Fate  
 ' of my Parents lost before I had a Being.

This Liberty of Language had probably been  
 ill relished by any other Person of *Augustus's* Dignity; but that Prince, who in all his familiar Discourses used to allow a Liberty to those he loved, instead of condemning, esteem'd his Boldness, and then desirous he should retire, more maturely to digest the Offer he had made him, ' Go, *said he*, take Advice of your Friends, and if it be their Opinion that I have done you Injustice, come again unto me, and renew your Complaints with an unrestrained Liberty.

*Coriolanus* would have presently reply'd, if *Marcellus*, by a Sign from the Emperor, had not led him away: That excellent Friend fearing a Persistence in his Discourse might provoke the Emperor's Spirit, and believing it might be more successfully renewed at another Season, he oblig'd him almost by Force to retire; but before he left the Presence, making a profound Reverence to *Augustus*: ' Sir, *said he*, give me leave to hope your just Bounty will create a Change in your Intentions, which doubtless will be more equitable than that you have suffer'd in behalf of *Tiberius*.

He staid not for an Answer, but retir'd with *Marcellus* in such troubled Posture, as he could scarce be known by his Friends, whom the Noise of his Return had called from all Parts of the City to visit him. As he came out from the Emperor, he met *Tiberius* attended by a great Number of fawning Courtiers, that since the swelling of his Fortune and Favour, thronged about him

on all Sides, the two Rivals pass'd by one another without a Salute; but this Encounter confirm'd *Coriolanus*, by the Assurance he should not meet his Rival there, in a sudden Resolution to go see *Cleopatra*, and deeming it unfit to retard his Visit any longer, he went immediately thither, attended by the whole Troop of his Friends to the Door, though *Marcellus* and he only enter'd the Princess's Chamber. She had heard of his Arrival, and, to clear a Path to his Attempt of an Interview, she had caus'd it to be given out among those that frequented her Chamber, she was not then in a condition to receive a Visit.

In effect, the grief she had taken from the Emperor's change, and *Livia's* persecutions, had really caus'd some alteration in her health, and the two Princes found her upon the bed in her night-attire, in the posture of a person indisposed. The approach of night had already caus'd the Tapers to be lighted in her Chamber; and by the help of those, *Coriolanus* entering, beheld his fair Princess with an amorous amazement, clad in the beams of a thousand Beauties: She rais'd herself up upon the bed to receive him, and while he put his knee to the ground, and took her fair hand to kiss it, she let fall her head upon his, and laid her arm upon his shoulder, with an action full of sweetness and affection. The displeasures of my Prince, for some moments, were most delightfully charm'd by that reception, nor could his desires have invented more felicity, than to pass away the rest of his Life in so happy a condition: At last he rose from his knee by the Princess's command, and while *Marcellus*, to leave a liberty of discourse to the Lovers, entertain'd himself with her Maids, taking a seat by her bed's-side, and greedily feeding his Eyes upon her face from whence they had

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long

long been wean'd, he was opening his 'mouth to speak, when the fair Princess preventing him, and taking the Word with an Air replete with grace and Majesty:

' After your glorious escape of so many dangers, *said she*, which have given me a thousand fears in your behalf, I cannot behold you a triumphant Conquerour, without betraying all the joy I owe to the high reputation your Valour has purchased; yet my gladness had come nearer to perfection, could I have seen you here upon the summons of some other motives than that which called you home: And now to give you my naked thoughts, know *Coriolanus*, that the change of *Augustus* has not gall'd your heart with a more sensible disquiet than mine, nor have the proofs of his intentions wrought any effects upon my Spirit to your prejudice; *Tiberius* appears not more amiable since *Cesar* supported him, than he did before; whose ingratitude to you, if it be possible, has shewed me more worth and beauty in those qualities that obliged me to love you.' My Prince bowing his head at this discourse with a profound submission: ' Then, Madam, *said he*, I am not utterly lost, as my fear construed it by your Letter, and the Emperor's Language; for if your goodness still owns me, though all the World should declare for *Tiberius*, he could not equal my condition; Let *Livia* sollicit for him, and *Augustus* openly profess his partiality, they will both be too weak to stagger my fortune, so long as my Princess props it; and as her affection only gives it a perfect being, if I lose not that, I can lose nothing else that is capable to afflict me.

He would have said more, when the Princess desired him to give her the discourse between him and  
and

and the Emperor, *Coriolanus* repeated Word for Word in so passionate a manner, as the Princess could not defend her heart from the same resentments; but when she understood in what fashion he rejected the Emperor's proffer of his Kingdoms for her sake, she would not hide her acknowledgment; and taking more kindness into her Eyes than they express before: 'You have sinn'd, *said*  
' *she*, against your interests, in preferring me before  
' your Father's Crown; yet in that Act you have  
' not deceived me; since I ever believed you capable of disesteeming the most advantageous conditions, if they were once put into the other scale  
' against your affection; methinks this Generosity  
' does well become the Prince I have given my  
' heart to; and to give you a Copy of the same,  
' *Coriolanus*, I do here promise you, that if *Tiberius*, or any other more conformed to my inclinations, could place me upon a Throne where I  
' might sway the Universe, I would despise it all  
' for your sake. Since for mine you have refused  
' the Crowns of your *Ancestors*, my ambition  
' shall lay away its wings, and find a clearer satisfaction in your person, than in the possession of  
' *Royalties*; and since Fortune has taken away  
' those that belonged to our Houses, we cannot  
' brave her better, than by tying our affections to  
' those things upon which she has neither Empire  
' nor Influence; 'tis she alone that helped *Augustus*  
' to the power he has over me; nor shall I break  
' any modest rule, in disobeying his Command to  
' love *Tiberius*, or offend any other Laws than  
' such as Victory and Fortune have imposed upon  
' the vanquished and unhappy.

' Oh! my Princess, *cry'd my Master*, how generous are you! how worthy to be the Daughter  
' of so illustrious a Queen, who sham'd our Sex  
' by

' by the Greatness of her Courage ! but Madam,  
 ' what shall this happy Unfortunate do, whose  
 ' condition you hold up against the puissance of  
 ' the Empire, in the highest place of human fel-  
 ' icity ! by what price shall he pay for the least  
 ' part of these Divine Bounties ? By a fidelity,  
 ' *reply'd Cleopatra*, which I value above the Treas-  
 ' ure of *Augustus*, and by which you may pre-  
 ' serve till death, that affection whereon you esta-  
 ' blish your felicity. If that be the means, *reply'd*  
 ' *my Prince*, I will be happy to my Tomb, and  
 ' all the human considerations shall never stagger  
 ' me one moment in that inviolable loyalty, which  
 ' with new vows I do once more prostrate at your  
 ' feet, and which alone shall hold my Honour,  
 ' my Repose, my Crowns and Dignities. But,  
 ' Madam, *said he, after pausing a few moments*,  
 ' if I may have license to ask it, how will you  
 ' defend yourself against the Emperor's will ? and  
 ' what order will you take to resist him, when he  
 ' commands you to love the Son of *Livia* ? As  
 ' yet, *reply'd the Princess*, he has not serv'd him-  
 ' self with his authority to oblige me ; and the  
 ' form of Government he affects, besides the re-  
 ' putation he is desirous to acquire, of a good and  
 ' just Emperor, does bid me hope he will never  
 ' come to open violence with the Daughter of  
 ' *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*. 'Tis true, modesty for-  
 ' bids me an absolute declaration in your favour,  
 ' and in divulging my repugnance for *Tiberius*, it  
 ' will not become me to publish my inclinations  
 ' for *Coriolanus* ; but since for our Misfortune, I  
 ' am deprived of those persons, to whom my birth  
 ' gave the right of my disposal, I will protest an  
 ' obedience to the Princess *Octavia*'s will, who by  
 ' her marriage with my Father, the shelter she  
 ' first gave me in her House, and Maternal care  
 ' she

' she has taken of us all, may with reason challenge  
 ' a Daughter's obedience: This will exempt me  
 ' from all the reproaches I might else receive;  
 ' and if it gives you any fear, because *Octavia* is  
 ' the Sister of *Augustus*, it ought to re-assure you,  
 ' because she is the Mother of *Marcellus*, and  
 ' such a one as ever cherished a high esteem of  
 ' you with a great deal of affection. I am yet  
 ' oblig'd to keep my steps in this path, by the  
 ' absence of my Brother *Alexander*, who has  
 ' been long from hence, and of whom we have  
 ' heard no news ever since his departure out of  
 ' *Germany*, whither by the Emperor's command  
 ' he follow'd *Tiberius*. My younger Brother *Pto-*  
 ' *lomy* has medled but little with my conduct,  
 ' which, if the reasons that led me to this choice  
 ' be scann'd aright, can be no where more safely de-  
 ' pos'd, than in the hands of that virtuous Princess.

During this Discourse, *Marcellus* came and  
 join'd company, and understanding *Cleopatra's* in-  
 tention: ' Sister, said he, (for *Octavia* would have  
 ' that appellation to be commonly shar'd among  
 ' her own Children, and those of her dead Hus-  
 ' band) I believe you cannot make better choice  
 ' of a resolution; for besides that it holds the best  
 ' proportion with that modest Decorum you would  
 ' practise, *Coriolanus* may make himself as sure  
 ' of *Octavia's* good will, as *Marcellus's* Friend-  
 ' ship. That virtuous and grand Princess, added  
 ' my Master, has ever treated me with too much  
 ' goodness, to leave me the least scruple of trust-  
 ' ing her power with my Fortunes.

This Discourse was follow'd by divers others  
 upon the same subject, wherein *Cleopatra* and the  
 two Princes were long a mingling their reasons,  
 which at last being brought to a conclusion, they  
 took their leave to go visit the Princess *Octavia*,

to whom, after *Cleopatra*, my Master design'd the payment of his first respects: That good Princess, after she had received him with all the signs of a real amity, and confirm'd her Sons Words, of the good opinion and high esteem she had of him, protested, that no consideration should ever menace or entice her consent to lean to his prejudice: My Master kiss'd her hands with a great deal of submission and acknowledgment, and taking his leave instead of retiring to his own lodgings, he went and lay that night with *Marcellus*, as well to satisfy his Friendship, which would not permit so quick a separation, as to take a more particular account from his mouth, in relation to *Julia*, than his Pen had given him.

I have tyed myself so strictly to my Master's Adventures, as I half forgot to follow the thread of *Marcellus* his unlucky love to *Julia*; but I will now comprise in a few Words what happened in our absence, wherewith my Master was partly acquainted by his Friend's Letters, and more fully instructed from his own mouth at our return.

The spight that *Marcellus* took to see himself so lightly abandoned by *Julia*, kindled such a resentment against her, as would doubtless have quench'd his Passion, if a just anger could have over-match'd it; but if he had too little power to exile, at least he had enough for a time to restrain it, and keep the fond effects of his Love in hold; which that giddy Princess had so ingratiously abused. In effect, he began to retire his observances so coldly, as instead of keeping up the custom of wasting whole days in her attendance, he now scarce render'd her two visits in two weeks; in lieu of seeking occasions to find her alone, he fled them openly; and when he was oblig'd to entertain her, he did it with a respect, mingled with



so much coldness, as it was easy to perceive, he rather treated her as the Daughter of *Augustus*, and so (as many reasons advis'd him) did homage to her Quality, rather than as a person to whom he had ty'd himself by any other chain than the consideration of her Fortune. *Julia*, who observed his behaviour, and was not ignorant of the cause, did at first so little regard it, (her thoughts being only bent at *Coriolanus*, who was still fresh in her memory) as she paid his personated coldness with one so real and remarkable, as it was quickly observ'd, and grown the Discourse of most of the Courtiers, who pass'd their Judgments upon it according to several conjectures. By this scornful carriage of *Julia*, the anguish of poor *Marcellus* was so augmented, as his body took infection from his mind, and shared a part of the malady, which so decreas'd the looks of that lovely Prince, as though the Emperor, who was one of the first that discovered it, did often examine his Nephew's melaucholly, he had still a reserve of discretion to conceal his Daughter's inconstancy; and though *Agrippa* who was particularly touch'd with the torments of *Marcellus*, had told the Emperor that it doubtless proceeded from some petty breach between the Princess and him, yet they found it impossible to clear that discovery by *Marcellus's* confession.

In fine, the sad Estate of that abused Prince from Day to Day received such sensible Aggravations, as they began to find a feeling in *Julia's* Spirit, whose Affection, though faded in the Flower, was still alive in the Root; besides, the Despight she took to see her self disdain'd by *Coriolanus*, made her resolve to call home those partial Glances, and clearing her Soul of all the violence affection had kindled, she began to open her Eyes afresh upon that

that deserving Prince, and repented she had left him for a Man who had openly misprized her; to this I may add, that the Princess *Scribonia* her Mother, who reputed as she was, yet lived in *Rome* at a considerable height, and was often visited by her *Daughter*, understanding the scurvy Usage she gave *Marcellus*, and well knowing her Advancement depended upon her Complacence to the Emperor's Will, sharply checked her for the little Care she took to conform her self to it, and representing *Livia's* dangerous Power with *Cesar*, which in all Probability would carry his Affections along the Stream of her own Blood, and leave her no more than the naked Name of *Augustus's* Daughter, disposed her no longer to despise the Means of preserving her Interests. In fine, whether by a real return of her Affection, the Care of her own Advancement, or her Indignation against my Master, *Julia* resolved to recal *Marcellus* to her Favour; and, that once concluded, she was so little able to bridle her revived Flame, as she was ready to throw herself at his Feet, and vent it in all the submissive ways she could find to regain him. - At the first Discovery of her Design, he slighted the Nets her Kindness spread; and, as *Julia* had given him a just Offence, so he expected a Reparation, which he saw she was ready to tender, that might balance her Inconstancy. Being one Day in the Emperor's Chamber, where, dividing himself from the rest of the Company, he was retired alone to the Corner of a Chimney, against which he leaned in a deep Meditation, when the Princess regarding his melancholly Posture, and not sorry to meet that Occasion of Discourse, she went to him; and finding him so busied with his Thoughts, as they had not suffered him to see her, though she stood at his Elbow, she

she put a Handkerchief, which she held in her Hand, before his Face: And, perceiving that Acton had scarce brought him to himself, 'What's the Subject of your musing, *Marcellus*? said she, *imitating her familiar Gesture*: What is it you dream of? This last Rouzing brought the Prince to himself; and taking notice of *Julia's* Words, 'The Subject of my musing, answered he, is possibly the same that sets your ordinary Thoughts to their Task; I dreamt of *Coriolanus*.

That word brought warm blood into *Julia's* face, and willing to let him see that it stung her to the quick: 'You are not deep enough in my Heart, said she, to divine my thoughts. 'Tis because I am there too seldom, reply'd the sad *Marcellus*, that I know them so well; but he that has banished me thence, has done it so innocently, as I have no reason to accuse him: He brought forth these words with so melancholly an air, as whatever cause the Princess found to foment anger, she saw more to invite pity, and to let him know as much: 'If you were in a better humour, said she, we might possibly find a cure for your Error, but that cure will be taken when you are more reasonable.

At these words (seeing *Mecenas* and *Domitius* approach with some other persons that came to join company) she quitted him, only she left him a glance or two at parting, that were sweetened on purpose to give him intelligence, that he might boldly renew his hopes of her affection, and by that action finished her victory of his resentments; for though the cause did still weigh heavy upon his heart, yet she had got such an ascendant there, as would not permit a perseverance in the violence he offered to himself.

Instead

Instead of evading, as formerly, he now sought occasions to entertain the Princess, which that very Evening he found it not hard to obtain, since the whole Court carried a complacence to his intentions, and *Julia* her self desired it with equal ardour. It was in her own Chamber where she first restored him that liberty, and the rest of the company when they saw them enter a particular Discourse, respectively withdrawing themselves to a fit distance, he had as much distance as he could wish to serve his design. *Julia* her self was the first that began the Parley, and taking a hint from those sad looks which had dwelt upon his Face: 'What, *Marcellus*, said she, will you waste the rest of your days in such a sullen humour, as is insupportable to all those that come near you? Will you never dissipate these melancholly clouds, that render your society ingrateful to all your Friends?'

*Marcellus* sigh'd at this discourse, and darting a passionate look at the Princess: 'Ah Madam, said he, how easily your self is able to answer this question, and how well you are acquainted with the source of that woe which changes my face, and leads me to my tomb; had I a spirit that could efface these impressions as easily as yours, I should have already found out a way to comfort, and you no more have seen the marks of displeasure either in my face or actions; I have ador'd you with a Religion, that has taught you to understand your own puissance, and the Gods are witnesses, that since the moment I began to be yours, I have tyed my thoughts so entirely to your service, as I could never admit any other consideration. You have by your former bounties, which indeed were justified by the Emperor's intentions, sav-

voured

'voured this rashness that has ruined me; nor  
 'did you block up my way with an impediment,  
 'that might wake the knowledge of myself, or stay me upon the brow of that precipice  
 'from whence I am tumbled; you suffered me  
 'to hope, you permitted me to believe myself  
 'beloved by you, and when that unlucky Error  
 'had got such Authority within me, as I thought  
 'myself mounted to the tallest Stair of my Fortune,  
 'without any Apparition of a Cause, you  
 'have suddenly thrown me down, ill-treated,  
 'abandoned, and banished me from a Man, who,  
 'worthy as he is of your Affection, did never  
 'seek after it. After this (the greatest, or rather  
 'the only Mischief that could tread upon my  
 'Spirit) you wonder I can be sad, and seem amazed  
 'at the Appearance of a Change in my Visage;  
 'no, rather think it a Miracle that so grand  
 'a Disaster should do so little Execution; conclude  
 'it strange, that the grief you have seen and caused,  
 'should not ease me of this deplorable Life,  
 'which I still drag along, and for default of that,  
 'my own Hands should not sacrifice all that is left  
 'of it to your Inconstancy."

*Marcellus* could go no farther in his Complaint;  
 it being stopped by a torrent of Tears that drowned  
 the Passage of his Words, at which the Princess  
 was so tenderly touch'd, as she had no Power  
 to refuse him those Affections, which before  
 she had so liberally given him; and though indeed  
 she made use of *Deceit* and *Artifice* to excuse  
 her *Levity*, I really believe she did then let  
 her self go down the Stream of Compassion, to  
 her first Inclinations: She took one of *Marcellus's*  
 Hands, which she pressed between hers, and after  
 she had darted him a Glance that penetrated  
 his Heart, and freshly set Love's wounds a bleed-  
 ing:

ment your Insolence, and expose me to your  
 Scorn, by the Knowledge of my immoderate  
 Passion ; but these Marks of my Anger,  
 and not (as they were construed) of my Ob-  
 livion, wrought not the Effects upon you  
 I desired, and finding you (as my Suspicion  
 told me) still more sedulous in the Service  
 of your Passion to *Cleopatra* than before,  
 I could bethink my self of no other Way,  
 than to try if I could touch you with Jealou-  
 sy ; and finding no fitter Person to drive my  
 design than *Coriolanus*, I feigned to love him,  
 pretending, by his Hypocrisy, a Revenge upon  
 you and *Cleopatra* together ; endeavouring to  
 possess you with a Belief, that I had changed  
 you for the *African* Prince ; and requite *Cleo-  
 patra*, by depriving her of *Coriolanus*, as I be-  
 lieve she had robb'd me of *Marcellus*. Thus,  
 at least, I was one way infallibly sure to thrive  
 in my Designs. If you truly lov'd me, I knew  
 the Fear you borrowed from my Behaviour,  
 would soon bring you home again ; and if not,  
 by those Sights and Neglects in my Carriage,  
 I anticipated the Declaration of your's, which  
 might have expos'd me to that of all the *Ro-  
 mans* ; and you might easily judge, by perceiving  
 how I took those Reproaches you gave me, that  
 the Demonstrations of the Love you suspected,  
 were made too publick to be real. And, if my  
 Memory has not lost the Observation, you know  
 I took less Care to hide it from you, than any  
 other Person ; though possibly I was not so stu-  
 pid, but I could have disguised a part of my  
 Thoughts, had my Intentions consented. ' Hea-  
 vens ! cry'd *Marcellus*, interrupting the Prin-  
 cess : Gods ! is it possible this should be true ?  
 If you still love me, reply'd *Julia*, it becomes  
 you

you not to doubt it ; and if I do not really  
 affect you, do you know any Reason can oblige  
 me to seek my Justification in Fiction and Arti-  
 fice ? ' What, *said the Prince, wholly trans-*  
*ported,* is then all I observed of Disdain to me,  
 and Love to *Coriolanus*, proved a *Deceptio Vi-*  
*sus ?* ' I have said enough, *said the Princess,*  
*with a discontented Look,* to oblige your Be-  
 lief ; and after so ingenuous a Confession, which  
 possibly I have made with too little Decorum,  
 you deem it not fit to part with your erroneous  
 Opinion ; my Interest in you is not strong enough  
 to render me guilty of a farther Obstinacy.

At these Words, she made an offer to rise from  
 her Seat ; but the passionate *Marcellus* staying her  
 by the Robe, ' Madam, *said he,* pardon this In-  
 credulity and Distrust to the Weakness of my  
 Spirit ; and be pleased to believe, that to pass  
 from the sad Condition in which some of the  
 latest Moments saw me plung'd, to that where-  
 in your Pity has now stated me, is not a thing  
 so light and trivial to be comprehended by my  
 Soul without Astonishment. The Opinion of  
 my Disaster was settled too strongly there, to  
 go out without Violence ; nor is it only the  
 Height of that Happiness you restore me, that  
 dazzles my Belief. ' Come, no more, *said*  
*Julia ;* I would have you efface the Memory of  
 what is past, as I have done those Impressions  
 that obliged me to use you so unkindly. ' I will  
 henceforth shape my Belief and Actions, *said*  
*the Prince,* to the perfect Rule of your Will ; and  
 since the Vows I have made the Princess *Cleopatra*,  
 as a Sister, have given you some Umbrage, I  
 vow henceforth no more to see her ; but when  
 you shall permit me to pay my Friendship in  
 good Offices to her, what his Hopes may chal-  
 lenge

‘ Ienge from our Amity !’ ‘ No, *said Julia*, I  
 ‘ desire not to tie you to such strict Conditions ;  
 ‘ And since the apparent Discovery of the Truth  
 ‘ has clear’d up the Clouds of my Suspicion against  
 ‘ *Cleopatra*, I do not only vote the Continuance  
 ‘ of our customary Visits, but, to dissipate all your  
 ‘ Distrusts with mine, I will join my Forces with  
 ‘ your’s, to advance *Coriolanus* in her Estimation.

If there had been great store of Persons in the  
 Princess’s Chamber, that must have been Witnesses  
 to the Action, *Marcellus* had thrown himself at  
 her Feet, to pay the hasty Oblations of his Thanks  
 for the Favour she had done him : And whether  
 he gave an entire Credit to her Words, or was as-  
 sisted by the Height of his Passion to deceive  
 himself, and confute his former Opinion, that  
*Julia* lov’d *Coriolanus*, he remain’d so perfectly  
 satisfied, as he could scarce find Words to express  
 his Contentment. This Encounter, above all the  
 rest, instructed me in the Blindness of amorous  
 Passionists ; and though I believe that *Julia* did  
 repent her Inconstancy, and really renew’d her  
 Love to *Marcellus*, (had not that Prince, who in  
 all Essays beside, had ever an excellent Wit and  
 clear Judgment at command, been so powerfully  
 prepossess’d) he would never have suffer’d him-  
 self to be abus’d, by the Reasons she suborn’d for  
 her Justification. Whatever it was, he concluded  
 that the happiest Day that ever encreased his Age ;  
 and *Julia* contributing all that depended on her,  
 entirely to settle his Repose, *Marcellus* began to  
 live with her as he was accustomed, and all the  
 sprightly Marks of his Satisfaction came back in-  
 to his Visage.

This highly pleas’d the Emperor, and spread an  
 universal Joy through the whole Court ; for that  
 Prince was so generally belov’d, as there were few



Persons of Importance that appear'd not interested in his good or ill Fortune: Not but that *Julia's* Deportment did often furnish him with Occasions of relapsing into some of his Discontents. The Princess was ever excessively forward and frank in her Behaviour, of a free and confident Humour, beyond the common Rule; observed by Persons of her Condition; she put nothing either in her Looks or Language to repulse Presumption; and if her Beauty had Charms enough to set the whole World on fire with Affection, she wanted that severe Gravity, which should have taught them Fear that attempted it. Nor did she pattern the haughty Garb of Persons born to an equal Dignity, by affecting a redoubted Majesty in her Looks, but rather made choice of an active Sweetness, and was never better pleased, than by discerning that she drew the Hearts, as well as the Eyes, of all that saw her. Her easy Access lent Confidence to many Persons (when other Reasons refused) to unmask their Passion; and if they reap'd no other Fruit from these Attempts, at least their Discovery met no Rigour from the Princess. Many Sons of Kings, and Kings themselves, that were either Allies or Tributaries to the Empire, and then resident at Rome, did an amorous Homage to her Beauty: But the Consideration they kept for *Marcellus*, whose Credit was able to ruin their Affairs with *Cesar*, and his Virtue, all their Thoughts that might displease him, made them chain up a part of their Resentments. *Julia*, whose nimble Eye saw their Thoughts through the Mask, was willing to allow them kind Looks in exchange; and sometimes treated them so obligingly, as *Marcellus* could not support it, without entering into sensible Displeasures, and uttering most passionate Complaints; which *Julia* sometimes heard with Pa-

: cience, but at others would fly in Choler : And  
 : once, as she ever wanted a Bridle to her Thoughts,  
 : "*Marcellus, said she,* were I always oblig'd to be  
 : thus enslav'd to your *Caprichia's*, I should esteem  
 : myself most unhappy. I love you, and you  
 : ought to believe so, since there is no reason to  
 : persuade me to speak it, unless it were true ; but  
 : I will not have my Affection so foolish to do  
 : Violence upon my Humour, and you ought to  
 : be satisfied that I love you, without restraining  
 : my disposing Power to that Esteem which I owe  
 : to Persons of Merit." *Marcellus* durst no more  
 : than shake his Head at this Language, and she  
 : often brought him to his Knees for Pardon, and  
 : made him do many a Day's Penance for crossing  
 : her Humour : But, in effect, she loved him ; and  
 : valuing him alone, above all the rest together, at  
 : last she released herself entirely to him ; and by  
 : the frequent Testimonies of her Love, against  
 : which the Soul of *Marcellus* had no Rampart, she  
 : left no Place in his Breast to shelter Jealousy :  
 : And, to compleat the Cure of that which referred  
 : to my Master, she often spoke to *Cleopatra* in his  
 : Favour, always took his part against *Tiberius*, and  
 : appeared not less concerned than *Marcellus*, in his  
 : hopes of Happiness by that Princess's Affection.  
 : Upon these Terms were *Marcellus* and *Julia* when  
 : we return'd to *Rome*, and my Master had the Story  
 : at length from the Mouth of his Friend, which his  
 : Letter had succinctly and but confusedly told him.

In the mean time, all things were prepared for  
 the ruin of my Master's Pretences ; and *Tiberius*,  
 by the Assistance of *Livia*, had made his Party so  
 strong with *Augustus*, as he scarce harbour'd any  
 Doubt of possessing *Cleopatra*. The very next  
 Day after our arrival, the Empress went to visit  
 her in her Lodgings (a Strain beyond the Maxims  
 of

of her ordinary Gravity, which did not often permit her Consent to those Civilities;) and having found her in her Chamber, in company of some Ladies that often haunted it, after she had saluted her in an imperious Fashion, ‘ I am come to see  
 ‘ you, *said she*, as well to testify the Esteem and  
 ‘ Affection I have for you, as to tell you some  
 ‘ News; which, if you receive with an Apprehen-  
 ‘ sion suited to former Appearances, must needs  
 ‘ rejoice you.’ The Princess presently perceived *Livia’s* Design, and understood it with Displeasure; but as she was advised by divers Reasons to avoid all Occasions of disobliging her, she compell’d her Thoughts to a respective Answer; and endeavouring to expect a Resentment of *Livia’s* Condescension, ‘ Madam, *said she*, I am sensible,  
 ‘ as I ought, of the Favour wherewith you have  
 ‘ honour’d me, and with a due Respect shall wel-  
 ‘ come the News you are pleased to bring, with  
 ‘ assurance, that I can learn nothing from your  
 ‘ Mouth, but what must be glorious for me, and  
 ‘ worthy of your own Bounty.’ ‘ Though I have  
 ‘ promised it for News, *added the Empress*, after  
 ‘ *she had taken a Seat*, ’tis no more but the Con-  
 ‘ firmation of a thing which you know already :  
 ‘ I need not say ’tis my Desire you should call me  
 ‘ Mother, since you are not now to understand it,  
 ‘ nor tell you that the Emperor does encourage the  
 ‘ Hopes of *Tiberius*, for Report has spread it  
 ‘ wide enough; but I will assure you, that his  
 ‘ Heart did never hatch a Desire so passionate;  
 ‘ and he resolved it so firmly, as nothing will be  
 ‘ capable to divert him.’ The Daughter of *Antony* was mortally afflicted at this Discourse; but, not willing to study long for a Reply, ‘ Ma-  
 ‘ dam, *said she*, this is not the Day wherein  
 ‘ *Cesar* and yourself first began to oblige me with

‘ your Bounty ; but, though I confess you tender  
‘ me a most advantageous Fortune, yet I have  
‘ learn’d to hope from your Goodness, that you  
‘ will not resolve to appoint me my Destiny, with-  
‘ out giving me the Privilege of a free Suffrage  
‘ for my own Disposal.

‘ The Emperor did believe, *reply’d Livia*, you  
‘ were too rational to disapprove his Design, to  
‘ wed you to my Son ; and he has judg’d *Tibe-*  
‘ *rius* considerable enough by his Birth, the Qua-  
‘ lities of his Person, and the Grandeur of his  
‘ Actions, to win your Consent without other As-  
‘ sistance, which you will possibly accord to the  
‘ Honour he has of so near and so great an Alli-  
‘ ance.’ ‘ I consider *Tiberius*, *reply’d Cleopatra*,  
‘ both as the Son of the Empress my Sovereign,  
‘ and as a Prince that merits a greater Fortune ;  
‘ but he must very highly oblige me, to conquer  
‘ my Consent by his Services, rather than by the  
‘ Authority of those Persons who have an abso-  
‘ lute puissance over me.’ Is it possible, *answer’d*  
‘ *Livia*, that since *Tiberius* resign’d you his Li-  
‘ berty, he has not deserved your acceptance, nor  
‘ avow of his Services ? and has so unluckily mis-  
‘ spent his Industry for many Years, that it can-  
‘ not pay the Purchase of what we desire.’ ‘ He  
‘ has merited much more than what you are  
‘ pleas’d to mention, *answer’d Cleopatra* ; but  
‘ if he has not yet obtained that, I must call it  
‘ an Effect of my Mis-hap, and not his, since  
‘ having guided my Apprehension with your’s,  
‘ to the Survey of all those Advantages he pos-  
‘ sesses, it has only taught me highly to esteem,  
‘ and truly respect him, without leaving the Im-  
‘ pression of a particular Desire of a further Sub-  
‘ mission to his.’ This Discourse extremely net-  
tled the Empress, who is the proudest Princess  
upon

upon Earth ; and not able to dissemble it, ' It is  
' indeed an Effect of your Unhappiness, *said she*,  
' rather than that of *Tiberius*, which has given  
' you this Repugnance against him ; and had he  
' taken the Counsel of his Mother, and his near-  
' est Friends, he would doubtless have addressed  
' his Thoughts to some other Place, that might  
' have invited him with more Advantage to his  
' Fortune : Not that you possess not a large Por-  
' tion of Nature's Favours, nor that your Birth is  
' not illustrious, but the Destinies have not fa-  
' vour'd your Family ; and, as your Condition is  
' now placed, without an extraordinary Indulgence  
' of Fortune, you could not rationally raise your  
' Hopes so high as *Tiberius* is able to place you.

*Cleopatra* felt herself stung with these Words,  
but she had Power enough left to tame her Dis-  
pleasure to this calm and untroubled Answer.

' The Son of the Empress, my Lady and Mistress,  
' may doubtless raise his Aims to such Pretences, as  
' are better conform'd to his Fortunes, than those  
' he has had for Reliques of such a downfal House  
' as our's ; but the Son of *Drusus* had not possibly  
' offended his Ambition, by courting the Daughter  
' of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* : And though Fate has  
' used us cruelly, the Memory of that Alliance be-  
' twixt *Cesar* and *Anthony* is yet too fresh to leave  
' the Parents of *Tiberius* any Blushes, at his Desire,  
' to mingle with our Blood ; nor would I be un-  
' derstood, Madam, as if I thought not myself  
' bound to the Care you have taken to remove his  
' Affection ; and since in your Judgment, as well  
' as mine, I am unworthy of that Condition, to  
' which *Tiberius* would raise me, I should be deep-  
' ly indebted to your Goodness, would you direct  
' him to some other Choice, that might better  
' know how to merit and acknowledge it.

' Were his Obedience in my Power, *answer'd*  
 ' *the cholerick Empress*, do not doubt but it should  
 ' be heartily employ'd as you would have it ; but  
 ' since the Emperor is pleas'd to favour *Tiberius*,  
 ' or rather you, in the Thoughts he has for him,  
 ' it would be as hard for me to reverse the Reso-  
 ' lution he has taken, probably for your sake  
 ' more than his, as I find it impossible to van-  
 ' quish the blind Passion of my Son. In the mean  
 ' time, I hope you conform your's to the Will  
 ' of those you ought to obey ; and I advise you,  
 ' for your own Interest, as well as our's, to make  
 ' this just Averfion the Trophy of your Reason."  
 ' I shall ever be ready, *reply'd the Princess*, vex-  
 ' ed at these Words, to render *Cesar* what is only  
 ' his Due from my Fortune, and not my Birth ;  
 ' but his Generosity bids me hope, that he will  
 ' offer no Violence to the Inclinations of a Prin-  
 ' cess, who is born of a Blood too noble to be  
 ' forced.' ' I join my Hopes with your's, *said*  
 ' *the Empress*, rising from her Seat, and I think  
 ' you are more discreet, than to stay till you are  
 ' driven to what you ought to run after.

Finishing these Words with a cold Countenance,  
 she went out of the Chamber, without permitting  
*Cleopatra* to attend her to her own.

She was no sooner gone from the Princess, but  
 my Master came in, to whom she punctually re-  
 lated all the Discourse that pass'd betwixt them.  
*Coriolanus* admir'd the great Spirit and Courage of  
 that young Lady ; and, esteeming himself too glo-  
 rious, by the Perseverance she arm'd in his Be-  
 half, against the Authority of such puissant Persons,  
 he threw himself at her Feet, and there paid her  
 all his Thanks in such Terms, as clearly express'd  
 the Greatness of his Passion. But their Discourse  
 was cut off by the importunate Arrival of *Tiberius*,

to whom the Princess (in spite of her Hatred) was constrained to give civil Reception. The two Rivals beheld each other with Thoughts little different; though their exterior Demonstrations were unequal: *Tiberius*, the greatest Dissembler of all Men, look'd smoothly enough upon *Coriolanus*; but that Prince, who ever wore his Heart upon his Tongue and in his Face, not only receiv'd him coldly, but plainly told him with his Eye, that the sole Consideration of *Cleopatra* stopp'd his Resentments from breaking out into other Language. The rest of that Day was spent by the two Princes; in debarring each other the pleasing Liberty of entertaining *Cleopatra*; but, in this mutual Hindrance, each took an equal Satisfaction from the Requital of his Enemy's Malice.

*Tiberius* was sad at the sight of his Disadvantage in *Cleopatra's* Affection, but he had the absolute Powers on his side; and my Master, whose Hopes they thwarted, often took fresh Comfort in the renewed Assurance of his Princess's Good-will: And thus some Days passed away; during which, the two Rivals daily encounter'd in their Visits; but if several Considerations held their Hands, it was with so much Violence, as there was great Cause to fear they would come at last to Extremities, if those Meetings had continued.

But *Tiberius*, perceiving how slowly the Authority of those Persons that supported him drove on his amorous Design, press'd the Empress with so much Importunity, and *Livia* wrought so powerfully with *Augustus* in her Son's Behalf, as, after she had combated the Remains of some Repugnance that she found in the Emperor's Spirit, at last she so perfectly reduced his Will to her own Disposal, as the Princess *Cleopatra*, and the Prince my Master, received, upon the same Day, a Com-

mand from *Cesar* no more to see each other. These two Persons, born to a Courage that could not easily brook a tyrannick Authority, accepted the Message with an Animosity that shew'd it at the height; tho' the Princess, curbing her Anger with a feminine Modesty, received it with more Moderation of the two, and only returned this Answer to *Julius Norbanus*, who brought her the Order; ' I know what kind of Submission I owe to the Will of *Cesar*; and since, by the Fall of our House, which he has ruin'd, Fortune has placed me under his Authority; he may forbid me the sight of *Coriolanus*; but all the Puissance he has, cannot hinder me from preferring him before *Tiberius*.

*Coriolanus* gave looser reins to his Impatience, and when *Marcus Piso*, to whom the Emperor had given the Charge, had delivered him his Command, all the Fear he could admit of so absolute a Power, was too weak to keep the *Lifts* against his *Choler*; and regarding *Piso* with an Eye wherein it was painted all in flames: ' You may tell, *Cesar*, said he, that though my Father's Misfortune has bow'd our Estates under the Yoke of his Empire, the Soul of his Son has put on none of his Chains, nor has he Power enough complexed within the utmost Lines of his Empire, to fright me from the Service of *Cleopatra*, nor the Sight neither, so long as I am forbidden by no other Impediment, but the fear of counter-veining his Orders. I have Blood running in my Veins that methinks should oblige him to sweeten his Commands, and a Proportion of Courage to my Birth, which he has acknowledged in the Occasions of his Service. If he will needs bereave me of the Sight of *Cleopatra*, let him take my Life too; and if he desires to give her quietly into *Tiberius's* Arms, without a Contest, while



' while he labours his repose, let him provide  
 ' for that of his own Estate, in cutting off a Man  
 ' that in Part may chance to disturb it, if his  
 ' rigorous Usage once provokes him to resume  
 ' the Quarrel of his Fathers.' Besides these, his  
 Passion broke loose into other Words, which had  
 they been carried to his Ear, might well have ex-  
 asperated the *Emperor*: But *Piso*, who was none  
 of his *Enemy*, instead of taking hold of that Oc-  
 casion to do him an Injury, strained his Endeavours  
 to appease the *Storms* he had raised; but he  
 thrived so ill in his friendly Design, as doubtless  
 he had parted with little Satisfaction, had not  
*Marcellus* arrived, in whose Hands he left him  
 to lay the *Tempest*. *Marcellus* had gathered Part  
 of the Truth from some *Court-whisperers*, and  
 no sooner entred my Master's Chamber, but saw  
 it all confirmed by the Posture wherein he found  
 him; my Master walked a great Pace about the  
 Chamber with such troubled Looks and distract-  
 ed Thoughts, as they scarce suffered him to see  
 his Friend when he entred, or almost know him  
 when he was there. *Marcellus* accosted him with  
 a Visage that raised more Clouds to enrage the  
*Storm*, but no sooner opened his Mouth to speak,  
 when my Prince prevented him: ' Brother, said  
 ' he, after the hiding my Irons within the Out-  
 ' side of good Use, at last I am treated like a  
 ' Slave, and the *Emperor* no more remembers  
 ' that I am newly come from letting out Brooks  
 ' of his Enemies Blood, and spilling mine own  
 ' for his Service; he forbids me the Sight of *Cleo-*  
 ' *patra*, and yet leaves me two Eyes, which in  
 ' spight of all the *Temptations* of other Objects,  
 ' will doom themselves to a perpetual *Eclipse*; if  
 ' they may not have leave to behold my *Princess*;  
 ' shall I give up that into *Tiberius's* Arms, which

' I hold of your Amity? Resign my Right to my  
 ' cruellest *Enemy*, which I would not release to  
 ' my dearest Friend? No, *Tiberius*, pursued he,  
 ' do not look for an Effect of my Obedience so  
 ' base and timorous; and if thou borrowest thy  
 ' Expectations of enjoying *Cleopatra* from my  
 ' Obsequy to their *Commands* that support thee  
 ' against me, condemn those *Hopes* for *Impostors*:  
 ' I can tear out thy Heart with greater Ease, than  
 ' rend the *Image* of *Cleopatra* from mine own,  
 ' and thou wilt have a harder *Task* to rob my  
 ' Eyes of my *Princess*, than me of a Life, which  
 ' must ever oppose the Felicity of thine.

He still went on in this Language, full of trans-  
 port, before *Marcellus* deem'd it fit to interrupt  
 him; but when he perceived the heat of his Pas-  
 sion begin to waste it self to a better Temper, he  
 came to him, and taking him in his Arms, with  
 a most tender Affection: ' My dear Brother, said  
 ' he, besides the Grief that I equally share with  
 ' your self, for the ill Success of your Affairs, I  
 ' feel a Displeasure only proper to *Marcellus*, that  
 ' you have this Day received one from a Person,  
 ' against whom I cannot join with your Resent-  
 ' ments, as I would do to oppose the whole Re-  
 ' mainder of Mankind: Had I cause to regard  
 ' *Cesar* as my Master, I would not stay to ba-  
 ' lance a Thought, before I declared myself his  
 ' Enemy; but you know I owe for all to his  
 ' Blood and Affection, that I rather respect him  
 ' as my Father, than my Emperor; and that to  
 ' me he is far less considerable in his Power, than  
 ' his Goodness; yet *Livia* has over-power'd me  
 ' in his Thoughts, and now I perceive my Credit  
 ' will be but vainly employ'd in the Advancement  
 ' of your Desires, though it is not too feeble to  
 ' promote other Affairs, that are less to my Wishes.  
 ' Never-

Nevertheless, whatever Veneration I owe to the  
 Person and Interests of the Emperor, I will ne-  
 ver consent so to sooth his Humour, as not to  
 appear your Friend against *Tiberius*, and his  
 Enemy in all those Encounters that shall prove  
 him your's. After this Protestation, dear Bro-  
 ther, take it not ill if I intreat you a little to curb  
 these Distempers of your Reason, that flow from  
 the Sense of this Mis-hap: Your Affairs are not  
 yet near the Confines of Despair; for since you  
 still hold your right in *Cleopatra's* Breast, there  
 is a Possibility left of reversing the Emperor's  
 Decree in *Tiberius's* Favour, if you cut it not  
 off by a violent and unweighed proceeding  
 to Extremities; we will press the Princess *Julia*,  
 who appears passionate for your Interests, upon  
 your Service with the Emperor. The Princess  
*Octavia*, my Mother, I know will assist her;  
 and *Agrippa*, the powerfulest of all Persons with  
*Augustus*, has promised to act in your Behalf,  
 so as *Tiberius* must make a strong Party with  
*Cesar*, to frustrate all our Attempts upon this  
 Resolution. In the mean time, *Cleopatra*,  
 whom the same Order, which she but now re-  
 ceived, has equally afflicted with yourself, is re-  
 solved to forsake the Empress's Palace, and re-  
 tire to her old Lodgings (which she knows she  
 may still call her own) at my Mother's House;  
 and I have advised her to demand Permission this  
 very Day to make her Retreat. When she is once  
 settled with *Octavia*, we may plot a thousand  
 ways, unknown to the Emperor, to bring you to-  
 gether. In the mean while, the Gods may possibly  
 start Occasions from the Womb of Time, that  
 they may chalk you out a Path to Happiness.

*Marcellus* spoke more to this Purpose, which  
 indeed gave my Master some Comfort, and in part

reduced him to allow his Desires; and to credit some of his Words, the same Day; at *Cleopatra's* earnest Intreaty, *Octavia* begg'd leave of the Emperor her Brother, that she might for a time retire to her House. And though *Livia*, in effect, opposed her Demand, yet *Augustus* respecting that Sister of his (whose rare Virtues had spread their Lustre o'er the World) too well to refuse her Request so reasonable, and of so small an Importance, *Cleopatra* was remitted into the Hands of *Octavia* as her Mother, (for she not only carried the Name, but tenderly discharged the Office) and that very Night followed her home from the Court.

*Tiberius* impatiently ~~supported~~ *Cleopatra's* Retreat to a House that he held suspected, but was pacified by a Promise of *Livia*, to importune the Performance of *Cesar's* so effectually, as all the Block his Enemies had thrown in his way should turn to their Confusion. In the mean time, he often visited the Princess at *Octavia's* House, where, by the Emperor's Order, he was very civilly received. My Master too, notwithstanding the Imperial Command to the contrary, frequently saw her, yet only at such Hours when the House was clear of Visitants, in a private Closet of *Octavia's*, and always in Company of *Marcellus's* Sisters; tho' the Mother, for fear of incensing the Emperor, feign'd an Ignorance of their Interviews.

There did my Master charm his Discontents with the sweet Converse of his Princess, and the dear Assurance she gave him of an unfading Fidelity; the Daughters of *Octavia*, as well those two she had by her Husband *Marcellus*, as the other two she bare to *Anthony*, most officiously labour'd their Sister's Content, and by their Assistance the Prince enjoy'd some Hours in her Society, and banqueted his Senses with Sweets enough to counter-

counterpoize his Displeasures. But *Tiberius* and *Livia* were Persons of too quick an Eye, and too nimble a Suspicion to stay long without piercing the Disguise; they began with Conjectures, and at last discover'd a Part of the Truth, which nettled *Livia* so sensibly, as after she had loudly complain'd of the Abuse to *Cesar*, at last she gained his Consent to force *Cleopatra's*, and caus'd him to send her a peremptory Order, to dispose herself within a few Days to espouse *Tiberius*. This Command broke like a Thunder-clap upon the Princess, and left her no sense of any thing else but her Grief, for the Space of a whole Day, which after she had distill'd in Tears through her Eyes, and express'd her Horror of *Augustus's* Tyranny, in Terms full of Choler, at the next Visit she made him, she turned the Tide of it upon *Tiberius*, and regarding him with Eyes enflamed by just Indignation: 'Think not, said she, to draw any  
' Advantage from the Violence you force upon me;  
' you should strive to win me, not by Power and  
' Oppression, but your Services; but remember I  
' inherit the Blood and Name of her, that knew  
' how to snatch an Antidote from Death, against  
' the Malice of her Fortune; and you shall sooner  
' see me follow the Queen my Mother's Example,  
' than basely submit to such a Tyranny.

*Tiberius* was startled at this Language; but a short Reflection help'd him to believe that it proceeded from the first Motive, and endeavour'd (though in vain) with all the gentlest Words that Love could invent, to comfort the Princess.

In the mean Time, *Marcellus*, *Octavia*, and *Julia* herself, fell at *Cesar's* Feet, to deprecate and reverse the Sentence, he pronounc'd in *Tiberius's* Favour; but that was not the first Time he made it known, his Resolutions could not yield to the

Battery

Battery of Intreaties ; those Persons as dear to *Augustus* as any the World could shew, forgot to urge nothing that might probably obtain the Effect of their Petition ; but all their Endeavours were lavish'd in vain, the inflexible Emperor acknowledg'd the Pawn of his Promise to *Tiberius* with so much Vehemence, as nothing could have Power to revoke it ; and instead of being touch'd with the Sollicitations of his Kindred, growing angry at the Intreaties they oppos'd to his Will, openly swore, that *Tiberius* within eight Days should espouse *Cleopatra*, and no importunity whatever should win his consent to a longer delay.

You may easier imagine, than I present, how deeply my Master was struck at this cruel news, all that Grief, Choler, and Despair could produce, was found in his Soul, appeared in his Words, and started from all his actions to such a degree, as that affection he had ever allowed me above the rest that were brought up in his service, could not assure me so much Courage as to speak to him ; you see that lovely sweetness that now speaks it self in his Face and Discourse, but I can assure you that I never beheld any thing so terrible as he then appeared, and that *Marcellus*, and only *Marcellus* durst assume the boldness to speak to him, however all the reasons he alledg'd to reclaim his Passion were sown in sand, and maugre his advice, and that of all Friends, he immediately resolv'd to go and present himself to the Emperor (whom he had not seen since he forbade him the sight of *Cleopatra*) and complain to himself of the injustice he had done him. *Marcellus* unable to divert, was resolv'd to accompany him, not fearing to incur any disgrace with *Augustus*, for owning his Interest in such a Friend. With *Marcellus*, young *Ptolemy* the Son of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, and  
an

an illustrious company of the noblest among the *Romans*, would needs follow him; and with that proud train he audaciously appeared at the Palace, where the common Discourse treated of no other subject, but his disgrace, or at least the advantages his Rival had gotten. Upon the top of the Stairs that led to the Emperor's Lodgings, he encountered *Tiberius*, who was newly parted thence, and followed by numbers not inferior to his, with a pride in his looks that express'd the success of his design. *Coriolanus* changed colour at that encounter, and had not *Marcellus* with-held him, by urging the regard that belonged to the place, he had doubtless been transported to some violent attempt upon his Rival; nor could he so moderate the agitations of his anger, but in the very middle of his guard he abor'd him, and taking hold of his hand, which he press'd in his, with an action wholly furious: "Remember, *Tiberius*, said he, it is the advantage of thy Services and the Arms wherewith thou art only bound to despoil me of *Cleopatra*, if thou art able, and that all other ways are base and unworthy of thy Courage.

*Tiberius* was going to reply, and doubtless had done it very sharply, if *Mecenas*, who with divers other persons came then from the Emperor, had not thrown himself between them, and oblig'd *Marcellus* to conduct my Master into the presence, while he forcibly led away *Tiberius* to another quarter of the palace. *Coriolanus* enter'd the Emperor's Chamber, with that fair number of his Friends behind him, and *Augustus*, who had not seen him of a time, and who inwardly felt some reproaches of conscience for the injuries he had done him, was a little surpriz'd at the sight of his approach in so fierce and hatdy a Garb. *Coriolanus* came up to him with as much assurance, as  
if

if he had then newly return'd in Triumph from a  
 fresh victory upon the *Austrians*, and owning no  
 notice of the trouble that appeared in *Augustus's*  
 visage: ' Sir, *said he*, I should forbear to present  
 ' myself before you, after these effects of my mis-  
 ' chievous Fortune that has betrayed me to the for-  
 ' feiture of these precious affections, wherewith  
 ' you have heretofore been pleased to honour me;  
 ' but since it is only my Misfortune, or rather,  
 ' my enemies happiness, that have ravished it from  
 ' me, that I feel no remorse of any action, that  
 ' might draw your indignation upon me; and in  
 ' fine, am no less innocent, than when you thought  
 ' me fit for the honour of employment in your  
 ' service, I will not fear to appear before the face  
 ' of *Cesar*, to receive from his mouth either a  
 ' new patent for my Life, or the final sentence of  
 ' my ruin; *Cesar*, they are both in thy Impe-  
 ' rial hands. If I be worthy of Death, I here pre-  
 ' sent my criminal head to your justice; but if I  
 ' have no way sinn'd to the desert of your anger,  
 ' you cannot take away *Cleopatra* from me: It  
 ' was from your consent in my budding years, that  
 ' I drew the encouragement of my boldness to  
 ' serve her, and only upon your parole, I credited  
 ' my hopes to possess her. I have since done nothing  
 ' that can make you repeat your first bounties, and  
 ' though I am forbidden by your order the sight  
 ' of *Cleopatra*, and that *Princess* be commanded  
 ' to espouse *Tiberius*, I found it hard to believe,  
 ' my *Lord*, that for my sake only, you could offer  
 ' violence to that delight, which you ever took in  
 ' doing Justice, and consent to doom a Prince to so  
 ' cruel a Death, who has never appeared ingrateful  
 ' to your bounty, nor ever spared his blood, when  
 ' you gave him leave to hazard it for your  
 ' Quarrel.

*Corio-*



*Coriolanus* spoke in this manner; and though *Augustus* was not well pleas'd with his Carriage, yet the esteem he ever cherish'd for generous persons, helped him to digest the liberty of his Language, and preserve a part of those thoughts unruin'd, which he entertain'd to his Advantage; but, being resolv'd to be absolute in his Empire, and judging the proceedings of *Coriolanus* had shock'd authority, held up the same severity that appeared at the first blush in his visage, and taking the Word as soon as *Coriolanus* was come to his Period: 'I declar'd my intentions plainly enough, *said he*, without leaving a necessity to you for repairing to my mouth, for a further explication; and you understood it too well before, to find a present Excuse for your disobedience. You knew it was my resolution to give *Cleopatra* to *Tiberius*, and to make you no contemptible portion of those Crowns which your Father lost by the Law of Arms; yet, without considering that by an excess of bounty I have done more for you than I ought, you have despis'd my offers, and oppos'd my will, I could make it appear that it is in my power to make you know your duty; but I have endur'd the faults you have committed, for *Marcellus*, and my Sister *Octavia's* sake, who interest themselves more than becomes them, in your behalf; and, in consideration of them, though you have ingrately abus'd the Gift I have profer'd, I am yet willing to restore you *Mauritania* under a tribute, upon condition you murmur no more, and (in lieu of the condescension you are to receive of our bounty) from this very moment, totally release all your pretences to *Cleopatra*.

At this Discourse of *Augustus* (any of a lower Spirit than my Master's, might have timorously taken

taken an occasion to be satisfied) *Coriolanus* appeared to the Eyes of all the beholders, so enflamed with Choler, as he found it impossible for all the temper and moderation he could make, to check it.

“ Sir, *said he*, it was no other than my Father’s lot in War, that made you a claim to my obedience, which you exact of me, as from the meanest Citizen among the *Romans*; I am descended of a Regal stock, which before the luckless change of *Juba*, never gave precedence to any; the unkindness of his Fortune has reduc’d me to suffer all things from those she has made our Masters; but she has not abas’d my Courage to make me accept a Present from you, after the receipt of such unworthy usage; you have not a reward in all your Dominions, that, in the meanest degree, can weigh against the worth of that Prince’s you have taken from me; and if ever the Gods grow willing that I re-ascend the Throne of my Fathers, I shall find some other steps to mount it, than by the liberality of a Man, who contrary to his promise, has deprived me of a Gem a thousand times more precious than all that he is capable of giving. I refuse, despise your offer, and instead of disclaiming (as you would have it) my right to *Cleopatra*, I do here declare, that unless you remove my Life out of his way, there is not a Man upon Earth shall possess her.

These Words, (bold beyond all expectation, and parting from the mouth of a Man, whose despair had extinguish’d his desire to live) fir’d the Soul of *Augustus* with a rage so impetuous, as, furiously rising from his seat, he was infallibly about to pronounce some dreadful Sentence against my Master, if *Marcellus* on one side, and *Agrippa* on the other, had not hastily fallen at his Feet, and

and streightly embracing his Knees, conjur'd him to forgive the transports of a desperate Man, and rather impose the punishment he deserved, upon them, than let the effects of his resentment fall heavy upon their Friend.

*Augustus*, who himself excus'd a Passion, that seldom leaves us the use of reason, when it rushes to such extremities, seeing two Men at his Feet, which he tendered as much as himself, began to cool in his fury, and turning his Eyes from my Master's Face, for fear it should re-inflame him :  
' Let him live, *said he*, since you desire it, but immediately get him out of our sight, and depart.  
' *Rome* within three days, if he has no mind to die an ignominious Death.

My Master had no time to understand these last Words, to which he had infallibly reply'd, whatever peril had menaced him; for before *Cesar* was come to his period, *Marcellus* and *Agrippa*, chapping hold of him on either side, had almost drawn him by force out of the Chamber, for fear his answer should wind up the Emperor's choler, so high, as would pose all their power to appease it.

When my Master was gone out of the presence, *Marcellus*, *Agrippa*, and the rest of his Friends, deeply afflicted at this disaster, and not knowing which way to reverse the Emperor's Orders, appear'd with a greater dejection, than doubtless they would have shewed for their proper Interest; but *Coriolanus* reading their troubles in their looks, and sighting that which instructed their Friendship, to admit fear in his behalf, after he had regarded them with a confident Eye : ' Let not my  
' Destiny, *said he*, disquiet you, the Gods will  
' take care of it, and possibly mine own arm may  
' assist their Providence : 'Tis *Cesar's* will that I  
' go out of *Rome*, and I am resolved to obey him  
' in

in such a manner, as perhaps he will quickly wish to see me again within the precinct of his Walls.

When his Friends had conducted him home, he there passed away the rest of the day, and though by *Marcellus's* means, he might have seen *Cleopatra* in the Evening, he was so sensible of his own distemper, as he would not appear before her in that condition. *Marcellus* was much to seek for advice to give him, and only contented himself to tell him; that his Interests should ever lie in an equal ballance with his own, and that he would not stick to serve him in all occasions, and against all sorts of Enemies, only the Emperor's sacred Person excepted, as that of his Father and his Benefactor. Though my Master could not distrust *Marcellus*, yet he thought it not fit to unmask his intentions to him, supposing by the advice of divers reasons, he would strive to dissuade the resolution he had taken; and the next day knowing that *Tiberius* was gone to see *Cleopatra*, in *Vesta's* Temple, who there assisted at some Sacrifices with *Octavia*, and divers other Roman Ladies, he went thither with the young Prince *Ptolomy*, follow'd by those of his Friends that came to visit him at his rising; all those that saw him enter the Temple, discovered in his Face a large part of his inquietude; and passing by such of his acquaintance with a furious look, as stood in his way, without lending the least regard to any, he went and plac'd himself right against *Cleopatra*, not far from *Tiberius*, who retir'd his Eyes from the Princess, where they had been tasting some rarities, to fix them upon his with a Countenance, wherein I read the contents of trouble enough. My Master made choice of that Sacred place to speak to him, well knowing that he could not have taken the same liberty in any other,

other, and that all the *Romans* were so well instructed in their differences, as their Discourse would have been cut off at the first encounter. At first, *Coriolanus* for a time seriously beheld *Cleopatra*, and she often answered his regards with some of her own, that were very advantageous and obliging ; but the Prince, feigning that he was not advanced far enough to take a free and easy view of her, he quitted the place where he stood, and went up to *Tiberius*. *Tiberius* staid for him in his Station, without the Loss of any Assurance ; and when my Master came near him, joining his Cheek to his, that he might not be heard by those that encompassed them : ‘ *Tiberius*,  
‘ *said he*, do not hope to possess *Cleopatra*, while  
‘ I am on this Side my Tomb ; ’tis a Fortune  
‘ that will not be peaceably enjoy’d, till thou hast  
‘ fought with me, and cut me from the World ;  
‘ my Birth is now no Way inferior to thine, and  
‘ my former Actions may happily invite thee to  
‘ gain an Improvement of Glory upon me ; the  
‘ Weapons are at thy Choice, the Place of Combat at thy Disposal, and if thou hast a Courage  
‘ worthy to serve *Cleopatra*, sure thou wilt as  
‘ readily facilitate the Means of this personal Decision, as possible.

‘ That shall be done, *reply’d Tiberius*, with an  
‘ untroubled Look, when I am possess’d of *Cleopatra*, and till then I will not disturb so near a  
‘ Happiness to content thy Despair ; but when I  
‘ once can call her mine, I shall greedily embrace  
‘ all Occasions to preserve a Treasure, of which  
‘ thy Death must assure me ; nor will I then refuse any sort of Arms, Place, or kind of Combat, to satisfy thy Passion and mine.’ ‘ If thou  
‘ stay’st for the Enjoyment of *Cleopatra*, *reply’d*  
‘ my Prince, before our Trial, thou wilt never  
‘ see

' see the Time thou hast appointed, and this Ex-  
 ' cuse thou hast found to defer the Combat, is  
 ' base and unbecoming a Person of Courage; for  
 ' Shame do not ask the Delay of an Action that  
 ' carries an indispenfible Necessity: And since  
 ' thou seest that I yet keep the High-way of Ho-  
 ' nour, do not provoke that Despair wherewith  
 ' thou upbraideft me, to seek some private Path  
 ' to thy Destruction.' ' Were I as, distractedly  
 ' perplex'd, *answer'd Tiberius,* and as near my  
 ' Ruin as thou art, 'tis likely I might leap the  
 ' same Precipice; but as my Affairs are now  
 ' temper'd, I am resolv'd to seek my own Ends  
 ' as well as thine; and though my Desire of Com-  
 ' bat be as hot as any thy Heart can hold, thou  
 ' wilt hope it but in vain, till three Days after our  
 ' Nuptials.

' Is that thy last Resolution? *said Coriolanus*  
 ' *all in a Flame.* ' Yes, *reply'd Tiberius,* and  
 ' if thou dost not hunt thy Destruction too ha-  
 ' stily, thou wilt press me no further. And here  
 ' I protest by all the Gods that hear us, *reply'd*  
 ' *the furious Coriolanus,* before the dawning  
 ' Marriage Day, though guarded by all the Puil-  
 ' sance of the Empire, thou shalt die by this Hand.

After he had pronounced these Words, he went  
 out of the Temple with such a Tempest in his  
 Looks, as affrighted all those that met him in his  
 Passage.

He retir'd to his Chamber, but staid not there,  
 for fear the Words he exchanged with *Tiberius,*  
 being carried to *Augustus's* Ear, might bring a  
 sudden Siege of the Emperor's Guards about his  
 Lodgings, and so despoil him of the Means to  
 execute his Intentions. In Homage to these  
 Thoughts, he mounted presently on Horse-back,  
 and taking no Person with him but myself, we  
 got

got out of *Rome* through some blind unfrequented Streets, and instead of keeping the High-way, we cross'd over the Fields to a little Village, to which we made our Retreat, where my Master resolv'd to stay the remainder of that Day, and the Night following.

There did he pass away that whole Time, in the strangest Condition that ever I beheld, and all those Reasons which from the Affection he had ever shew'd me, I took the Liberty to urge, could not draw him to so much as a Moment's Truce with his furious Thoughts. 'Thou shalt die,' *said he*, 'thou insolent Rival, savage Enemy, and all the Tyrannick Puissance of those that support thee against me shall not guard thee from the Hands of a desperate Lover; that very Despair, late a Subject of thy Mockery, may prove more terrible than all the Power of *Augustus*; the Marriage thou believest so near, does doubtless keep a remoter Distance than the Death I intend, which I will either give thee, or receive at thy Hands in such Terms as Honour shall appoint; and yet since those are rejected by thee, think it not strange, if I seek out others, that may lawfully serve my Resentments.

Such Discourses as these, with Thoughts of the same Alliance, swallowed the whole Night, and the next Morning, without imparting any other Command than follow him, we re-mounted our Horses, and bent our Course back to the City.

By this time nothing made so great a Noise at *Rome*, as the Marriage between *Tiberius* and *Cleopatra*; all Things were provided there for the Solemnities, and the Preparation advanc'd so far, as none doubted but three or four Days would consummate it. In vain *Cleopatra* had deeply protested her Aversion to espouse *Liberius*; in vain engag'd

engag'd *Octavia*, *Marcellus*, with the rest of her Friends, most powerful with *Augustus*, since all their Intreaties did rather obdurate than soften his Obstinacy; for the same Day we went to the Village, he came himself to speak with *Cleopatra*, and in spite of all the Rhetorick of her Grief and Reason, express'd in Tears and Words, he redoubled his Command in so absolute a Manner, to prepare herself within three Days to tie the Knot with *Tiberius*, as she lost all hope of obtaining milder Conditions. I know not how her Resolution was then temper'd, but she has since deeply vowed to my Master, she would rather have taken a Dispensation from Death, than give her Consent to this Marriage. Whatever Discretion stood before at the Helm of her Words and Actions, all could not now hinder her from appearing desperate; *Marcellus* was torn upon the Rack of a violent Grief; *Octavia* most excessively afflicted, and *Tiberius* with his Party sung their triumphant *Io's* in the forward Expectation of a Happiness, which he was not too well assur'd of.

This was the Constitution of Affairs when we enter'd *Rome*, and advanc'd towards the Lodgings of *Tiberius*, at the Hour he was accustomed to go wait upon the Emperor at his Rising; my Master had the same Horse under him which he charg'd upon in the last Battle against the *Austrians*; one of the strongest, fiercest, and fairest in the World, and chosen by him as the fittest in all his Stable, for the Execution of that hardy Design which then busied his Thoughts. We had twice past by the Corner of a Street, where we waited the coming out of *Tiberius*; when at last he appear'd, as my Master expected him; he was mounted upon a little white Nag, with a rich Caparison embroidered with Gold, and set with Jewels that trail'd



trail'd after him upon the Ground ; *Caius Drusus* his Brother, and *Marcus Sulpitius*, rode on either Side of him, upon two Nags of the same Stature ; after them followed a large Train of People on Foot, as well Servants as free Persons, that fawn'd upon the Fortunes of *Tiberius*, with a servile Complacence : My Master no sooner spied *Tiberius*, but without spending a Thought upon the Numbers that followed him, he snatch'd out his Sword, and spurring up to him with a Swiftnesse comparable to Lightning : ' Behold *Tiberius*, cry'd ' *be*, see here the Bridal I prepare thee.' He had scarce finished these Words, when he joined up to him, and though *Tiberius* had been allowed Leisure to get out his Sword, the Assault of my Master was so prompt and impetuous, as before his Enemy cou'd put himself in a Posture of Defence, he was quite ran through the Body by *Ceriolanus*, and tumbl'd all bloody in the midst of his Men ; but if his Sword overthrew *Tiberius*, the Shock of his Horse at the same Time did no less to *Drusus*, and perceiving *Sulpitius* had got his Sword in his Hand, and lifted it up to oppose his Passage, by a sudden Blow with the Edge of his, he sent it to the Earth with the Hand that held it, amongst the Horse's Feet ; after this prompt Execution, he easily open'd himself a Path through those that were on Foot, among which he found none hardy enough to oppose his Fury ; and tho' we met at the End of the Street with some *Prætorian* Bands that were going to relieve the Emperor's Guard, my Master broke through them like a Thunder-bolt, encountring no Resistance that had Power to stop him. So few endeavour'd to stop my Carrier, as I found it not hard to follow him at the Heels : Besides, I was mounted upon

so gallant a Horse, as it would not have prov'd an easy Task to have taken me.

‘ You have astonished me, *said Tyridates,*  
‘ with the Recital of so grand a Daring, and tho’  
‘ I have listen’d to the Piece of your Story, as a  
‘ Thing prodigious, yet I cannot forbear to inter-  
‘ rupt it, with the Tender of such Praises as his  
‘ Bravery has highly merited.’ ‘ I ought not, *re-*  
‘ *ply’d Emilius,* to disclaim the Glory of my Ma-  
‘ ster’s Actions, and yet in that I must acknow-  
‘ ledge, the Depth of his Despair had as great  
‘ a Hand as the Height of his Courage, though  
‘ the Advantage of his Horse, and the Swiftness  
‘ of the Action acquainted him with less Danger  
‘ than his own Imagination could fancy. But my  
‘ Relation must now succeed to greater Things,  
‘ and so in the Sequel draw to the End of this  
‘ tedious Story.





# Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

## *Love's Master-Piece.*

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### PART VIII. BOOK I.

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#### A R G U M E N T.

Coriolanus flies with Hyppias and Lysippus into Mauritania, where his Father's Subjects unanimously rise to recover his Right, and their own Liberty. He bravely defeats Canidius, Cecinna, Sillanus, Volufius, and Domitius Ænobarbus, in several Battles. Totally reduces both the Mauritania's, and is solemnly Crowned King. Leaves his new Subjects, and in Disguise of a private Man, goes to meet Cleopatra at Syracuse; she bitterly upbraids him with Disloyalty and Ingratitude, which throws him into a Fever. He is taken Prisoner by the Governor Lucius Varus, and is again set at Liberty by Claudius Varus his Son; from whence he repairs to Alexandria in Pursuit of his incensed Princess.



WE got out of *Rome* with as much Facility as we wish'd, and leaving the Way that lead to *Ostia* on our left Hand, we sought (not for the Village where we pass'd the precedent Night) but for a House that stood remote from all High-ways, in a Wood above 100 Furlongs from *Rome*, which my Master had often seen when he was a Hunting, and remember'd it had shelter'd him from divers Storms; there he decreed to expect the Approach of Night, well knowing that after she had spread her Shades, he might steal back into *Rome*; and because the City was vast, and the Inhabitants very numerous, he might hide himself there for divers Days with more Safety, than any of the adjacent Places could promise him.

We were no sooner got into the Fields, when my Master stopping his Horse, and turning towards me, with a Look that acknowledged the Satisfaction he took in the Success of his Enterprize: 'My Rival is dead, *said he*, or at least in 'too feeble a Condition to rob me of *Cleopatra*; 'and now let the Gods do what they please with 'my Destiny.

I was so amaz'd at what I had lately seen, as, till then, I had not the Power to command a Word, and though accusom'd to see my Prince do great Things, the Suddenness of this last Act so surpriz'd me, as I had not Time enough to recover the Use of my Reason; but when this Discourse had a little dispell'd the Clouds of my Amazement: 'Tis true, Sir, *said I*, *Tiberius* is 'dead, and if my Eye did not cozen me, I saw 'him in an Estate to dishearten all Hopes of Recovery; but, my Lord, what meant you by all 'this?

‘ this? And what Design do your Thoughts now  
‘ drive at? I meant, *said Coriolanus*, to free  
‘ my self of a Rival that would have taken my  
‘ Life, to break this Marriage with *Cleopatra*,  
‘ wherein I must have found my Sepulchre; and  
‘ for the Design, Thoughts are hatching, if they  
‘ have but the Luck to bring it forth, a few Days  
‘ will acquaint thee with it.

This Discourse, with others upon the same Subject, held us play till we arrived at the House, where we alighted, yet still holding our Horses by the Bridles, and standing ready to make a sudden Retreat upon the Alarm of any Noise that deserved Suspicion; the Night was no sooner come, but we mounted again, and taking a great Compass, returned to the City, which we entered by a Gate that was very far from that we came out at, and passed through a blind Street to the House of one *Strato* a faithful Slave of my Master’s, on whom, for some important Service, he had lately bestowed his Liberty, with a bounteous Donative to support him in his free Condition.

To this House, unknown to all the Court, he rather chose to retire, than to any of his Friends, whose Quality might ingender Suspicion; and so by sheltering him, expose their Credit to ruin in the Breast of *Cesar*.

*Strato*, who, with the rest of *Rome*, had learnt the Disaster of *Tiberius*, no sooner saw my Prince at the Door, but throwing himself at his Feet with all the Motions of passionate Loyalty, begged of him not only to dispose of the Goods he held of his Bounty, but employ his Life too in the Service of his Designs. *Coriolanus* being entred the House, and having caused the Horses to be carried away, demanded News of *Strato*, what the

City talked of his last Action, how *Cesar* resented it, and how *Tiberius* fared? *Strato*, who was very discreet, and whose Affection to his Master had carried him all that Day about the City, to inform himself of Things wherein it gave him so great an Interest, presently told him, that *Tiberius* was not dead, but almost past all Hope of Recovery; that *Cesar* had appeared transported with such an Excess of Fury, that he had not only sent vast Numbers in his search, caused his Lodging to be seiz'd, and confiscated all the Goods he had at *Rome*, but proclaimed a Promise of two hundred Talents to any that could bring him his Head, and one hundred to him that could detect the Place of his Residence.

This Discourse awaked the Resentments of *Coriolanus* against the Emperor: 'He has reason, said he, to desire my Ruin; and if he takes me from the World, he may possibly free his Apprehensions by that Act of none of the meanest of his Enemies.' *Strato* added, that *Augustus* had conceived so high a Pique against all my Master's Friends, as he would never since endure *Marcellus*, *Agrippa*, nor *Octavia* her self to come in his Sight; and besides, had made a Promise to *Livia*, his Revenge should reach to all those that could be proved Accomplices in that Action.

After some other Discourse, in which my Master assured *Strato* he would trust him with his Life, he got on Horse-back, and taking him along to the Corner of a Street near *Marcellus* his House, he commanded him to go thither, and endeavour to deliver his Message in private to the Prince, and conduct him to that Place where he would wait his Approach. *Strato* quitted himself of his Commission so handsomely, as we had not staid half an Hour in the Place where he left us,  
when

when we saw him return with *Marcellus* (without either Follower or Torch, but the Light of the Moon, which was then at the full) on Horseback like us, with his Face half muffled in a Cloak; he found my Master in the same Estate; and no sooner came near him, but throwing his Arms about his Neck; as if some long Time had crept between that and their last Interview: 'Brother, *said he*, what have you done? To what a Torment have you put me in Behalf of your Safety? 'I have done that, *replied my Prince*, which, 'were it undone, I would do again at the Hazard of a thousand Lives, and possibly I have not yet done it to the Purpose, *since Tiberius* is still alive. Indeed he is not dead, *answered Marcellus*, but there is so little Appearance left of Life, and his Wound is prov'd so deep and dangerous, as none have yet seen it without Despair. Do not then torment your self, *said Coriolanus*, for my Safety; my own Hand has carved it for me in that Action, nor should I ever have enjoy'd it; had *Tiberius* espous'd *Cleopatra*. I do not so much as pity that Man, *replied Marcellus*, since his Life was an Enemy to your Repose; but how will you now dispose of your Intentions? And what can we do for you in this Extremity, to which you have hurried your Affairs, if we were not able to serve you when they rode at Anchor in a calmer Ocean? You shall do, *replied Coriolanus*, what you have ever done, still continue to love me, still assist me in the Person and Opinion of *Cleopatra*, and leave the rest to the Conduct of the Gods, who will not abandon me, nor can they involve me in a worse Condition than what this happy Blow has so lately prevented. But do you believe your self in any Safety at Rome, *ad-*

ded *Marcellus*? And though the vast Extent of the City has often conceal'd other Persons, do you think to defraud the Diligence of so many Spies, who are both ey'd and wing'd for a narrow Search, by the Promise of a rich Reward for your Discovery. For the Time I intend to stay at *Rome*, replied *Coriolanus*, I hope to find it a safe Retreat; and since I have employ'd the three Days that *Cesar* gave me, as my Wish contriv'd it, I will now quit it without another Displeasure, than those I resent, in being divided from *Cleopatra* and *Marcellus*. In the mean Time I shall find other Places enough, that will lend me Entertainment; and if I thrive in one Design, perhaps I shall have no Need to borrow it; I will only intreat the Sight of *Cleopatra*, (which you may easily obtain in my Behalf) once or twice before my parting, and then repose that dear Trust, with some Comfort in your Hands, till the Success of my Affairs will restore her to my Eyes.

*Marcellus* took some Time to study upon this, and then taking the Word; 'I believe, said he, since my Mother and all her Family are at your Devotion, you have no more to do but go to the little Door at the Brink of *Tiber*, which you are well acquainted with, and stay there till I bring you some News, I will come and open it my self, after I have spoke with *Cleopatra*; and disposed her to meet you in the Garden.

My Master finding this Contrivance expedient for his Purpose, returned a thousand Thanks to his Friend, and giving him Leave to go upon his own Design, he released him upon Promise to meet at the Place appointed; and when we were got about an hundred Paces from thence, he alighted, and commanding *Strato* to stay for him with



with the Horses in *Mars's* Field, which was not far from thence, we walked upon the Bank of *Tiber*, still expecting when the opening of the Door should invite our Approaches. Indeed it cost us less Patience than we appointed; and *Marcellus*, the most real, and therefore the most diligent of all his Friends, in half an Hour's Time made all Things ready as my Master wished them. To make good his Promise, himself opened us the Door, and we were no sooner enter'd the Garden, but the Light of the Moon shew'd us the Princess *Cleopatra*, followed by her Sister the Princess *Antonia*, youngest Daughter to *Anthony*, and *Octavia*, with *Camilla*, the Darling of her Maids, going into one of the Arbours.

*Octavia* had come herself, if the Consideration of her Brother, and the Dignity of her own Person, had not advised her to stubborn Ignorance to excuse it. *Cleopatra* was half undress'd, and yet that Disadvantage, by the Help of an imperfect Light, was not able to conceal her Beauty, nor did ever the Star that ruled at the Interview, in all her Celestial Travels, behold a mortal Beauty that could equal her.

My Master no sooner came near, but falling at her Feet, and embracing her Knees: 'I ask  
' your Pardon, my adorable Princess, *said he*, for  
' what I have done to preserve you; and could I  
' have kept you out of his Power, without spilling  
' the Blood of a Man that loved you, I would  
' have bought off his Loss at the Expence of my  
' own; but since there was no other Way to save  
' the Life that is your's, and defend you from a  
' Yoke that would have been impos'd against your  
' Consent, do not you still give me leave to appear  
' in the Dress of my former Innocence?

The Princess took some Time to answer my Master, when suddenly lifting up her Head, and looking upon him with a languishing Action: ‘ Ah, *Coriolanus*, said she, how rash you have been! how well might you have spar’d me a Displeasure, by curing our common Misfortune with Means less violent.’ If I thought you bemoan’d the Fate of *Tiberius*, replied my Prince, I cou’d be content to retrieve his Safety, by staking my Life to the same Danger that threatens his.’ My Regret for *Tiberius*, said the Princess, stretches no farther, than because I love not Blood, nor desire the Death of my cruellest Enemies; you cannot but know that what you have done has made me a Prey to very sensible Perplexities; that yourself has robb’d your own Desires of the Means to see me, and blocked up your Way to the Fruition of a Happiness, which you aimed at in the Death of your Rival. I am better acquainted with the Dangers that menace you here, than to suffer your longer Abode at Rome; and you know too well how dear you are to me, to ignore the Grief that will gall me at our Separation. I am willing to believe, that in your Absence you will keep me that Affection pure and undeflowr’d, which I preferr’d before the Offers of *Livia*, and do still prize above all the gay Things wherewith the World can tempt me; but what Comfort can be left me in so cruel and dangerous an Absence, in so sad an Incertainty of your Return? Besides, the merciless Orders of *Augustus* will reach to all, and there are few Corners of the Earth can hide you securely, so long as he is your Enemy? What shall become of me in these woful Apprehensions I shall suffer for you? and which of the Gods will promise me I shall ever be permitted  
to

' to see you again? Heavens! (with some warm  
 ' Pearls that broke away from her fair Eyes) did  
 ' the Faults of unfortunate *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*  
 ' so highly incense you, as your pitiless Anger  
 ' must still pursue the Reliques of their deplora-  
 ' ble Family?

A Throng of Sighs cut off the Course of her  
 Words, and hinder'd the Princess from going on;  
*Coriolanus*, whatever share he went in her Grief,  
 took a marvellous Comfort in those woful Proofs  
 of her Affection; which touch'd him so feelingly,  
 as after he had ty'd his Lips for a Time to one of  
 the Princess's Hands: ' Now let *Augustus*, cry'd  
 ' he, display all the Puissance of his Empire against  
 ' me; and let the whole World assist him in his  
 ' Aims at my Overthrow, I brave them all, my  
 ' Princess, in the Estate to which your Goodness  
 ' has exalted me; and since your inviolate Affec-  
 ' tion is mine in a greater Measure, than my law-  
 ' fullest Hope could ambition; I can suffer no-  
 ' thing in my Exile; nor in those Perils that  
 ' threaten my Safety, capable to counterpoise the  
 ' meanest Part of my Happiness: I know Madam,  
 ' that I am forc'd to leave you, and were I in  
 ' your Heart, with as much Advantage as the  
 ' Hand of *Hymen* could place me, I could not own  
 ' one single Desire to see you follow the Fortune  
 ' of a Man, to whom Heaven has denied a Place  
 ' to repose you. No, Madam, I must have a  
 ' Kingdom to receive you as I ought, and instead  
 ' of desiring you should tie yourself to the Con-  
 ' dition of a Wretch, I will never raise my Pre-  
 ' tensions to the Honour of your Possession, till I  
 ' am able to set a Crown upon your Head.  
 ' Perhaps I am not so far from performing this,  
 ' as it is believed; and if Fortune does not use me  
 ' too rudely, I may happily come back in a Con-  
 ' dition,

‘ dition, that will enable me to ask the Proofs of  
 ‘ your Affection in a more becoming Posture; let  
 ‘ me beg the Favour of your Confidence in these  
 ‘ Words, and do not look for less than extraordinary  
 ‘ effects, from a Man that could not have listned  
 ‘ himself in your Service with a common Courage.

‘ There is nothing too hard for my hopes in  
 ‘ your Virtue, *reply’d the Princess*, nor can I  
 ‘ acknowledge any default of those Crowns in your  
 ‘ Person, which for my sake you rejected; ’tis  
 ‘ true, I could wish myself a power to invest you  
 ‘ with those that *Anthony* design’d me in my  
 ‘ Child-hood, or be content to wish you a Throne  
 ‘ in some other place; not that Diadems can add  
 ‘ new graces to your Person, too lovely of it self  
 ‘ to need an exterior Ornament, but to provide  
 ‘ us a covert against the storms of Tyranny, and  
 ‘ ransom our liberty from the power of those, who  
 ‘ after the pulling down of our Houses, do still  
 ‘ inhumanly prosecute the remainder.

At this period, *Coriolanus* look’d round to observe if any listned to their Discourse, and perceiving *Marcellus* (to leave them the greater liberty) was walk’d with his Sister into the Garden, and *Cleopatra*’s Maid who staid with her Mistress, stood yet at the distance of ten or twelve paces, letting fall the tone of his voice: ‘ Madam, *said he*,  
 ‘ I have a design which I would, if you please,  
 ‘ reveal to none but yourself; if I hide it from  
 ‘ *Marcellus*, ’tis not suspicion that advis’d me;  
 ‘ since, if the Fates could spin me as many threads,  
 ‘ I would trust him with a thousand lives; but the  
 ‘ consideration I keep for his Interest, not willing  
 ‘ to involve him in a plot that may speak him  
 ‘ criminal to *Cesar*; but I hope your goodness  
 ‘ will give him my excuses, after ’tis once broke  
 ‘ out.’ To these Words, when he had begg’d of  
 the

the Princess to preserve it a secret, succeeded the discovery of some thoughts, to which I was yet a stranger, and which you shall learn in the Story's sequel: The Princess timorously reflected upon the difficulties she found in the design; but after some contestations with her fears, she remitted all to the conduct of *Coriolanus*, and that to the Gods to whom she recommended him.

By this time *Marcellus* and his Sister were come back to the Harbour, and, after they had spent one hour together in Discourse, my Master, fearing to incommode the Princess, and at that season, the Nights not being over warm, he took his leave for the Evening, intreating the Company to give him the favour of a second meeting in the same place the following Night, wherein he resolv'd to part from *Rome*. He intreated *Marcellus* to be there with the rest, and not think of seeing him all the next Day, resolving to shut up himself in *Strato's* House, where he could not visit him, without running the hazard of a dangerous Jealousy. *Marcellus*, though mortally afflicted at this separation, at last consented to his Friend's desire; and, because all that *Coriolanus* had at *Rome*, were seized by the Emperor's Order, he furnished him with Horses, Slaves, and all things else his necessity demanded, and sent them out of the City before Day, with orders to stay for us at the Port of *Brundise*, under the conduct of one of my Master's Officers that had formerly served *Marcellus* with an uncommon fidelity.

My Master told his Friend, he intended a retreat to the King of *Lybia's* Court, the nearest of his Kinsmen, where he could stay with assurance, till the choler of *Augustus* was wasted to a cooler temper, which he would learn to hope from the power of his mediation; but the Reasons he alledg'd to that

Princess

Princess, would not let him unrip any part of that design he communicated to *Cleopatra*.

We retir'd to the House of *Strato*, and were no sooner there, but my Master, instead of bestowing the remains of that Night upon rest, sent me to the Lodgings of *Hippias* and *Lisippus*, to intreat them to come and see him before Day. These were two of the principal Men in *Mauritania*, who, by the general suffrage of that People, were sent to *Rome*, to carry their complaint to *Cesar*, of the violent and harsh usage they received from the *Roman* Garrisons, and the *Prætor Volusius*, whose insufferable insolence and cruelty had reduc'd the poor Inhabitants to despair. These two Deputies had been with their complaints at *Cesar's* Feet, without obtaining any redress, and it was much about the time we return'd from the *African* War. These Moors, who had already learn'd my Master's Repute from the common noise, beheld him with a respect proportioned to the Son of their late King, and him that had been born to command them, if Fortune had not stript him of those Dignities, before Nature compleated his being; and meeting with all the qualities in him they could desire in the Person of a Sovereign, after they had made themselves particularly known by divers visits, at last they ventur'd at the liberty to tell him, if he would present himself to his lawful Subjects, and shew them the Face of the Son of *Juba*, (a name they still honour'd with a deep veneration) and of a Prince already known by the bruit of his beautiful Actions, they did not question, but the People, taking courage, as well from their affection to him, as aversion to the *Roman* Government, by an universal rising, assisted by his Valour, would set him in his Father's Throne.

These

These two Agents had often renew'd this proposition, to which, though the first appearance of *Cæsar's* partiality had opened his Ear, because he was not yet his Enemy, he had as often rejected it, believing he could not answer any secret contrivance at the Bar of Honour, against a Man that had been his Benefactor. During the private Treaty, they received news from their Country that did no way cool their proceedings, and still as my Master's resentments boil'd higher by degrees against *Augustus*, they failed not to ply him so hotly with fresh solicitations, as my Master perceiving all things grew desperate for him at *Rome*, and understanding that *Augustus* had proscribed his Name, and caus'd it to be set up in the Streets, (as in the time of the Triumvirate) with a proposal of a recompence to his Murderer, his just resentments were wound up to the resolution of a revenge upon his Enemy, by a way that should lead him to his lawful Heritage. This was the design he imparted to *Cleopatra*, and the same that made him send me for *Hippias* and *Lisippus*.

These two Men (ravisht at the knowledge of their Prince's abode) for whom they had all the preceding Day suffered so many fears, immediately parted from their Lodging, and came along with me to *Strato's* House. My Prince no sooner saw and embrac'd them, but he declared his design to serve their honest desires, in chasing the *Romans* out of his Father's Territories; he promis'd he would be ready to go away with them the following Night, and bad them be assured he would not be sparing of his Life, to requite the injuries of *Augustus*; nor make himself an inconsiderable Gift to that People, who had preserved so much affection for his Family.

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The *Mauritanians*, almost besides themselves with joy at this Discourse, fell both at his Feet, protesting they would be ready to serve him as faithful Guides till he set his Foot upon those Dominions the *Romans* had usurp'd, and assured him he should not find a Man in both the *Mauritania's*, that would not willingly hazard his Life to beat out the *Romans*, and gladly subject himself to his Sovereignty.

This resolution confirmed, and all the circumstances settled, the two Moors went home to order their affairs for a Journey, and prepare themselves to go away with us the following Night: I say with us, for though I was born a *Roman*, and descended from a Family noble enough, so real an affection tied me to my Master, as neither the interest of my Country, nor the love of my Kindred could slack my career in running his Fortune.

*Strato* having carefully sought up the faithfullest of my Master's Servants, without disclosing where he was, assigned them to be ready about the beginning of Night, at a place he appointed; the rest staid behind at *Rome*, for fear too curious a search of all should betray us.

Every thing thus dispos'd of, we pass'd away the Day at *Strato's* House, the greatest part of which my Master, wearied with his former watchings, bestow'd in sleep, at least as much of it, as the grief he took to part with *Cleopatra* would permit him. So soon as the Night was a little advanced, we mounted on Horse-back, and rendered ourselves at *Ostavia's* Garden-gate, which was presently opened us, where with *Cleopatra*, *Marcellus*, young *Ptolomy*, and the Princesses her Daughters, *Ostavia* came herself in Person, to bid *Coriolanus* Adieu.

My Prince, very sensible of the favour, paid his acknowledgment to that great Princess, in the humblest Language he could utter; but after she had



had spent some time in his company, accepting his thanks for her friendly offices, and renewing the protestations of her Friendship, with a promise to employ her whole Life, as well to mediate his peace with *Cesar*, as preserve him fresh in *Cleopatra's* affection, she would needs leave him the freedom of taking a private leaving of the Princess; when, after she had often embraced him with as tender an indulgence, as if she had groan'd for his birth, she retired to her own apartment. It would pose me to repeat all the endearing Language, that Love and Friendship directed to *Coriolanus* at this parting, as well from a Princess so passionately lov'd, as a Friend so dear, and so worthy of his Friendship.

*Marcellus*, *Ptolemy*, and the Sisters, made the like retreat as before, to give *Coriolanus* an unwitnessed leisure of entertaining *Cleopatra*; and resuming the same Discourse, he let fall at his last parting, and repeated the Negotiation betwixt him and the two Deputies of *Mauritania*, and mentioned all the probabilities of success that he saw in his Enterprize: ' If the Gods consent, *pursu'd*  
' *he*, that I thrive in this project, and arrive at  
' the power to declare you the Sovereign of a King,  
' puissant enough in the number of his Subjects,  
' and extent of his Dominions, as you are now  
' of a despoil'd and exil'd Prince, will not my  
' Princess permit me to sue for the Complement  
' of my Fortune, in the consent of *Ottavia*, whom  
' you have chosen for a Mother, and the appro-  
' bation of *Marcellus*, with the Princess and Prin-  
' cesses your Brothers and Sisters: If ever Heaven  
' gives leave that I seize upon that Scepter, I am  
' resolved to return hither in disguise, where being  
' admitted to the same privilege of a private in-  
' terview, which you now grant me, if you still  
' con-

\* condescend to vote me happy, we will tie the sacred  
 \* Knot betwixt us, and by consent of your nearest  
 \* Friends, you may then go and receive the Crowns  
 \* that shall wait your arrival. I can easily convey  
 \* you hence, if your Love be strong enough to con-  
 \* fute the strict rules of severity, and may oppose  
 \* the resignation of yourself to the conduct of him  
 \* you have chosen for a Husband. 'Tis true, there  
 \* are Seas to cross, and Toils to encounter in the  
 \* Voyage, to which I should not desire to expose  
 \* my Princess; but those short-liv'd troubles per-  
 \* haps may prove as easy to be endured, as the  
 \* Tyranny of *Augustus* and *Livia*, to which your  
 \* present condition submits you. And thus my  
 \* Divine Princess, for this happy Unfortunate, you  
 \* shall ripen the Fruits of that Affection, which  
 \* does so gloriously sweeten his Calamities.

At the Period of these Words, *Coriolanus* fell at  
*Cleopatra's* Feet, and embracing her Knees, kept  
 himself in the posture of a Man, that with fear  
 and impatience, expected the effect of his earnest  
 Petition. *Cleopatra's* doubts, that the engage-  
 ment of her Word might sin against her Duty,  
 bred a long War in her thoughts what answer to  
 return; but at last overcoming the scruples that op-  
 pos'd her desires:

\* Yes, my dear *Coriolanus*, said she, I do  
 \* allow your request, and when you have got  
 \* the consent of *Octavia*, and my Brothers, that  
 \* I espouse you, without seeking that of *Au-*  
 \* *gustus*, or repairing to any other power but  
 \* theirs, my own heart and hand shall freely  
 \* confirm it, and when I have once received you  
 \* for my Husband, I will shut my Eyes upon Pain  
 \* and Danger, while I follow your Fortune upon  
 \* Earth and Sea: Accept, said she, stretching out  
 \* her Hand, the Promise I offer you, and believe  
 \* it,

' it, if your Fidelity stands firm and unshaken,  
' nothing shall have Power to blot my Soul with  
' its Violation.

My Master appeared so over-joy'd at this Promise of his Princess, as it put a large Part of that Grief to flight, which he took to leave her; but, after he had tender'd her a thousand Thanks at her Feet, in the most passionate Language that Love could utter, rising from his Knee in a deep Succession of Sighs, that witnessed the return of his Woes to their old Possession, and a Face overflowed with Tears, which rose in Rebellion against his Courage, he disposed himself to take his leave. The Princess wept excessively; and my Prince and she felt the Pangs of their Affliction rise to that Height of Fortune, as they both drew an unlucky Augury from that Separation.

*Cleopatra* kept him a long time close Prisoner in her Arms; but, having at last unlock'd those dear Chains, and let him go, after she had left him her last Adieu, she retired to her Lodgings, in so woful a Posture, and so enfeebled with Grief, as it had scarce left her Strength enough to guide her Foot-steps. Young *Ptolemy* and the Princess her Sister were sad to Extremes; but I think the parting of *Marcellus* and my Master would have softened all the Souls upon Earth, that were most incapable of Amity: A hundred times did they part, and a hundred times came back again into each other's Arms, mingling such passionate and tender Language, which the Repetition of every Embrace, as I that quitted my Country, my Friends, and the nearest of my Blood with a moderate Regret, could not look upon them, and not melt at the Eyes with a feminine Weakness. At last, Necessity rent them asunder, and they deem'd it not safe for *Marcellus* either to go him.

himself, or send any Company with *Coriolanus*, to bring him part of his Way, for fear the Conrasy should make too much noise; and lest there should be found so cheap and sordid a Soul among *Marcellus*'s Followers, to sell his Fidelity for the Emperor's Reward, in revealing our Departure, and the Way we bent at.

After this cruel Adieu, we went to meet the two Deputies, who with *Strato* and our Horses staid for us in *Mars's* Field, where, my Prince having armed himself, we marched out at the nearest Gate; and, following the Track of our Equipage, (which *Marcellus* sent away the Night before) we found them at the Port of *Brundise*, with such of our Servants as our Order commanded thither; and there finding some Vessels that accustomed to traffick upon the Coasts of *Africk*, *Hippias* and *Lisippus* hired one with the Merchants in it, to whom they gave their Desires, and we presently embark'd with a favourable Wind, and put off to Sea. Ah! how many sad Looks, and deep Sighs did *Coriolanus* send back to the *Italian* Shore! how sensibly did he feel himself torn from the precious Pawn he left behind him? Winds! would he sometimes cry, the more kindly you breathe upon our Designs, the further you remove me from *Cleopatra*; nor can you be propitious to our Voyage, unless you divorce me, by a large Distance, from the noblest Part of myself. He still enlarged his Discourse upon that Subject, and undisguising the Marks of all those Inquietudes wherewith his Passion shook him.

In the mean time, our Sails were filled and gilded with the Breath and Beauty of Heaven; nor did ever any Voyage of that Length begin and end with a Calm more agreeable: The Horizon was not sullied with a Cloud, and we felt  
not

not so much as a Blast that was not requisite to swell our Canvass, and drive on our Bark to the *African* Shore.

At last, after a happy Navigation, we passed *Hercules' Pillars*, and a few Days after, entered the Cape of *Ampelusa*, the chiefest Promontory upon all the Coast of *Africk*; where, disembarking ourselves, we mounted on horseback, and lay the next Night at the City of *Lissa*, seated upon the River *Lixus*, the Metropolis of all *Mauritania*: From thence we marched to the City *Babba*, and then succeeded to *Banasa*, where the popular Credit of *Hippias* and *Lisippus* had greatest Influence; and there it was they thought fit my Master should first begin to own himself. They caused the Report of his Arrival to be sown among their Friends, with the Design that they brought him thither to dis-enthral them from the *Roman* Tyranny, if they had Courage enough to draw their Swords with him in the Quarrel, and prefer the Government of their natural Prince, to the intolerable Yoke the *Romans* had impos'd. The Reputation of those great Things my Master had done, as well of late against the *Cantabrians*, as in the Tyrocinny of his Arms in *Germany*, had travelled through all *Africa*, and his Father's Subjects, who deeply concerned themselves in the Fortune, had listened to the Story that Fame told them of their lawful Prince's heroick Acts, with a Joy full of Affection and Tenderness. A thousand and a thousand Times had they sighed for the same Happiness, that then offered itself to their Acceptance; and those of *Banasa* no sooner understood that he was within their Walls, but they flew into a Throng to see him; at the first Sight meeting with that in his Face, which promised more than Report had spoke of, they threw themselves

selves at his Feet, called him their King, and begg'd: he would bring them on to redeem his Father's Subjects from Slavery. But by little and little, the Press was swollen to such a Bulk, as the tenth Part of those that ran thither, could not get near to *Coriolanus's* Lodging; and while *Hippias* staid near his Person, *Lisippus* ranging through the City, and proclaiming the Arrival of *Juba's* Son, the People rose so universally, as the very Women and Children loudly cry'd out in the Streets to be shown their Prince, to let them see the Son of *Juba*. You will not think this strange when I have told you, that the *Romans* having exercised an untroubled Authority in *Mauritania*, for three or four and twenty Years, and believing their horrible Exactions had aw'd that People with too servile a Fear, to attempt the Removal of any Pressure, had neglected the Care of such Things as Necessity required to preserve it, in so much, as (the Places of the greatest Importance excepted) they kept no Garrisons in the rest, that were not too weak for the Inhabitants; besides, the Soldiers had ingrafted themselves into their Families by conjugal Alliance, and lived among them with a fearless Security, though the Cruelty of their Companions that held the stronger Holds, and the Rigour of their Vice-roy, had run them into desperate Apprehensions.

The Garrison of *Banasa* no sooner saw the Tumult, of which they learned the Cause as soon as the Citizens, but finding themselves too feeble to face the Storm, they quitted the City, and with all the Haste they could make, retired to a neighbouring Garrison, while some that followed too slowly, were torn in Pieces by the first Fury of the Multitude.

The

The Prince perceiving he had now no longer Time to dissemble; openly pull'd off the Mask, and the second Day mounting on Horse back, rid through the whole City, shewing himself to those that had not seen him, making Orations in the publick Places to all that could hear him, with a charming Rhetorick of Garb and Language.

The People still improving their Wonder at those bewitching Gifts of Nature, they found about him, the Beauty of his Shape and Visage, the smooth facility and elegance of his Language, and in fine, the united Graces that shined and smil'd in every excellent Part; their Joy got up to such Extreams, as might be said they induc'd it, 'And they cried on all Sides, Long live King *Juba*, the Son of our King *Juba*, the lawful Heir of our ancient King, and let the Tyrants die, let the *Romans* his Enemies and our's be destroy'd.

These Cries echo'd to every Side through the City; and to answer them, the Prince in several Speeches, encouraged a Perseverance in their loyal Intentions, with a Promise to sweeten his Government, with all sorts of Mildness and Lenity; the principal Men of the City tender'd him their Oath of Allegiance, in behalf of the whole, and presently after they sent to all the neighbouring Cities to excite them by their Example, to shake off the *Roman* Servitude, and acknowledge the Son of their King, who proffer'd the Employment of that Valour for their Delivery, which in his blooming Years had made him so famous at *Rome*, and carried his Name to the utmost Corners of the Empire. They needed not much spurring to this Enterprize, since all receiv'd the News with as much Height, and Heat of Resolution, as those of *Benafsa*, and in less than eight Days, the Cities of *Lissa*, *Tingy*, *Babba* and *Sala*, had either driven them

them out, or cut the Throats of their Garrisons, beaten down the *Roman* Eagles on all Sides, and re-advanc'd the ancient Standard of *Mauritania*. Never did Affair of that Nature ripen so suddenly to Success; the People that were up still swelling in their Numbers, rowl'd on like a Torrent, arming all the Country as they went, and in less than three Weeks time, caus'd all the Cities upon the *Atlantick* Sea to declare for the Quarrel.

My Master perceiving this happy Progress, was willing to make a prudent Use of it, and judging the Noise it made, had alarmed *Volusius* and his Lieutenants to march against him, he formed the gross Body of an Army of such Troops as flocked in to him from all Quarters, voluntarily rais'd, and sent in at their proper Cost, by the Cities of his Party, exposing their Wives Jewels to Sale, with all their richest Furniture, to relieve their Prince's Necessities. Every Day contributed a large Addition to his Forces, till at last my Master thought himself strong enough to take the Field, and marching out of *Banasa*, he put himself into the Head of 15000 fighting Men; thus attended, he marched up to the Gates of such Cities as still held for the *Romans*; and his Fortune was such, as in less than three Weeks Time, without drawing a Sword, he rang'd all that Country, that lies between the Promontory of *Ampelusa*, and the Mountain *Atlas* under his Obedience: The City of *Antotole* at the Entrance of *Getulia*, which the *Romans* had better fortified than the rest, was the first that made Resistance, and my Master was set down before it, when *Canidius*, Lieutenant to *Volusius*, with 4000 Horse, and 12000 Foot, speeded towards us by large Marches, while *Volusius* was busied in gathering of a greater Body, to oppose the Torrent of our Progress.

Our



Our Regiments were already grown so full, as the Army marched not less than 20,000 Combatants, the third Part of which *Coriolanus* left before the City, to continue the Siege, under the Command of *Lisippus*, while himself marched with the rest to meet *Canidius*. I cannot express the fierce Joy that People shewed, as they follow'd their Prince; they went to the Combat as to a certain Victory; and though a great Part of the Enemies they were to charge were *Romans*, and so by Consequence the most formidable and redoubted Soldiers upon Earth, the Confidence they repos'd in their valiant Leader, taught them to despise the Foe with a brave Scorn, as if their Army had been compos'd of *Lydians*, or some other Nation yet more soft and effeminate.

The *Romans*, as your Judgment will tell you, had disarmed the Country as they march'd, but the Cities that declar'd for us, after the Defeat of their Garrisons, had seized all their Arms, where-with my Prince had furnished his Soldiers, and from the first Day of his Command, had ever train'd them to the *Roman* Discipline, taught them the Lessons of War as perfectly as the *Romans* themselves could repeat them.

It was upon the Banks of the River *Cosenus* near the Confines of the *Scelatites* Country, where we encountered *Canidius*, and there did my Master range his Battalions with such military Method, as instructed his new Subjects, how well he was skilled in the Trade of War, and led them on to the Combat with forward Hopes of Victory; to which, both as Captain and Soldier, he hewed them a Passage by Actions so full of wonder, as his *Africans*, highly animated by his Example, poured themselves upon the Enemy with a Storm too impetuous to be resisted. At the

first Shock they disordered their Battalions, and giving them no Time to rally, my Master charged through and through with so much Fury, as at last they were forced to abandon themselves to a general Flight; the Slaughter was very great, *Canidius* fighting in the Head of his Ranks like a valiant Man, fell one of the first Sacrifices to my Master's Fortune, and of all that Number he brought into the Field, there was not saved above 12 or 1500 Men that were taken Prisoners.

This first Success so prided the *Mauxitanians* Courage, as they cry'd to their Prince to lead them through the World, that all sorts of Enemies should find them invincible, so long as he fought at the Head of their Troops. After this Victory he returned to re-inforce the Siege of *Antotole*; but he that commanded it for the *Romans*, had no sooner understood the Defeat of *Canidius*, upon whose Fortunes his Hopes depended, and distrusting not only his own Strength, but the Citizens Faith, whom he knew to be his Enemies, and affectionated to the Prince, he march'd out of the Garrison upon an honourable Capitulation.

My Prince, contrary to the *Moors* Advice, sent back all his Prisoners without a Ransom, and treated those that fell into his Hands with a generous Humanity, of which that Country had never seen a Parallel; after the taking of *Antotole*, he over-run all *Getulia*; whereof the Cities, where the Garrisons were weakest, received him with open Gates, and the others, that the *Romans* had fortified to abide a Siege, were part rendered by Composition, and the rest carried by Storm, with a great Slaughter of the Soldiers that defended them, though *Coriolanus* did all was possible to save them from the Fury of the *Moors*.

From

From *Getulia* we marched into the Province of the *Scelatitis*, where my Prince continued his Progress, and defeated (with as signal Advantages as those he carried of *Canidius*) *Cecinna* and *Siljanus*, two other Lieutenants to *Volusius*; their Troops were all cut in Pieces, and our Soldiers enriched themselves with their Spoils: Every City, and all the Country, as we passed, gladly contributed Money and Victuals to the Entertainment of our Army, they in exchange received a Treatment from the Soldiers that carried a nearer Resemblance to a brotherly Visit, than an Invasion.

From the *Scelatitis*, whose Country was totally reduced, after we had passed the Rivers *Darath* and *Palsus*, we succeeded to the Province of the *Pharusians*, on this Side the Promontory of *Barce*, and there it was that *Volusius*, contrary to the Rules of military Prudence, having drein'd all his Garrisons, and drawn up the Forces that lay upon the Frontiers, resolving to crush us in Pieces with one great Effort for all, came up towards us with 12000 Horse, and above 30000 Foot, strowing the Way as he passed with proud Menaces against us, which daily arrived at our Ears, and indeed the feeble Resistance the *Romans* had formerly found in those People my Master commanded, gave him so easy a Confidence of the Victory, as with an unteasonable Providence he had already disposed of all Things that were to succeed it.

Our Army still receiving additional Numbers from every Place we touched at, was then composed of 8000 Horse, and 32000 Foot, which my Prince had already imbued with so fair a Discipline, as the *Roman* Legions could scarce boast a better Order, or a more exact Obedience.

You see, Sir, I have given you this Relation in as narrow Precincts as possible, though I believe

your Patience had suffer'd in the Recital of divers Things whereof the Knowledge may possibly seem impertinent to my Master's Life.

The Army of *Volusius* being now within a Day's Journey of ours, my Master, who till then had advanc'd to meet him, rested his upon a fair Plain, some Furlongs from the City of *Daridi*, where he resolv'd to expect his Approaches, and prudently lay out his Time in the Choice of some local Advantages: That Day he received a Letter, or rather a Defiance from *Volusius*, in which he proffered him to fight the following Day. I think the Words were these:

Septimius Volusius, Prætor of the two Mauritania's, and General of the Roman Armies, to Coriolanus Son of Juba.

WE have understood, that in Contempt of what thou owest to the Roman Name, and the Sacred Authority of *Augustus Cæsar*, thy Emperor and Benefactor, thou art come upon these Provinces which thy Father lost in a just War, to raise his Subjects, and trouble the Repose of his People; and though this Ingratitude against thy Lord and Master would be better requited by an ignominious Punishment, than the Glory thou may'st reap in combating the Roman Army, yet we have not disdain'd this Employment of our Swords against thee, to try if the Roman Education has rendered thee worthy to inherit thy Father's Destiny, whose haughty Attempt to shock our Puissance, was rewarded by a glorious Death from our Hands. To morrow, if thou hast Courage enough to attend us, we shall decide thy Pretences by the Battle we offer thee, and pay what we owe to the Memory of

*Julius*

*Julius Cesar*, in assuring his Conquests by thy Defeat; stay for us, and by a generous Resistance, prevent our Blushes for the Victory.

My Master having read this Defiance of *Volusius* aloud, mock'd at his Arrogance; and turning towards us with a Smile full of Indignation, 'He may chance to speak in a milder Account, said he, before to-morrow's Sun has ended his Career.' Yet he would not send back the Messenger without an Answer; and calling for Paper, he made it speak in these Terms.

*Juba Coriolanus, King of the two Mauritania's, Enemy to the Roman Empire, and legitimate Heir to his Father's Crowns, to Septimius Volusius.*

**T**HY proud Threats, that have rather provoked our Derision than Anger, could not dissuade us to vouchsafe thee an Answer; and though we owe not Justification neither to thee nor *Cesar* thy Emperor, and thy Master, but not our's, we declare the desire of recovering our lawful Heritage was less officious to arm us in this Quarrel, than that of delivering our People from the hard Servitude, wherein thy horrible Exactions, and daily repeated Cruelties do hold them. *Cesar* has refused the Justice they demanded against thee; and they have found out their natural Prince, who, by the Gods Assistance, and the Justice of his Cause, does climb the Throne of his Predecessors, which the *Roman* Tyranny had injuriously usurped. If my Father fell, his Fortune gave way to the greatest Man that ever was; and thou art too short of his Worth, upon whom Heaven bestowed the *Thapsian* Victory, to menace us with the same

‘ Fate. To-morrow (since thou wilt have it so)  
‘ shall determine a part of our Difference; and if  
‘ thou darest spare the Blood of many Thousands,  
‘ who will find their Funerals in that Battle, I  
‘ shall not scruple (however the Disparity of our  
‘ Conditions may disallow it) to decide our Quar-  
‘ rel by a personal Combat against thee. If thou  
‘ dost not disapprove, thou wilt signify thy Ac-  
‘ ceptance of this Offer. In the mean time, recti-  
‘ fy thy Fear, and rather dread the Shame of thy  
‘ Defeat, than of a Victory, which will be hotly  
‘ disputed.

This was my Master’s Answer, who employ’d the rest of the Day with a marvellous Care and Knowledge, in preparing all things for the Combat; and the next Day, a little after Sun was risen, our Scouts bringing Intelligence that the Enemy was advanced within a few Furlongs of our Army, he compos’d it to a fighting Posture with an admirable Method, rode bare-headed through all the Squadrons, exposing the Visage of their Prince to the Soldiers View, which they contemplated with a sacred Veneration, and spurring their Spirits to the Combat with an extraordinary Ardour.

There are few Men endowed with an Eloquence comparable to his; and that Day, particularly animated by the Importance of the Action he was to perform, the Force of his Rhetorick left an Impression of Courage upon the coldest Hearts. His new Dignity had added Majesty to his Aspect; and though it brought no pride along with it, yet his Face seem’d to give new Lessons of Respect to all those that regarded him. To this every thing about him contributed, the mingled Beauty of his Arms glittering with Gold and Jewels, the stately Pride of his Horse, all things fully suited to the Advantages of his Person.

He

He had almost gone through all the Ranks, when *Volusus's* Troops began to appear; at the sight of which, our Army sent up a loud Cry to Heaven, which marvellously confirmed my Prince in his Hopes of Victory; all the Sacrifices promis'd a happy Augury. And at the Enemy's Approach, there remained no more but the last Signal, which was given by my Prince's Command; who, advancing before the rest, a thousand times more fierce than *Achilles* himself, often called upon *Volusus* with a loud Voice; but he was then busied in the midst of his Battalions with the Functions of his Charge, which he would not abandon, to engage with a young Man in a particular Combat. But, my Lord, I detain your Attention too long, and my Story has insensibly led me to abuse your Patience, by drawing it out a length too tedious. At the last Sound of the Trumpet, the Armies joined, and the Battle proved the bloodiest that had been seen in that Part of the World within the Memory of Man. My Master, putting down the Vizor of his Casque, before he rush'd upon the Enemy, '*Cleopatra, cry'd* *be, if this Day my Sword does not purchase* *a Pair of Crowns for thy Temples, I will not* *survive it.'* This said, he darted himself into the Enemies Ranks with a Fury, that where-ever he carried his Sword, threw down all before it: After the Combat had lasted an Hour, the Army of *Volusus* ( compos'd either of *Romans*, or such others as had gotten an equal Animosity from their Example) press'd upon our's with so much Resolution, as the Courage of the *Moors* began to shrink, and already their Battalions were so shaken, as my Master (who tho' in the Heat of his personal Gallantry, still kept the Eye of a General upon all that pass'd) began to dread the Loss

of the Battle, that Fear brought him back through a Throng of his Enemies, which he had cloven with a precipitate Fury; and running up to those he saw most stagger'd, he presented himself at the Head of them, and galloped along the Ranks without a Casque, that they might see his Face, wherein Choler had lighted up itself in a fiery Blush: 'My Friends, *cry'd he*, If you judge me unworthy to command you, let me die by your Hands; or if you desire I should live, do not dishonour the royal Present you give me, by a Cowardise unworthy of yourselves and me too: What, will you quit a Victory that our Enemies are now upon the Point to abandon? Ah no! my valiant Friends, let us either vanquish, or die together; there is neither Safety for you nor me, after the Loss of this Battle.' While he brought forth these Words, his Soldiers thought they had seen Rays of Flames break away from his Visage; and to give their Courages a greater Rouze, the Prince perceiving *Volustius* in an eager Pursuit of the Victory, which the Valour of his Men had already started, ran up to him with a Rage so impetuous, that as well by the Shock of his Horse, as the mighty Blow he let fall upon his Head, he tumbled him in a Trance at the Feet of his Men. This Action, join'd with the Words of *Coriolanus*, gave Fire to his Soldiers Hearts with a Resolution so vigorous, as after they had firmly for a while kept their Ground, and sustain'd the Shock of their Enemies, they not only stopped the rapid Stream of their Fortune, but began to repulse the Forwardest, and by little so improv'd their Advantage, as at last they opened their Ranks, broke their Order, and after a very obstinate Dispute, inforc'd them to turn their Backs, and resign the Victory. What shall I say more? The



The Glory of that Day remained as intire to my Prince, as his own Wishes could contrive it; and the Massacre of the Enemies was so great, as *Coriolanus*, by his Orders, could scarce stop the Execution at the End of the Day; more than 30,000 Men lost their Lives upon the Place, a few sav'd themselves by Flight, and the rest, whereof the greatest Part, covered with Wounds, were taken Prisoners, and with them the General *Volusus*. I presented him myself to my Master, having lighted on the Fortune to save him from the Hands of some *Moors*, who had infallibly killed him, if I had not seasonably arriv'd to his Rescue.

*Coriolanus* receiv'd him with Honour, bad him casheer all his Fears, and strive to sweeten the Sense of his Disgrace, with very affable and obliging Language: He would needs have a Wound, that *Volusus* had raked, to be search'd by the same Persons, who had newly performed that Office to himself, in dressing three slight Hurts he receiv'd in the Battle; and maugre the Menaces and Words of Contempt he sent him the Day before, he caus'd him to be serv'd according to his former Dignity, and forbad all his Servants to let fall any Word within the Reach of his Ear, that might displease him.

After this Victory (for I shall not stay the Current of my Story upon the less important Particulars that succeeded it, as the Order of dividing the Booty, the Prisoners, and interring the Dead) my Master, so soon as the Cure of his Wounds wou'd permit him, having now no more Enemies to combat, he marched with erected Looks and expanded Ensigns, to *Iol* the capital City of that Kingdom, ranging all the Places of Strength, as he passed, under his Dominion, without a Blow; and having given safe Conduct to the rest of the

*Roman* Garrisons, that were willing to give up the Cities they yet held, and retire to some Place of Security beyond his Dominions, in less than two Months time (those excepted that he held his Prisoners) he had not one single Enemy left in all *Africa*.

At last he arrived at that proud City where the Palace-Royal of his Ancestors was seated, where having received the Oath of the *Masseians*, the *Nigrites*, *Bannurians*, *Venusians*, with other People of his Monarchy (that had not yet acknowledged him) by a general Assembly of States, and an universal Applause of his Subjects, he was solemnly crowned King of both the *Mauritania's*, under the Name of *Juba*; for his People, Enemies to all that he held of *Roman*, would never endure to call him by that of *Coriolanus*, though he had ever preserved it as less barbarous than the other, and an Appellation, under which he had render'd the greatest Part of his Services to *Cleopatra*. If my Relation has dwelt too long upon some Particulars, perhaps I have made your Patience a bad Requital in passing these too succinctly, but I assure myself you learnt at *Rome* all that we did of greatest Consequence.

When my Master saw himself establish'd in his Monarchy, he apply'd his maturest Thoughts to consider of a Means to preserve it; not doubting but *Augustus* would strive to trouble him in his new Conquest, and powerfully re-ignite the War: Loath to be tamely surpriz'd, he made grand Provision of Soldiers, Arms, Ammunition of all Sorts, and caus'd a great Number of Ships to be rigged and made ready for a mighty Army by Sea, intending to anticipate his Enemies Approaches.

In the mean Time, *Volusus* had ever been treated, and served with as much Respect as was due  
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to the proper Person of the King my Master, whose Authority was necessary to defend him against the Hatred of the *Moors*, who doubtless would have fasten'd some Revenge upon him, to requite the Cruelties he had exercis'd in his Government, if my Master had not protected him. So soon as he had put on the Crown, he grew desirous to restore him his Liberty; and, to that Purpose, causing him to be brought into his Presence: 'I am  
' sorry, *said he*, for the Displeasure you have receiv'd by the Lot of War; and if your Usage here has been short of what your Quality might challenge, I must assure you my Intentions have been dishonoured in it. You may return to *Rome*  
' when you please, and besides the Liberty I give you, you shall have Shipping to transport you, with all other Requisites for your Voyage; but because in this Action I have no Design to oblige  
' *Augustus*, who has treated me unworthily, you shall address yourself to *Marcellus*, to whom I send you; and in Requital of those Civilities, which, for his Sake I confer upon his Country-  
' Men, you shall demand, if you please, in my Behalf, the Continuation of his Amity.

*Volufius* (whose rude Deportment had pleaded no Title of Desert of this Generosity of *Coriolanus*) gladly accepted it; and protesting with a Humility far below the haughty Pitch of his former Arrogance, that he would employ his whole Life to find out fit Acknowledgments for the Favour he had done him: He receiv'd the Shipping, the Convoy, with every thing else that Necessity demanded for the Voyage, and with all the *Romans* that were Prisoners with him, parted from *Iol*, and a few Days after embarking at the next Port, took his Way to *Rome*, full of Shame and Confusion.

The

The young King, perceiving himself to sit fast on his Throne, rewarded the Services he had receiv'd of his Subjects with a grand Munificence, especially those of *Hippias* and *Lisippus*, who were raised to the tallest Offices in the Kingdom; and if the Possession of Riches and Honour could have raised my Felicity, which I ever had bounded within other Limits, I had there full Cause to be satisfied with my Fortune. But scarce had the People tasted the first Sweets of his Government, when he was advertis'd by some Vessels that returned from scouring the Seas, that *Augustus* had sent out a Fleet against him, under the Charge of *Domitius Ænobarbus*, who of all the Roman Captains had the deepest Experience in Sea Commands. At the Alarm of this Intelligence (which was so far from surprizing my Prince, as his Expectation was ever prepared to receive it) he ramass'd his Forces that were yet undisbanded, to which by new Levies he had added great Numbers, and marching down to the Sea-side, he embark'd in Person with them in Vessels of War that lay there ready to receive them, and with more than 200 Sail went to meet *Ænobarbus*, who was already come within Sight of the *African* Shore: The Enemies Army did equal, if not outnumber our's, commanded by a great and famous Captain; yet *Coriolanus* aborded it with as much Confidence, as if Fate itself had assured him the Victory, and without farther Delay presented, and gave him Battle.

There has not possibly been seen a more furious Conflict upon the Sea,; the Advantages were hotly disputed on both Sides for a whole Day together, but at last the insuperable Valour of our Prince, forced them to an entire Stay upon our Party. The Enemies Fleet was totally defeated,  
their

their Ships Part taken, the rest sunk, and the General *Domitius*, perceiving Despair had got the Ascendant, saved himself by the Courtesy of Night, which began to hide the World about the End of the Combat, and doubtless carried News to *Rome*, capable to make *Augustus* repent the Injuries he had done my Master.

After that famous Victory, he triumphantly returned to Shore, supposing his Enemies so enfeebled by that last Defeat (the *Roman* Puissance ever consisting more in Land Forces, than the Number of Ships, or experimented Sea-Men) as he judged it would cost them a long Recruit, before they could recover a Condition, to discompose the Peace of his Dominions.

He was received like a God in all the Cities as he passed, and being returned to the Capital, he staid there a whole Month, which (by Advice of the prudentest Heads about him) he spent in rectifying and reviving the Laws of the Kingdom, which the Tyranny of Governours had oppressed with grand disorders.

But now my Discourse has far enough followed the War, and Affairs of State; I come back to Love, which strikes the greatest Stroke in my Story, nor could ever my Master's Spirit, in the Throng of his greatest Employments, obtain Licence to lay aside that Passion for a Moment. Of this I am able to pass a better Account than any other; for to me alone he did the Honour to communicate his Thoughts of that Nature, and of all Men living, I was he that least ignor'd them; a hundred Times, when involv'd in the greatest Pressure of Affairs, when the Threats of Danger spoke loudest, has he drawn me aside to talk of *Cleopatra*; that Remembrance has taken the Tribute of a hundred Sighs a Day from his Breast, and still  
in

in Occasions the most important; the Idea of that Princess re-assailing his Spirit, forced him to betray continued Proofs, that Love was his Master-Passion: ‘*Emilius, would he often say, the Gods can attest, that I would not struggle so eagerly for this Crown, had I not design’d it an Offering to Cleopatra; I am ashamed so long to see a Princess that merits to wear the Diadem of the World, and a Princess who for my Sake refuses the Son of Livia, the greatest Match among the Romans, served by a Man that does not possess one Inch of Land, nor the Property of so much as one single Mansion to entertain her. Ah! could my adorable Princess, added be, mingling Sighs and Words, but see, through the Distance that divides us, what Tortures her Absence has inflicted; sure the generous Inclinations she has for me, would give her a Share in these Sufferings, a thousand times worse than any Augustus intended me; and were I not resolved to invest myself in the Condition I promised her, to embolden Demands, and raise me a Power of obtaining by her Friends Consent that Perfection of Felicity; ’tis not the Desire of acquiting Empires, nor the Fear of Augustus’s Puissance, should bar me longer from her Presence.*’ There passed not a Day wherein he did not discourse with me upon the same Subject; while the Night lasted, in Spight of other Thoughts that attempted to traverse those of his Love, that ador’d Image could never be depos’d from the Throne of his Remembrance. One of his greatest Perplexities was, that he could learn no News of her Affairs, nor easily send her an Account of his, for the vast Tract of Sea betwixt them, and the Cessation of Commerce (because of the War) betwixt *Mauritania* and *Italy*. However, not enduring

ring to continue in that Condition, nor be longer ignorant how *Cleopatra's* was stated, immediately after his Victory against *Ænobarbus*, he sent his faithful Servant *Strato* in a Vessel that he caus'd to be rigg'd for the Purpose; and, having instructed him in the Order he was to observe in his Addresses to the Princess and *Marcellus*, he delivered him Letters for both, which he did me the Honour to shew me : That to *Cleopatra* spoke thus.

Juba Coriolanus King of Mauritania, to the Princess *Cleopatra*.

I Would say that Fortune has been kind, had I Power (while divided from you) to taste any Happiness; and I am able to lay the Oblation of a Crown at your Feet, without holding it by the Right of an Enemy's Favour; to give it a better Title to your Acceptance, could my Wishes involve the whole World's Obedience, yet I should prize it much below the Value of this glorious Servitude, which my whole Life shall prefer to the Throne of the Universe. This faithful Servant I send you, will see *Rome* but a few Days before me, and I shall quickly be at your Feet, not to make good my Promise, whereof the Advantages will all result to myself, but to summon your's, of which, I hope, my divine Princess, you will still prefer the Remembrance, as I shall guard to my Tomb, the inviolable Design of ever continuing faithfully your's.

That to *Marcellus* was thus indited:

Juba

Juba Coriolanus *King of Mauritania, to Prince Marcellus.*

I Should ask your pardon, my dear Brother, for prevailing with myself, to hide any thing from you, if your own knowledge did not instruct you, that my silence sprung from the care of your safety; in giving my design to your breast, against *Cesar's* Interests, I had either have posed your Friendship, by exacting too hard a proof, and if you had kept it entire, rendered you faulty to *Augustus*, to whom your respects and affections are the Children of Justice. I will say my projections have happily succeeded, if, what I have gained by their event, has not lost me your Friendship; and if you be not so nearly ally'd to your Uncle's resentments, to blot out the memory of a Friend, that owes you all, and from whom you may command all things, I shall suddenly be with you in Person, to demand those proofs of your affection, and really to protest, that the recovery of my Right, and the conservation of my Life, are things a thousand times less dear than your Friendship.

*Coriolanus* had written to the Princess *Ostavia*, but he feared an unhappy surprisal of his Letters might render her suspected to *Augustus*, and only commanded *Strato* to deliver her in his behalf, Protestations of an immortal Fidelity. If he made no use of the same caution for *Marcellus*, it was because he knew *Cesar* was too well instructed in their intimacy, to believe all that was past had power to cancel it, and that his Letter would rather justify than impeach him.

*Strato* thus dispatch'd, my Master, as I told you, bestowed some time in the reparation of those things that



that the wicked Governours had ruined, and in the disposal of these cares, disclosed a thousand Vertues to his People that made them his Idolaters, and got him the admiration of all that knew it.

I shall now trace this subject no further, because I am called to a recital of more importance, and after relating the happy events of my Master's Life, 'tis fit my discourse should succeed to those that compose his present condition.

Instead of easing the inward anguish, which *Cleopatra's* absence had inflicted, by the lenitive of time, every day rendered it more sensible, and the same thing that to persons less wounded would have proved a cure, only served to redouble his malady, which got at last to that height, as it chased all things from his memory that offered comfort; the desire of returning, as his promise bound him, to *Cleopatra*, to demand her in Marriage of *Octavia* (as the Princess and he resolved at parting) and conduct her to the possession of those Crowns, which he had acquired for her only, made him let fall the care that belonged to the conservation of an Estate, but weakly assured from the power of his Enemies; and though those to whom he communicated any part of his design, advised him not so soon to abandon a Country, whereit his presence was very necessary, and represented the inconveniences that might ensue his departure, he was so tormented with the violence of his passion, as the preservation of two such Realms could not prevail for the residence it demanded.

After the reasons had been bandied enough on both sides, no longer able to resist the motions that enforced it, he resolved his departure, and no sooner resolved it, but remitting the Government into the Hands of *Cleomedes*, *Aristippus*, *Hippias*, and *Lisippus*, he put himself upon the Way, dis-  
covering

covering his Intentions to none but those four Persons, in whom he reposed more Confidence than all the rest. He would take no greater Equipage with him, than suited with a private Man. And thus with no more but three Ships, we embarked at the Promontory of *Baree*, and by the Help of a favourable Gale, bent our Course toward *Italy*. If in the Voyage made the Year before, my Master condemned the officious Haste of the Winds, that posted us to the *African* Shore, his Impatience now producing reversed Effects, made him chide their Sloth for driving our Sails with too soft a Breath towards *Italy*. And in all that vast Tract of Sea, which divides it from *Africa*, he scarce changed a Word with any but myself, with whom he had only Power to treat on that Subject; which had entirely seized all his Thoughts.

Fortune, that had ever favoured him, since he quitted *Rome*, lent him one Smile more in a propitious Wind for his Voyage, and after a peaceable Navigation, we were already come within ken of the *Italian* Coast, when we spy'd a Vessel making towards us; which, because the Winds were less serviceable to their Wishes than our's, came up very slowly, but at last we aborded, and presently knew her to be the same that was assigned *Strato* for the *Roman* Voyage.

Of this *Coriolanus* was no sooner advertised, but he mounted the Hatches with a hasty Impatience to see *Strato*, who was indeed in the Ship, and presently passing into ours, came to do his Obeisance to the King our Master. *Coriolanus* greedily demanding the Success of his Voyage, 'Sir, said he, It has prov'd to no Purpose, and I found not one Person at *Rome* to whom your Commands directed me. *Augustus* is gone from thence with

‘ with the Intent of a Progress, as Report strows  
 ‘ it, throw all *Asia*, and has taken *Sicilia* in his  
 ‘ way, where the general Belief speaks him at pre-  
 ‘ sent. All the Court Ladies follow him, attend-  
 ‘ ing the Empress; and it was his Will, that  
 ‘ *Octavia* and her Daughters, with the Princess  
 ‘ *Cleopatra*, should go along in that Voyage.

*Coriolanus* perceiving his Expectation retarded  
 by that Impediment, stood long in a grand Per-  
 plexity; and after the wasting some Moments in  
 a deep Meditation, he enquired what was become  
 of *Tiberius*. ‘ *Tiberius* is in perfect Health, re-  
 ‘ ply’d *Strato*, and gone, as ’tis said, from *Rome*  
 ‘ with *Augustus*, with as hot a Passion for the  
 ‘ Princess *Cleopatra* as ever.’ ‘ That Passion, ad-  
 ‘ ded the King of *Mauritania*, shall at last cost  
 ‘ him that Life which I unfortunately left him;  
 ‘ and since it is allotted to affront my Happiness,  
 ‘ one of our incompatible Threads shall quickly  
 ‘ possess the fatal Scissars.’ After this, concluding  
 from *Strato*’s Answers to divers other Questions,  
 that *Augustus* must still be in *Sicily*, he com-  
 manded the Pilots to turn the Prows of their Ships,  
 and we bent our Course that way, with all the  
 Diligence the Wind would let us make use of:  
 But my Master could not defend his Soul from  
 the sad Thoughts that assaulted it, since his meet-  
 ing with *Strato*; and turning his Head towards  
 me, as he leaned upon my Arm, ‘ *Emilius*, said  
 ‘ he, this unlucky Beginning instructs me to pre-  
 ‘ sage an inauspicious Augury; and my Fears  
 ‘ will deceive me, if I find that full Satisfaction  
 ‘ in this Voyage I propos’d at the Undertaking.  
 ‘ Sir, said I, I thought you had held it indiffe-  
 ‘ rent, to find *Cleopatra* either at *Rome* or *Syracusa*,  
 ‘ and provided she perseveres in her first Inten-  
 ‘ tions, you may find as smooth a Path to the Exe-  
 ‘ cution

' cution of your Designs in *Sicilia* as *Italy*.' At this my Master shook his Head, and stood long in the Posture of a Man that distrusted his Fortune; in the mean time, we pursued our Course without the Encounter of any Impediment; and because of the nearness betwixt *Sicilia* and *Italy*, our Voyage proved but a little longer than we designed it; after we had passed the famous Straight of *Silla*, we landed at the Promontory of *Pelorus*; there we learnt, according to our Hopes, that *Augustus* was still at *Syracusa*, where some petty Indisposition had detained him longer than his Stay was designed, and that his Shipping lay at the Promontory of *Lilibæum*, where he intended to re-embark for the Continuation of his Voyage.

We left our Vessels with all our Men at *Pelorus*, my Master resolving to enter *Syracusa*, with no greater Attendance than *Strato* and myself, in a Condition the most unlikely to betray us. The second Day's Journey brought us thither; but we waited the Arrival of Night before we enter'd, and secured by the Favour of her Shades, sought for a private Lodging, which at last we found with Toil enough (though *Syracusa* be one of the fairest Cities of the World) because of those vast Numbers, whereof the Emperor's Court is compos'd.

My Master passed the Night with great Inquietude, and knowing the same Precinct of Walls inclosed himself and the Thing he adored, thirsted for an Opportunity to see her with an Impatience that would not suffer Sleep to come near his Eye-lids. The next Day Morning, knowing many Persons at Court were too well acquainted with my Face, to fit me for a Day-Employment, he sent *Strato* to seek *Marcellus's* Lodging, with an Opportunity to speak with him.

In

In the mean Time we staid in our's, which we had taken near to one of the City Gates, in a very unfrequented Quarter: My Master not willing to communicate with any, shut himself up in his Chamber, till *Strato's* Return, who brought him Intelligence that *Marcellus* was lately gone from *Syracusa*, meeting with none that could inform him of the Way he had taken, but that *Cleopatra* was with *Octavia*, and the rest of her Family lodged in a Quarter of the City that was called the *Acradine*.

The Absence of *Marcellus* galled my Master with a very sensible Displeasure, from whom he expected all sorts of Consolation and Assistance, and without him knew not how to compass the Means of seeing *Cleopatra*: ' You see, *said he*,  
' that my Fears for the bad Success of this Voyage,  
' did not want the Defence of Reason, nor could  
' my Apprehension shape a greater Affliction than  
' is befallen me by *Marcellus*. ' Gods! *pursued*  
' *he*, *walking about the Room with a Counte-*  
' *nance that betrayed the Marks of Discontent*,  
' Have I thrived by your Favour in those Occasi-  
' ons that so little imported to my Life's Repose,  
' to be abandon'd in that, that has the Custody of  
' all my Happiness?

He staid in a longer Controversy of Thoughts about contriving the Way to gain a Sight of *Cleopatra*, without fighting upon any that did not threaten too much Difficulty: There was not a single Person in the Court of *Augustus*, that was a Stranger to his Face, nor could he shew himself by Day in the City, without running the Danger of a Discovery from every Eye that encounter'd him. And consider, if you please, what a grand Hazard he attempted, by trusting himself in a City where *Cesar* was in person; *Cesar*, to whom he  
had

had given so great, and so late Provocations to pursue him to Death; and *Cesar*, from whom his Reason could never allow him to hope any Favour, if he once fell into his Hands. Indeed, he had not so maturely ballanced that Act, to clear him of Precipitation; and if he pre-contrived some Cautions to keep himself concealed, they were much less intended as Antidotes against his own Death, to the Fear of which I never knew him let fall the least Respect, than to start Occasions of promoting his amorous Design.

In the mean time, he sent back *Strato* to the City, with order to walk before *Octavia's* Lodging, and strictly observe if the Princesses went out, what Company was about them, and the Way they bent at. In vain had *Strato* ranged to and fro all the Morning before *Octavia's* Gate, when, after the Day was half worn out, Fortune guided his Eye to two Chariots that stood ready in the Court; and keeping near the Gate, with divers others of the City that came on purpose to gain a sight of those Persons that were to go in them, after half an Hour's waiting, he 'spy'd the Princess *Cleopatra*, with her two Sisters, the Daughters of *Anthony* and *Octavia*, (Faces that were all well acquainted with his Knowledge) enter one of the Chariots, without any other Company, and three or four of their Maids mount the other, taking not so much as a Man along with them, only some Slaves that followed the Chariots on Foot. They no sooner turned their Backs upon the Lodging, but *Strato* kept at their Heels, till they were out of the City; and inquiring of one of the Slaves which way the Ladies intended, he learnt, that of late the Princess *Cleopatra* went every Day out, but thinly accompany'd, to take the Air; that then they had designed a Walk in  
a very

a very delightful Wood, near the famous Fountain of *Arethusa*. *Strato*, well satisfied with this Discovery, posted back to the Lodging, and had no sooner accounted the Success of his Endeavours to my Master, but, full of Transport, he hastily commanded three Horses to be gotten ready; and, followed by *Strato* and myself, went out of the City by the same Gate that was near our Lodging. The shortness of the way he was to ride in the Streets, made him a Probability of passing without much Danger; and once out of the City, he had the whole Breadth of the Fields, that surrounded the Walls, to shun the Encounter of any that he saw in his Passage. Not that we were out of the shot of Danger, but his Passion had enfranchiz'd all his Fears; and to humour the Motive wherewith that inspired him, he slighted every thing that recommended to his Care the Safety of his Life. The Fountain of *Arethusa* is so publickly known about *Syracusa*, as we found it easy to get Directions of the Way from every Person we met; and, in a short time, having rounded a part of the City, we put ourselves upon the Track of the Chariots, and followed the great Road the Ladies had taken. Half an Hour's hard riding brought us within sight of the Wood; at the Entrance of which we found the Chariot, whence the Ladies were alighted to walk among the Trees. My Master forgot not to thank the Gods for the Favour of this Encounter; and knowing no reason to suspect either the Sisters of *Marcellus*, or their Maids, he believed he might accost *Cleopatra* with the greater Security, because they were alone, and all the Slaves staid with the Chariots by their Command. We passed a little further by the Wood's Side, till we came up to an Avenue that led our Eyes to the Princesses, who walked  
together

together hand in hand, their Maids seated upon a green Bank, about an hundred Paces distant. I know not what timorous Presage helped the Object to strike a Horror through all my Master's Joints, but he felt Agitations in his Soul that were not ordinary, and imputed them to the Height and Heat of his Affection, that after a whole Year's Absence could not be temperately restored to the sight of her, that had his Heart in custody; and having commanded me to light with himself, and follow him, he left *Strato* at the Wood's Side with our Horses, and advanced with hasty Steps towards the Ladies. When he was approached within fifty Paces, the Noise we made stopped their Walk, and turned their Faces towards us. The Princess *Cleopatra's* Habit was mean, her Dress neglected, and her Face very pale; but still, as my Master lessened the Distance betwixt them, a wavering Colour often went and came in her Cheeks; and when he came near, I observed her stiffened with Astonishment, as if she had been Planet-struck. My Master quickly laid himself at her Feet; and embracing her Knees with an amorous Transport, his Passion rose to such a Tide, as it drowned the Passage of his Words, not so much as suffering the escape of one single Syllable: But *Cleopatra* had no sooner fastened her Eyes to his Visage, and taken back the Assurance her sudden Surprizal had sequester'd, but turning towards her Sisters, with an Action that exposed the second Part of her Amazement, 'Gods! said she, is this *Coriolanus* himself we see before us?' My Master saved the Ladies a labour to answer her; and raising his Eyes to fix them upon *Cleopatra's* Face, 'Yes, Madam, said he, 'tis *Coriolanus* himself; and if you have thought his Memory worth the preserving,

' he



' he is not changed enough to pose your Know-  
' ledge.

At this, the Princess dissipated the Astonishment that appeared at first Blush in her Visage, but it was to plant all the Marks of a violent Choler in the place; and regarding my Master with Eyes that over-flowed with Rage and Indignation, after she had rudely thrown open his Arms, that were tied about her Knees, ' Base Man, *said she*,  
' is it possible thou shouldest bring a Face into  
' my Presence, and not fear to find, among the  
' many Enemies thou comest to seek, a Death  
' proportion'd to thy Treacheries?

This Language struck my Master into a deeper Amazement, than if an hundred Cart-Loads of Thunder-Bolts had fallen at his Feet; and not able to manage his Resolution in a Disaster so unexpected, an hundred several Changes glided over his Face in a Moment, which possibly confirmed the Princess in her angry Error: Yet pressing his Courage upon the Employment of exploring his Misfortune, and unwilling to betray so much Innocence, by standing dumb to his Accusation, ' Is  
' it I, Madam, *cry'd he*, is it I that you impeach  
' of Baseness and Treachery?' ' Yes, 'tis thyself,  
' *reply'd the Princess*: But since thy Unworthi-  
' ness has appeared not only to all Rome, but to  
' the whole Empire; besides, 'tis to the World  
' thou owest thy Justification, and not to me,  
' who does neither desire, nor will accept it at  
' thy Hands: If thou thinkest the Addition of  
' thy new Dignity can set thee at a higher Rate  
' than before, thou shouldest address thyself to  
' other Persons, than those that scorn thee as  
' much, now thou art King of *Mauritania*, as  
' they prized thee before, while they believed Vir-  
' tue was all thy Parrimony. The Person thou

' loveſt requites thee with as high a Contempt as  
 ' thy baſe Heart has juſtly merited; and if thou  
 ' wilt take Advice from an Enemy that does not  
 ' ſeek thy Death, for Expiation of thy Crimes,  
 ' thou ſhalt fly from this Country, that holds not  
 ' a Perſon that does not hate thee. Go, Barba-  
 ' rian, *pursued ſhe, regarding him with more*  
 ' *Flame in her Eyes than before,* go to the De-  
 ' ſarts of thy *Africa*, mingle with the Monſters  
 ' ſhe produces, and if any revived Relique of that  
 ' Remembrance thou once didſt cheriſh for *Cleo-*  
 ' *patra*, ſhould prevail with thy Belief, there is a  
 ' Reparation due for the Offence thou haſt com-  
 ' mitted; know thou canſt not pay it better, than  
 ' by an eternal Divorcement of thyſelf from her  
 ' Preſence.

After theſe Words, which took away my Ma-  
 ſter's Speech, his Assurance, and robbed him of  
 the very uſe of his Reaſon, turning herſelf to one  
 of the Princeſſes, ' Let us go, Siſter, *ſaid ſhe*;  
 ' for Heaven's ſake take me away from hence, I  
 ' can ſtay no longer.' At theſe Words, propping  
 herſelf on either ſide with her Siſters, ſhe fled  
 from my Maſter as if he had been a Baſilisk, or  
 ſome other Monſter more dangerous: And run-  
 ning as faſt as her Legs could carry her toward  
 the Chariots, ſhe left the Prince leaning againſt  
 a Tree, without either Voice to reply, or Force to  
 follow her, in a nearer Reſemblance to a Marble  
 Figure, than a living Perſon.

'Tis here, Sir, I feel myſelf too feeble to preſent  
 the Grief that ſhot itſelf through the Soul of my  
 poor Prince, and ſtill my Memory prompts me  
 with the lamentable Eſtate whereto I ſaw him  
 then reduced. I have a hard Task to keep the  
 Marks of my Afflictions from breaking at liberty;  
 certainly Woe did never ſtamp itſelf before upon  
 any

any Spirit with so lively an Impression; and had but *Cleopatra* staid long enough to witness the Effects it produced, though her Anger had borrowed the Resentment and Soul itself of *Tiberius*, it must have relented. The first thing he did after his Senses were once awake, and he had quitted the Tree that supported him, was, to advance some Paces forwards, as if he had intended to follow her; and crying out with a feeble Voice, 'Stay, *Cleopatra*, said he; and if thou fliest my Justification, at least look back upon the Satisfaction I prepare thee; I will not be innocent against thy Will, it is Guilt enough to be the Mark of thy Indignation.

At these Words, his Eyes mantled themselves in an Eclipse of Darkness, his Forces forsook him, and at the next Step he attempted to make, he fell upon the Grass, without either Feeling or Knowledge.

I presently flew to him all dismay'd; and finding he was in a deep Swoon, after I had often jogg'd and call'd him in vain, I ran to the Fountain, that was not far off, and brought back Water, which I threw in his Face in abundance: At last his Faculties returned to their several Functions; and perceiving himself between my Arms, 'Prithee let me alone, *Emilius*, said he, I wou'd fain die.' 'So you shall, Sir, said I, if this Mishap that spurs you to it can shew you a just Cause to pick a Quarrel with your Life; but, by the Gods Assistance, I shall not suffer it, before you can make a clearer Construction of your Misfortune.' 'And what greater Illustration can I ask, reply'd he, in a languishing Tone, than I have already received from *Cleopatra's* Mouth, who, in Terms that needed no Comment, has sentenced my Life, in condemn-

'ing me to see her no more.' With that he looked about for his Sword, which, by a timely Precaution, I had seized before; and the Gods were willing his Grief, assisted by the Malady that then began to assault him, should subdue his Strength to such an Ebb; and the tender Affection I had ever for him, so redoubled my Mind, as whatever struggling he made, he could neither wrest mine nor his own from my Hands. 'Tis true, his unwillingness to hurt me, would not let him employ all his Puissance, which I could never have resisted; but I wound myself into such a Posture, as he would have found it hard to have forced my Resolution, unless he had kill'd me. ' Since ' thou wilt not suffer me, *said he*, to fall by my ' own Sword, thou shalt see me run otherwise to ' my Death, wherein thou canst not stop me.

At these Words, whose every Syllable was divided with Sighs, he roll'd himself upon the Grass, still pouring forth Complaints, capable to have melted the most savage Hearts that ever gave a rocky Resistance to Pity.

After I had suffer'd him to take a long tiring upon his Grief, without Interruption, ' Sir, *said* ' I, if you humour this Obstinacy, to run so ' eagerly upon your Death, for one single Proof ' of *Cleopatra's* Anger, you will shew less Courage and Virtue than the meanest Woman. Had ' Death divorced you from the Person you loved, ' were she married to *Tiberius*, or any other, ' whose Felicity had Power to murder all our ' Hopes, Despair might then be pardon'd; but ' for a single Fit of Choler, that may dissolve into ' the very nothing that begot it; for the Capricchio of Spirit, which, as it hath stray'd from ' Love to Anger, may step back again with the ' same Facility from Anger to Affection; or a  
[ Mala-

' Malady, whose Cure you carry about you for a  
 ' Disease, which rising from no other Womb  
 ' but Report, and foster'd with a false Opinion,  
 ' will give way to a single Justification, and fly  
 ' like a thin Mist before the Beams of Truth; to  
 ' throw yourself upon Death, is a Design un-  
 ' worthy of your Courage, unbecoming the Lustre  
 ' of your Judgment, and disproportion'd to those  
 ' great Endowments the Gods have given you. I  
 ' allow Queen *Cleopatra*, *Cato*, and the King  
 ' your Father, bravely fled the World, to fly the  
 ' Shame that was intended them; but that a petty  
 ' Conceit (either made by Jealousy, or any other  
 ' Motive) in Affection, should rashly procure a  
 ' Self-sacrifice! Ah Sir! and where should be  
 ' the Judgment? Where the Virtue? Where the  
 ' Resolution in Adversity? And where the Con-  
 ' stancy I have so often known you preach to  
 ' others?

*Coriolanus* was too great a Master of Reason,  
 not to discern some in this Discourse, but Sorrow  
 had so entirely prepossess'd his Soul, as Reason  
 and Truth both lost their Influence, and had I not  
 added the Interest of Honour, of which he had  
 ever been more sensible than of all Things else,  
 my Endeavours had doubtless been too weak to  
 draw him from the Precipice of Despair: ' Sir,  
 ' said I, I know it must be some treacherous  
 ' Practice against your Quiet that has rais'd this  
 ' Storm in *Cleopatra's* Breast, try to dis-invelop  
 ' the Truth, which once discovered, will either  
 ' help you to disabuse the Princess, and wipe out  
 ' those Impressions have been given her of you,  
 ' or guide your Revenge to those artificial Enemies  
 ' that plotted this Mischief against you. Sir, I  
 ' assume the Liberty to tell you, that your Honour  
 ' binds you to allow these Reasons, nor can you

‘ without sinning against your Courage, resign to  
‘ *Tiberius* (whom I suspect the Author of your  
‘ Disgrace) a Treasure which none but his Sub-  
‘ tilty can carry from you.

All that I said to my Master, though ill express’d, was yet so strongly built upon Truth and Reason, as he could find but little to resist it, and he listened so eagerly to the Proposal I made him, of seeking his Revenge upon those that had destroy’d his Repose, as at last he concluded to prolong his Days only in Homage to that Intention; and after he had taken some Time to ballance this Resolution in his Thoughts.

‘ Yes, *Emilius*, said he, I will live, and but  
‘ live to no other Purpose, than to give Death to  
‘ those whose Perfidy has dropp’d so many Stains  
‘ upon my Innocence; yet I feel my Grief grown  
‘ strong enough to post me from the World, before it lends me the Leisure to act these Thoughts,  
‘ unless a timely Succour prevents: O Death! pursued he, lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, as they swam in their own Tears, if by thy Means *Cleopatra* may be satisfy’d, my Heart shall receive thee with open Embraces.’ And thus he went on enlarging his Laments, which would never have ended, if, (perceiving the Night at hand) I had not conjur’d him to remount his Horse, and return to the City where I hoped his Wees would find a lenitive: As I still press’d him more eagerly to retire, by chance I touch’d his Arm, and found by the high Distemper of heat, that a violent Fever had seized him; this fomented a fear of his Life that encreas’d my Importunity, which at last prevailed so far, as he grew contented to quit that unlucky Place, where he had received so bloody a Displeasure, to go learn the Cause of his Misfortune at *Syracusa*, and find out *Tiberius*,  
whom

whom we both suspected guilty of laying the Train. Earnestly inferring these Hopes, I got him on Horseback, and at last drew him to the City, which we entered without any Precaution, because the Night had already shed her Shades upon the Earth. We had some Trouble to find our Lodging, because the City was so every where pestered and stuffed with perpetual Throngs of People. We were no sooner gotten thither, but perceiving my Prince's Malady encrease, I quickly got him to Bed; he would not be perswaded to take any Thing, nor did I much press it, because his Fever was grown very violent, but the next Day it raged to that height, as I really feared his Life, and within three more it was almost despair'd by all those that undertook him.

I had no easy Province to combat his Aversion to Remedies; but the Desire of surviving the Revenge he intended, upon those that had ruined him in *Cleopatra's* Breast, which still by perpetual urgings I remembered to imprint in his Memory, contributed more to his Cure than all other Considerations: But, to exasperate his Anguish, the third Day after he fell sick, the Emperor parted from *Syracusa*, followed by the whole Court, with the Princess *Cleopatra*. However, I insinuated some Comfort, by representing, that he needed not desire to be near his Enemies, so long as his Malady ty'd his Hands; that when the Return of his Health had once unbound them, it would not be hard to find them out, and follow the Motives wherewith his just Resentments inspired him.

The fourth Day his Disease rose to the height, that he scarce spoke any more by the Rule of Reason, and was ordinarily in a high Frenzy; yet in the greatest Fury of his Fits, he had ever the Name of *Cleopatra* in his Mouth, often those of *Tibe-*

*rius* and *Augustus*; but I had the hardest Task in the World to seduce the Attention of those that served him, for fear his wild Discourse should betray us. When his Senses returned, and he knew there was none to over-hear him, he would break into loud Complaints against *Cleopatra's* Ingratitude; and, sometimes figuring to himself, that the harsh Usage she had given him, was the Child of Chance, and sprung from no other Womb than the Levity of her Spirit, coloured with a Pretext of imaginary Offences, referred to which his strictest Examination could not find a Spot in his Innocence, he fell into a Grief that disclaimed all Comfort, and held a Discourse with himself in the most passionate manner that ever was brought forth by the greatest Pangs of Afflictions; but within one Moment relapsing into his Frenzy: Ah! Behold *Tiberius*, cry'd he, *Stay the Traitor*; then addressing his Language to *Cleopatra*, he brought forth a broken Discourse without any Order or Method, yet mingled such Things in the wild Composure, as might have given dangerous Hints to the Standers by, had they lent Attention.

When I saw his Malady was like to grow tedious, by his Command I dispatched *Strato* to *Pelorus*, to send back all the Persons that followed us in two of the Ships to *Mauritania*, leaving none in the third, but such as were necessary to conduct us.

The 15th Day my Master had a favourable Crisis, from which the Physicians concluded the Danger over-blown, and a few Days after the Fever left him; but he was still so weak, as it was long before he could use his Legs, and it cost him six Weeks Time before he recovered a Condition to quit his Chamber: About that Time de-

manding



manding News of those that served us, we were told that Fame talked of nothing else in *Syracusa* but the *Mauritanian* War, that the Emperor (resolved to pay back the Affront he received in the Loss of that Realm) had not only sent 100000 Men, under the Command of *Domitius Ænobarbus* and *Strato* to re-invade it, but had armed all the *African* Countries in his Quarrel under the *Roman* Dominion, and denounced the Threat of War, in case they refused, to march against the King of *Mauritania*, who in all Appearance, not able to resist so great a Power, would quickly be trampled under Foot.

*Coriolanus* rous'd at this Report with a Pique of Honour (for he could not bow to any other Interest) was sorry *Mauritania* wanted his Presence in a Condition to defend it; and I think the Desire to Arm his against those Enemies, that went to disturb the Kingdom, advanced his Recovery.

In Effect, he made such haste to be well, as in a few Days he was able to ride, and dispos'd himself to quit *Syracusa*, when by a Succession of Frowns, which as well as Favours, took their Share in his Fortune, *Lucius Varus*, Governour of *Sicilia*, Friend and near Kinsman to *Tiberius*, having learned, by I know not what Means, that my Master was in *Syracusa*, and the House where he lodg'd, came with a great Guard into his Chamber, and took him Prisoner in his Bed for *Cæsar's* Interest.

This Accident marvellously surpriz'd me; but my Master shewed not the least Astonishment, and regarding *Varus* (whom he had often seen at *Rome*, and known of *Tiberius's* Party) without Emotion: 'Thou hast done good Service  
' for thy Friend *Tiberius*, said he, who, while I

‘ had Liberty, could never have worn his Life  
 ‘ securely; but now, *Varus*, thou hast given it him  
 ‘ intire; thou shalt do me a less Injury by taking  
 ‘ mine, than letting me live without a Power to  
 ‘ assist my Country. It is not the Interest of *Ti-*  
 ‘ *berius*, reply’d *Varus*, but those of *Cesar* your  
 ‘ declared Enemy, and the Obligations due from  
 ‘ my Charge, that makes me seize your Liberty.

This said, he led us to a strong House in the City, where he set a strict Guard upon my Master. At the beginning, Animosity had the upper-hand in that Action; but he had not long frequented my Prince, whom he often visited, before his Virtues had subdu’d him to a kind of Repentance, and slackened his intended haste of giving *Augustus* an account of his Surprizal, for fear he should pronounce some cruel Arrest against him, and possibly he could have been contented to return him his Liberty, if the Danger of *Cesar*’s Anger, and his own Life had not dissuaded it. However, he caus’d him to be served with all the Respect his Condition demanded, yet held him Prisoner three whole Months, which, by the Help of a greater Affliction he supported so sweetly, as all the Time his Captivity lasted, he was never heard to complain of any Thing else but *Cleopatra*’s Unkindness.

His Restraint would have been longer, and doubtless more dangerous, if *Claudius Varus*, Son to *Lucius*, a vertuous young Man, that had served under *Coriolanus* in *Austria*, and been obliged by many noble Offices to his Generosity, had not returned to *Syracusa*, leaving *Augustus* in *Macedonia*, who is since pass’d into *Asia*, on purpose to come back to us upon the Invitation of a Design.

His

His Father aw'd by the Requisites of his Charge, and the Fear of Punishment, if he longer deferred it, was at last constrained to inform *Cesar* by a Messenger, that *Coriolanus* was taken; he that carried this Intelligence, address'd himself first to his Master's Son to present him to *Cesar*; but young *Claudius* had no sooner learned the Cause that conducted him thither, but calling to Mind what a deep Score he was in to *Coriolanus's* Nobleness, and preserving a marvellous Esteem of his Vertues, resolved to put by the Danger that was levelled at his Life, and could not have missed it, if once the Notice of his Surprizal had arrived at *Augustus's* Ear. Upon these Reflections he undertook to deliver the Message himself, and the next Day telling him that brought it, that *Cesar*, already advertised what his Business imported, had commanded him back to *Sicily*, with private Instructions to his Father. He dismissed him without the Speech of the Emperor, and presently put himself upon the Way to *Syracusa*, where he rendered himself with a winged Expedition, and quickly informed his Father he was sent by *Cesar*, to deliver him his imperial Thanks for the Affection he had witnessed to his Service, with a Charge to keep the Prisoner as before, till he received a new Order for his Disposal. In all his open Discourses he expressed but a little Desire to see my Master, and the better to disguise his Intentions, he hid all the high Thoughts he had for him within the Mask of a personated Severity against him: But a few Days after, when we least dreamt of any such Assistance, we saw him, about Midnight, or later, enter my Master's Chamber.

*Coriolanus* presently knew him, and raising himself up in his Bed, to demand the Cause of his coming

coming at such an Hour: ' Sir, *said he*, I owe  
 ' too much to that generous Treatment I once re-  
 ' ceived at your Hands, and know too well what  
 ' your Vertues may challenge, to suffer your  
 ' longer Stay where Danger threatens so loudly:  
 ' Rise, Sir, if you please, and follow me out  
 ' from hence, I shall presently secure you your  
 ' Liberty, and put you in a Condition to turn  
 ' your Back upon *Sicilia*.

My Master, too well acquainted with the ver-  
 tuous Inclinations of that young Man, to di-  
 strust him, presently calling to *Strato* for his  
 Cloaths: ' I am too unfortunate, *said he*, *em-*  
 ' *bracing his Preserver*, to hope a Power of  
 ' weighing my Requital in an equal Ballance  
 ' against this noble Office; but if the Gods lend  
 ' me the Use of my Life, it shall ever dwell  
 ' with my Memory, that I hold it of your  
 ' Goodness, and will ever be ready to pay it back  
 ' upon your Interest. The Glory that springs  
 ' from the Act itself, *reply'd young Varus*, does  
 ' over-pay the poor Service I have done you: But,  
 ' Sir, if you please, make haste from hence, lest  
 ' too long a Delay should forfeit the Occasion.'  
 This said, he commanded a Slave to bring him  
 his Arms, which, because of their Beauty, he had  
 taken care to preserve; and leading us down a lit-  
 tle pair of Stairs into a Cave, we rose again in the  
 Street, at a Breach made in the Corner of a Wall,  
 where we found four Horses ready to receive us,  
 (three of which were the same that belonged to  
 my Master, and a faithful Servant of his that had  
 been instrumental to the Contrivance of our Liber-  
 ty) which was to conduct us to the Promontory of  
*Pachinus*, where there lay a Ship ready rigg'd to  
 carry us away. I shall forbear the Repetition of  
 my Master's Acknowledgments to *Varus*, which  
 fell

fell far short of what they would have been in another Season, when a greater Estimation of his Life might have set a higher Price upon the Benefit; but as well as his Sorrows would give him leave, he testified his Resentments of the generous Act; and, by *Varus's* Importunity, getting on Horse-back, upon the Pawn of his Word for the Man's Fidelity, remitting himself to his Conduct, we quitted *Syracusa*, and rode all Night at a great Rate towards *Pachinus*, where we arrived betimes the next Day, and found the Ship ready to receive us. After my Master had rewarded the faithful Guide with the Gift of some Jewels, we presently went aboard, and spread our Sails for *Mauritania*. Two Days had we followed that Course, but the third, meeting some Vessels, known by those that conducted our's for *Sicilian* Merchants that trafficked into *Africa*, my Master desirous to know what Report spoke of the *Mauritanian* War, staid to ask some Questions; but we no sooner opened our Mouths upon that Subject, when the Men, very forward to unlade their News:—*'Mauritania,*  
*'said they, is reduc'd under the Roman Domini-*  
*'on; those which the King of that Country left*  
*'to command in his Place, have been defeated in*  
*'three Battles; and all the Cities frightened by this*  
*'Success into their old Obedience, have opened*  
*'their Gates, and implored the Clemency of Au-*  
*'gustus.' This News was confirmed the same*  
Day by divers other Ships we encountered, that passed us a more particular Account; we understood that *Hippias* had been killed in a Battle, *Lisippus* taken Prisoner, and carried to *Rome*; that the Inhabitants of the first Towns they stormed had been all put to the Sword, without distinction of Age or Sex; and that this politick Rigour, joined with the dreadful Puissance *Augustus* had sent,

to

to invade their Country, so intremidated all the rest, as they intirely submitted to whatever Conditions the Conqueror was pleas'd to impose; that all the Parts upon the Coast of *Africk* were seized and guarded so strictly by the *Romans*, as it was impossible for any Vessel to put in, without passing their Examen: And in fine, we clearly and distinctly understood, that *Coriolanus* was a King without a Kingdom, and of all that noble Conquest, which had cost such Seas of Blood (by a dismal Vicissitude of Fortune) there remained no more than the naked Glory of those Actions by which he effected it.

One thing, Sir, I must tell you, that may claim your Wonder; my Master whose important Loss might well have justified a grand Regrer, let fall so little Regard of Fortune's Malice, as his Face scarce acknowledged a Mark of a new Displeasure; and indeed his Thoughts were so ingross'd with the Sense of *Cleopatra's* Inconstancy, as whatever Power it might have exercised upon any other Spirit, his Soul had no room for the latter Misfortune.

After he had stood some Time without expressing his Thoughts by any of his Actions: '*Cleopatra*, said he, for thy sake I only recovered a Crown; but since it is fallen beneath thy Scorn, and with it him that prided himself with a hope to place it upon thy Head, the Gods all know I have lost it, without the allowance of a Sigh; and after the ruin of those Hopes that related to thee, there is not another Mischief in Fortune's Power, can sink deep enough into my Breast to find a Feeling.' At these Words, he caused the Ship to be staid, and commanded those that stood at the Helm, to change their Course for *Alexandria*, (where by Report of those that told

us the *Mauritanian* Story, *Augustus* was shortly to be in person, and had already been expected by some that waited his Arrival, to treat with him upon the Affairs of *Asia*) he resolved either to perish, or kill *Tiberius*, whom Suspicion could only accuse for the late Misfortune; to this he easily brought the Merchants Consent at the Price of some Presents he made them. And since it is now time to put a Close to this tedious Story, I shall only tell you, that after a happy Navigation, we landed safely upon this Coast, where our Stay had been three Days old when we first encountred you; so soon as we were set ashore, he gave leave to the Merchants that had Propriety in the Ship to put off again to Sea, and go whither they pleased, never troubling his Thoughts with the Care of his own Return, and reserving no greater Equipage about him than *Strato*, myself, and our Horses. We enter'd very late and unknown into *Alexandria*, where we learn'd the Emperor's Arrival was really expected within a few Days, and that the Governour was preparing to give him a magnificent Reception; but my Master, impatient of knowing further, sent his faithful *Strato* to find out *Augustus*, with order to inform himself, if *Tiberius* was at Court, and whether common Discourse made any mention of his Marriage with *Cleopatra*.

The Expectation of this Intelligence, which *Strato* was to bring us to a House where we lodg'd not far hence, has detain'd my Master here; who, but for that Reason, would have made no Stop, till he had found out a fit Place to be the Scene of his tragick Design; in the mean time, not able to endure the Society of Men, he daily went out to breathe his Woes in the solitariest Walks he could light on, and such a melancholly Em-

Employment as this, guided him to the Place you had chosen, where encountering the valiant Stranger, you know what obliged him to draw his Sword.

See, Sir, the faithful Relation you desired of my Master's Life, for the vast Extention of which, all his Adventures are my Advocates, to plead your Pardon: And now, Sir, you have that confirmed which I told you at the Beginning of my Story, of Fortune's malicious Obstinacy in the Persecution of vertuous Persons.

' 'Tis true, *said the Prince Tyridates, interrupting Emilius*, the World cannot boast a Person that has given a fairer Evidence of Virtue, and Grandeur of Courage, than the Prince your Master; and had Fortune been impartial to his Deserts, it would not only have re-placed him in the Throne of his Ancestors, but likewise in that of the whole Universe.' Thus he went on, enlarging the Characters of *Coriolanus's* Merit, with a greater Variety of Praises, which when he had ended, no longer able to stay from his Sight, and perceiving the Night approach, he went from his Chamber with *Emilius* to go visit a Guest of that Importance. But now let us leave them a little in this Estate, to return to the fair Queen of *Ethiopia*, whom we left in the Power of the Pirate *Zenodorus*.







# Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

## *Love's Master-Piece.*

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### PART IX. BOOK I.

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#### A R G U M E N T.

*The Pirate Zenodorus carries his fair Prisoner, with a foul Purpose, into an adjacent Wood; the Perpetration of his Lust is prevented, and his Life taken by the Sword of Cornelius Gallus, whom his Sports had invited thither, and the Queen's Cries directed to her Rescue. He receives some concealed Wounds, from the first Beams of her Beauty, invites her to Alexandria, where she meets with the Princess Elifa, Daughter to Phraates; the Resemblance of their Birth, Faces, and Fortunes, contracts an entire Amity betwixt them: Candace discourses to her the Story of her Life. Cæsario surprizes the Discovery of her Affection, by an Ambush in the Garden. Tyribasus boldly discloses his*  
*Love.*

*Love to the young Princess, is scornfully repulsed, and seemingly gives it over. He commands the King's Army against the Nubian Rebels, beats them twice, and the third Time is overthrown. He falls sick, and is called home by the King, who, attended by Cæsario, goes in person to that War. The young Prince's Gallantry and Discretion, wins the Love and Admiration of all the Army. The King is mortally wounded in a Battle, bequeaths Candace and his Crown to Cæsario, who, after the King's Death, takes the Command of the Army, deeply vows a Revenge of his Blood upon the Rebels, makes his Oath good in five signal Victories, and at last compleats it by the Death of Evander, the Enemy's General, whom he bravely kills in a single Duel.*



THE Pirate Zenodorus, charged with his rich Prey, flew from the Place where he had left his Men engaged in Combat against the Princes, with all the Speed he could spur his Horse to. The fair Queen of *Ethiopia*, amazed with her Misfortune, and almost intranced with the Grief of her sudden Surprizal, was, at first, too feeble to retard his Career; nor had her Spirits recover'd their usual Vigour, when the Barbarian arrived at that Part of the Coast, where he had left his Vessels riding; but when his Eyes miss'd them there, his Astonishment was matchless; and enlarging their Commission, he perceived them afar, making off to Sea with all Advantage the Wind could lend them. The sight of this rent some Sighs from the Pirate's Breast; and, suspecting his Lieutenant's Infidelity, he vomited his  
first

first Resentments, fill'd with Menaces and Imprecations, against Heaven: Yet he did not so abandon the Care of his proper Safety, but he reserved still Judgment enough to weigh the Danger, whereto his stay in that Place was like to expose him; not doubting but his Enemies (whom he left in a Condition to obtain a speedy Victory) would follow him thither, so soon as their Swords were at leisure. Not knowing what way to make choice of, nor how to preserve his precious Booty, he was ballancing his angry Thoughts how to frame a Resolution, when the fair Queen began to awake from her first Astonishment, and her Spirits returning by degrees to their proper Employment, she fell a struggling for Liberty with more Vigour, than she had yet been able to use; and raising her Hands to bid Battle to his Face, by the new Difficulty of that smart War, the hastily determined his Resolution (which was little older than the first Proposal) to take the Shelter of an adjacent Wood. Then, in spite of her Resistance, re-inforcing his Hold, and turning his Horse's Head to the Wood, he spurr'd him thither to the height of his Speed. His Companion, whom *Clitie* (despising her Safety, since it only offered itself upon Terms of deserting her Mistress) had suffered to carry her away with less trouble, followed him so fast at his Heels, as in a short time they had penetrated a great part of the Wood. But it was then no longer possible for *Zenodorus* to command *Candace's* Forces; and tearing his Visage with her Nails, she struggled so powerfully with the Pirate, as, not able to keep his hold any longer, he was forced to let her slide at her length upon the Grass; and as she fell, her Garments giving a little way to the Rudeness of the Action, he discovered the Beauty of a Leg,  
that

that kindled fresh Desires in the Barbarian's Breast. This made him hastily throw himself from his Horse; while the fair Queen, ashamed of the last Accident, nimbly started upon her Feet, and ran with all the Force and Speed she could borrow of her Fears, towards a part of the Wood that was thinnest, by her loud Cries inviting the Pity of Gods and Men to her succour.

*Clitie*, perceiving she had forced her Liberty, Fidelity and Desire to follow her Lady, drew up all her Strength to recover her own; and, being detain'd by a Man, more weak and less interested than *Zenodorus*, she found it not hard to break the Prison of his Arms; and, throwing herself upon the Earth, she swiftly pursued the Steps of her Mistress, with all the Speed that Loyalty could lend her.

*Zenodorus* was soon upon his Feet; and though Fear and Desire, to escape the Ravisher, bestowed their Wings upon the Princess's Heels, she found them both too weak to maintain the Ground she had gotten. Her Pursuer had recover'd the Space betwixt them, and already stretched out his Arm to seize her Garments behind, when she first heard the Noise of divers Horses, and presently after saw eight or ten Cavaliers coming up upon the Spur, whom the Chase had led into the Wood, and the Queen's Cries had conducted thither to her Rescue.

He that appeared, and really was Master to the rest, pausing a while upon the Object, and placing his Eye upon the Pirate's Action, ran to him with his Sword in his Hand, and flew upon him with a brave Anger. The Barbarian grew pale at the Sight and Cry of his Enemy, and almost at the same time, fell himself pierced thorough with his Sword, and thrown to the Ground with the Shock of his Horse. His Companion presently turned his

his Back upon the Danger, and fled it with the Speed of a Villain's Fear to be over-taken; and the fair Queen, in one auspicious Moment, saw herself and Servant at liberty; yet her striving to outrun the Ravisher, and the rude Toil she suffered in getting loose from his loathed Embraces, had wrought her to so much Weariness, as her Forces failed just at the arrival of Rescue; and she no sooner saw her Enemy fall, but her Weakness reduced her (a few Paces from him) to make choice of the same Posture, whither *Clitie* presently came to repose herself at her Lady's Feet.

The principal of her Preservers, whose Face spake well in his Behalf, and exposed the Index of an eminent Dignity, no sooner beheld her in that Condition, but he and part of his Men left their Horses; and advancing towards her, his Eyes accepted the Invitation of her Face, where he found Employment for a delightful Contemplation; but he had not gazed many Moments, before he paid the Homage of Astonishment and Wonder to that admirable Beauty. At first, his Amazement could command no better Expression than his Silence, with a Look that spoke itself over the Shoulder to his Companions; but a Desire to untye the Hands of his Reason, on purpose to study the Object better, dissipating his first Surprizal, he approached the Queen; and saluting her with an Action full of Civility, 'I know not  
' your Quality, *said he*, that have forced the Ad-  
' miration of Persons, who thought themselves  
' able to see the fairest Things in the World, with-  
' out Astonishment; but, whoever you are, I am  
' so sensible of the first Encounter, and see you  
' yet in an Estate, so little conformed to the Judg-  
' ment I have passed upon your Person and Con-  
' dition, as if it were not in my power to offer  
' you

‘ you Comfort, I would learn to think myself  
 ‘ very unfortunate.

At this Discourse, the fair Princess rais'd her Eye to the Visage of him that made it ; and finding something there that might claim the Respect due to an uncommon Person, she beheld him with a Regard that began her Acknowledgment for his Protection. This double Consideration so far abridged her Weakness of its due, as to raise herself half from the Earth : ‘ Whatever I am, (*reply'd she, in the same Language he spake, wherein she was well skilled*) you see an unfortunate Person, that owes you her Life, and, possibly, something else more precious : What you have done in my Defence, has fairly character'd your Generosity ; but there is yet something more to do, that will add new Graces to its Beauty, and invite it to a brave Employment, in carrying Succour to some Persons, whose Worth will deserve your Assistance, which, not far from hence, were basely assaulted by a great Number of his Fellow Villains, whom your Sword so lately punished.

The Queen's Discourse was delivered with Charms too invincible to fail in the Design that fram'd it ; nor was the Person that received it less oblig'd by them, than the Duties of his Charge, to grant her Desires : But he had already so fasten'd his Heart to those Delicacies he found about her, as her Face disputed against her Tongue, and rendered her Intreaty incapable to divide him so soon from her Presence ; only, turning towards his Followers, which, by the Addition of fresh Comers-in, were already swell'd to the Number of twenty, he commanded the better Part to take the Queen's Instructions, where to find, and help her distressed Friends ; and,  
 keep-

keeping the rest about his Person, he presented a Couple of Horses to herself and *Clitie*, with a well-framed Intreaty to accept a more besitting and safer Retreat, than any *Egypt* could else afford; but, perceiving by her Face, that her Thoughts agreed not in their Votes to that Proposition: ‘To clear all your Scruples, *said he*, ‘of receiving my Services, I am obliged to let ‘you know, that I am *Cornelius Gallus, Prætor* ‘of *Egypt*, and by *Cæsar’s* Commission, absolute Master of this Province; from me you are, ‘and ought to hope all Sorts of Comfort; nor ‘can your wisest Fears make choice of more Security against your Enemies, or the Menaces of ‘any other Danger, than my *Alexandria* does ‘promise; the City is not many Furlongs hence, ‘and, if you will give your Patience the Injury ‘to wait it, I will send for a Chariot to conduct ‘you thither.

The Queen’s Inclinations intirely bent her to that Place, where she might examine her *Cæsario’s* Danger, which yet she could not resolve to act, without too blunt a Rejection of the *Prætor’s* Civilities, and the Tye of so great an Obligation, linked with the Awe of his Authority, shewed her too much Reason in her Fears to refuse his Proffer; besides she then found herself no longer Mistress of her own Actions, nor could *Cornelius* be accounted a Friend to his Honour, by his Permission to humour her own Desires, in going unguarded from a Danger, from which he so lately defended her. By the Advice of these Thoughts, after she had turned a Glance upon *Clitie*, that signified she was not yet at Liberty to own her Intentions, she told *Cornelius*, that the Confidence she reposed in his Virtue, and the Remembrance of so fresh an Engagement, had left no

no Scruple to oppose her Consent of encreasing his Train to *Alexandria*, and their accepting the Retreat (for a few Days) he had so nobly offered her; she refused to stay the Chariot's coming *Cornelius* would have sent for, and suffering her self to be set upon a Horse, was presented with two Men to sustain her on each Side, she accompanied the Troop to *Alexandria*, where within a quarter of an Hour they arrived.

At the Entrance of that proud City, *Candace* felt her Heart grow tender at those visible Hints of her *Cesar*'s Interest; but that Remembrance stuck it self there with a deep Sense, when she saw her self in the Palace where he was born, and had been nourished.

*Cornelius* (who had already learn'd from his new-born Passion, the Requisites of an extraordinary Respect to the Lady) conducted her to a rich and pompous Lodging, where the great Queen *Cleopatra* had passed a part of her Days, and by Fortune's Contrivance the very same, where she had disclosed to the World that Son of *Cesar*; her Attention to the Recital was made her of that Tragedy, was mingled with abundance of Sighs, and awaked in her Soul a Remembrance full of Pity and Veneration, for the Fortune of so great a Queen.

*Cornelius* was ready to leave her to her private Repose, when he saw a Part of those enter, that by *Candace*'s Intreaty he had sent to the Prince's Relief, who being demanded how they had thriven in their late Employment, it was reply'd, they had laid out their Pains in vain; for being arrived at the Place, whereto they were guided by the Lady's Directions, they had only there found the Marks of a great and bloody Combat, the Earth covered with Blood, and fifteen or  
twenty



twenty Men lay stretched upon the Ground, among which, their endeavour to learn the Truth, had found two still living, who related the Event of the Combat, and confest themselves, and all those that lay dead about them, to be Soldiers belonging to the Pirate *Zenodorus*, that they had been brought into that Condition by the invincible Valour of four Persons, and that after their Defeat, the Victors were gone thence upon the Spur (as they conceived) in Pursuit of a Lady, whom their Captain had carried away.

From this Discourse *Candace* took Abundance of Comfort, or at least her Heart was eased of much disquiet, by this Assurance that her dear *Cesar* was escaped the Danger, and upon this pleasing Subject, her Thoughts began to grow busy, when *Cornelius* (unwilling to debar her that Liberty) took his leave, and left her alone with *Clitie* in her Chamber.

From that Day he took Order she should be served as a Person, whose Quality he suspected did much over-top her present Garb and Appearance, and, though he was desirous to learn the Truth, he was not willing to betray an impatient Curiosity, till Time should offer an Occasion to do it with a more becoming Pretence. But if *Cornelius* had a Desire to know, the Queen had as great a Design to conceal her Quality, and to that end instructed *Clitie* for her future Demeanour. This Caution involved no Ingratitude for the Service *Cornelius* had rendered her, though she could do no less than regard him as a Person that usurped the Right of her dear *Cesar*, and a Lieutenant to the cruel Enemy that had passed such a bloody Sentence on his Life. Besides, she had discovered in his Face and Language, some Signs of a budding Affection, and that sole Con-

fideration quickly grew faithful enough to be the Mother of those Twins, Distrust and Secresy. Nor was her Suspicion groundless; and that Man, who, possibly had past the preceding Part of his Life, without feeling that the Boy had a Bow, had received so powerful an Inclination from the first Rays of *Candace's* Beauty, to serve her, and that so sensibly augmented, by the enchanting Sweetness of her Garb and Language, as in a few Days Time it became strong enough to leave nothing free in the Soul of *Cornelius*. His first Night's Rest was interrupted by the agreeable Idea of his fair Guest, and almost wholly consumed in the Entertainment of such Love-sick Thoughts and amorous Musings, as had yet been Strangers to his Breast.

At first he made some Attempts to defend himself (already taking Fears from the first Inquietudes he had suffered, from this incroaching Malady) but in the Sequel, all their Arguments struck sail to the pleasing Flatteries of such Hopes, as a Man so considerable in Person and Quality, might properly conceive: ' If this Lady, *said he*, be of an illustrious Birth, as there is much about her to settle that Opinion, which takes another Proof from so many Accidents and Effects of Fortune, who, (as we daily see) makes it her Sport to toss such Tennis-balls, I may safely raise, and own my Pretences to her lawful Possession, without offending my Honour: But if her Veins hold no Blood that will deserve my Alliance, I will try to find another Way to satiate my Desires; in the mean Time, I shall leave no Stone unrolled (by the safe and gentle Ways of Service) that may win me her Affections, and since the Gods have put her into my Hands, by an Adventure so uncommon, I will try to improve

‘ prove that Advantage, nor shall any Consideration persuade me to resign her Liberty.

This was the *Prætor’s* Resolution, whereof the Queen’s Ignorance defended her from a sad Resentment. In the mean time, that tedious Night became a witness of her restless Apprehensions; and the Image of her dear *Cæsario*, who wounded (as her Thoughts had figured him, and ranging on all Sides in quest of her) still returning to her timorous Fancy, scarce left her one Hour of Sleep that was not broken by those Inquietudes.

The next Day she was visited by *Cornelius*, who endeavoured to divertise, by shewing her all the Beauties of the Palace, and straining his Fancy to find out divers other Inventions, that might offer her Delight, but all had little Power to dispossess, or deceive the deep Melancholy that oppressed her Spirit; and though by a discreet Complaisance, she paid him her Regards with a Visage serene enough, yet it might be easily observed, she could not repulse those cruel Agitations, that her Heart sent thither.

Every single Action of hers blew up new Flames in the *Prætor’s* Breast, but whatever Violence he felt they inflicted, was all close Prisoner to *Candace’s* Majesty, which imprinted a Respect that imposed his Silence, and left him no Power to set any of those Thoughts at Liberty.

After he had passed a Part of the Day in her Company, he was called away by some pressing Affairs that demanded the rest, which the Princess spent only with *Clitie*, upon the ordinary Task her Melancholy imposed. She thought it required of her Affection and Civility, to send some body to *Tyridates’s* House, as well to learn (if possible) what became of *Cæsario*, as receive the Knowledge of that Prince’s Condition, and

render him an Account of her own, to whom she remembered herself so deeply obliged; but in this Resolution she wanted a Person proper for that Employment; and though she did not doubt but *Cornelius* would readily furnish her, she thought there was more Circumspection due to the Fear of discovering that by an imprudent Confidence, which both her Desire and Discretion devoted to Silence.

It was then the season of the year, when the Sun over-warmed that Climate, with a Prodigality of beams, and that Evening (the Night being well advanced before sleep could fasten any charm upon *Candace's* Eyes) to take a cool refreshment, by tasting the Evening's dewy breath, she went to walk upon a Terrass near her Chamber, where she had already taken some turns before the Night's arrival. This was a large open Gallery, supported by Marble Pillars, whence the un-restrained Eye might freely gather a pleasing Variety of objects, both from the Sea, and all the adjacent places to *Alexandria*; her Chamber was not the only Neighbour to this Terrass, but (being of the same length with that side of the Palace) it ran all along by divers other Lodgings near to hers. To this place, the fair Queen, clad in her Night-Gown, attended by *Clitie*, was come to take in some fresher Air, where (by the sight of the celestial Tapers) sometimes walking, sometimes leaning upon the Balister, whence she sent her Eye as far upon the Sea, as the dusky Night would give it leave, one while parling with her own thoughts, and then discoursing with *Clitie* upon the sad estate of her Fortune.

In this Employment she had already passed some time, when approaching to that Terrass furthest from her Chamber, *Clitie* upon whose Arm  
the

she leaned, made a sudden stop to tell her, she perceived they were not alone in that place, and that she had seen a Glimpse of some other Persons near it, and over-heard their Discourse. The Queen (who in a deep Discourse of her melancholly thoughts had neither Eye nor Ear at leisure for such a discovery) took some astonishment from *Clitie's* Words, unwilling to be seen in the condition she was, and desirous to escape a surprisal at an hour so suspected, was turning to go back to her Chamber, when her steps were arrested by the sweetness of a voice, which she presently knew proceeded from a Person of her own Sex. This was mingled with many sighs, and those succeeded by some plaints, which delivered themselves at her Ear in so sad, and yet so charming a Harmony, as she found it impossible to carry herself away, so soon as she resolved it. This fixed her for a time upon the place, and giving *Clitie* a sign to make no noise, she lent attention unto the Discourse of some Ladies, whom a design like hers had conducted thither: ‘ Treacherous Element! *said a Person, the tone of whose voice seemed the most delicate and agreeable to Candace that ever feasted her Sense,* Faithless Element! Whom I have trusted with too much indiscretion, either restore what thou hast taken, or take the miserable remains of what thou hast robbed me of: But why (*pursued she with a storm of sighs, that for a time denied a passage to her Words*) why should I demand a Gem of thee, which the cruelty of Men and not thine has ravished; those Monsters I should charge with the greater Infidelity, and may with more reason (though I fear in vain) call them to account for my losses.

This afflicted Person pronounced these Words with so sad an Accent, as wrought upon the Queen to go a share in her sufferings, but her stock of pity was much improved, when after some moments of silence she heard her go on in this manner: Just Gods, if you have allotted a punishment for my disobedience, why is not my Head the only mark for your bolts of Vengeance, without discharging your anger upon Innocence and Virtue it self? And thou dear Person, whose loss I deplore, and whose Memory I ought to embalm, with tears refined from my purest blood, thou knowest by that unshackled intellect, which, (Souls once stript of their clay, enjoy by the right of reversion) that I have still carefully cherished all resentments due to thy dear Memory; or by some other miracle, allied to those that have drawn thee from the precipice of so many Perils, look upon that Heart, that never op't a Window to any but thee, and read over those tender thoughts, that affection daily hatches in thy behalf. Ah, weak hope! *pursued she,* fond Imagination, upon what shallow and shadowy Foundations do you build yourselves? Will you belye my Eyes that saw him fall into the merciless waves? And in fine, would you make me believe, that by losing what I love dearest, I have lost my Memory and Judgment too? Do you seek a shelter in my Soul to excuse the baseness of surviving him? And can you find no colour for the Cowardise of a feeble Maid, that might well be frightened with the ugly image of Death? The afflicted party had drawn her griefs in a larger figure, if a throng of sobs had not cut off the current of her Words, and they had scarce enjoined her silence, when it was thus broke off by another in her Company.

Madam,

‘ Madam, *said she*, if it be possible, receive some  
‘ Comfort, and do not throw yourself headlong  
‘ into these extremities, so unbecoming the Mo-  
‘ deration, that hath sat so long at the helm of  
‘ your Actions; rather direct your addresses to the  
‘ Gods for assistance, which you know have ever  
‘ been ready to remove your Misfortune, and take  
‘ a pattern from that Miracle which Yesterday they  
‘ wrought in your behalf, of what they were able  
‘ to do for his deliverance, whose loss we all de-  
‘ plore. Madam, they do not use to let fall their  
‘ Bounties by halves upon such Persons as yourself,  
‘ whose Innocence and Virtue frames you so fair  
‘ a Title to their intire assistance; and if Yester-  
‘ day they brought you a miraculous succour,  
‘ when no appearance could shape you a possi-  
‘ bility of redress, why should you now throw  
‘ away your hopes, when you know they have  
‘ often snatched him from the jaws of dangers,  
‘ that gaped as wide as this that seemed to swallow  
‘ him. Ah Mother! *reply’d the disconsolate*  
‘ *Person*, how do your own thoughts belye this  
‘ flattery? Gods! *added she presently after*, I  
‘ can take no more blows at your hands.’ At  
these Words she lost her Speech, and fell into a  
swoon in the Arms of two Women that attended  
her, for so Candace judg’d it by the Cries that came  
from them, often repeating the name of Madam;  
and reflecting by this adventure upon the stranger’s  
sufferings with a more passionate interest, than  
could be expected from a Person, in whom the  
Sense of another’s misery might well have been  
crushed by the sad weight of her own Misfortunes,  
she directed her steps that way with *Clitie*, with  
an intention to offer her succour; when the Wo-  
men hastily carried her into her Chamber, which  
was near that place, and shut the Door after them.

though the fair Queen had not yet seen the Face of this afflicted Lady, the sweetness of her Voice and Language had already gotten so much credit in her thoughts, and her Complaints (limn'd to a near resemblance with her own Misfortunes) had bespoke so just a Pity, as some unlicensed tear stole into an expression of her excellent nature unto that Person's condition: ' Ah! *Clitie*, cry'd she, I see  
 ' We are not the only marks of Fortune's malice,  
 ' nor has she spent the stock of cruelty upon us;  
 ' if I apprehend aright, I have found a Companion in misery, and if I may be permitted to  
 ' see this dejected party, we will mutually strive to  
 ' dull the Sense of each other's woes, by comparing our Calamities.

At these Words (led by a curiosity, that had no other Parent but a generous Commiseration) she went softly to the Door, where they were newly entered, with an intent to endeavour an improvement of her discovery; but besides that the Door was close bolted, there was so little noise made in the Chamber, as after the mispending some serious attention, she gave over the hopes of present Satisfaction.

After this, she took some turns upon the Terraces, discoursing with *Clitie*, upon that Adventure, which had taken so large a possession of her thoughts, as for that Night, it barred out the remembrance of those that a hand in her proper Fortunes. After she was got to bed, her Cogitations still glided and glanced upon this Subject, nor could her Fancy get loose from these reflections, till sleep crept upon them unawares to quiet them.

The next Day, so soon as she might be civilly seen, she was visited by *Cornelius*, and at that time he was not unwelcome, because from him she hoped some satisfaction of her longing desires to be



be instructed in the Fortunes of that desolate Lady, (so much influence and interest have the afflictions of others upon our Souls, when they carry a resemblance to our own) yet finding some difficulty, to bring her last Night's walk (which conducted her to that encounter) into the Scene of their Discourse, she was a little pos'd to manage her curiosity with all the Caution it required; but *Cornelius* eas'd her of that pain; for he had no sooner bad her good morrow, and express'd such other Civilities, as Custom and Fashion enjoined, which prevented the question she was framing in her thoughts, when believing himself oblig'd to give her the relation of that Adventure, 'Madam, *said he*, since I had the Honour to see you last, there has arriv'd an Accident worthy of your notice, which I assure myself, when you have once understood it, you will take some Interest.' These Words taught the Queen to level her Judgment at a part of the Truth, and was well-pleas'd to be quitted of her Request; for what she was now only to pay her Acceptation.

'Yesterday, *said Cornelius*, some Vessels that I sent out to scour the Sea-coasts, within Sight of the Shore, encountered two Pirate-ships, which (after they had cut in Pieces the greatest Part of those that defended them) they took and brought in a very rich Prize; yet all the rest but cheap and worthless, in Comparison of a young Lady, whom they rescu'd from the rude Hands of those cruel Men, in that critical Minute (as I received it from two of her Women-attendants) when they were ready and resolv'd to offer Violence to her Person. Madam, to commend a Beauty in your Presence, for whom the Gods have ransack'd the Treasury of their Skill, to make the most accomplished

' Piece that ever they put their Hands too: I will  
 ' only say, if my Eye had not first encountred  
 ' with your Excellencies, I should have thought  
 ' it impossible for the World to have shewn me  
 ' any Thing so fair. Indeed I think you would  
 ' have a hard Task without the Assistance of your  
 ' Glafs, to shape an Idea so handsome: But the  
 ' Confidence I have that your own Eyes (when  
 ' you see her) will find no Dorage in these Words,  
 ' put a stop to my farther Description. We have  
 ' lodged her in a Chamber near to yours, where  
 ' she has already passed one Night with her Wo-  
 ' man; but if this Lady be fair, she is not less  
 ' afflicted, and though I have endeavoured to  
 ' plaister the Wounds her Sorrows have made  
 ' with as much Comfort, and as fair Language  
 ' as the Laws of Hospitality and Courtesy, due  
 ' to Persons of her Being, could put into my  
 ' Mouth, we had much ado to prevail with her,  
 ' to receive any Nourishment. I gave her yester-  
 ' day a particular Relation of the grand Favour I  
 ' received of Fortune, in being made an Instru-  
 ' ment of your Safety; this only Recital had  
 ' Power to borrow her Attention, and bow the  
 ' Obstinacy of her Grievs to the Confession of  
 ' some Resentments. This Morning one of her  
 ' Women asked me, if she might not be per-  
 ' mitted to see you, and told me she hoped the  
 ' Tide of her Lady's Grievs, would find an Ebb  
 ' in the Comforts of your Society.

The Queen (who had already taken in much  
 Affection at the Ears, of that accomplished Person)  
 reply'd, ' She would call it her Happiness to re-  
 ' ceive the Honour of her Acquaintance, and  
 ' though her present Condition scarce allowed  
 ' her a Capacity to moderate the Miseries of o-  
 ' thers, yet she would take a Truce with her own  
 ' Mis-

‘ Misfortunes, on purpose to lessen the Sense of  
‘ hers, if it were possible.

‘ Since you are so nobly resolved, *answer'd*  
‘ *Cornelius*, she shall presently know of the Ho-  
‘ nour you intend her, and I assure myself, that  
‘ so soon as she is drest, she will pay you her  
‘ Acknowledgment in a Visit. Let her only  
‘ know, if you please, *said Candace*, if she be  
‘ in a Condition to suffer the Interview of a  
‘ Stranger, that I think myself obliged to pay  
‘ that Respect to a Person so afflicted, and pos-  
‘ sibly indisposed as herself; and by the Account  
‘ you have passed of her Beauty, you have already  
‘ given me so much Impatience to see her, as it  
‘ will not permit me to stay for her in my Cham-  
‘ ber.

*Clitie*, who by her own Desire to know that  
Lady, was interested in her Mistress's Curiosity,  
readily acted her Commands, and a short Time  
after, it was returned, that the Fair unknown had  
found a little failing in her Health, by suffering  
the Violence of some Fits the Night before; how-  
ever, she would make haste to Apparell herself,  
with a purpose to prevent her Design of a Visit.

The Queen (who knew the Privilege of her  
Sex allowed her the Liberty to invade the Cham-  
ber before she was drest) was desirous to acquit  
that Trouble to her weak Estate; and *Cornelius*,  
to whom the Requisites of Civility denied that  
Freedom, only contented himself to conduct her  
to the Chamber-door. When *Candace* entered,  
her Face carried News of a grand Addition to the  
Star-light of Beauty, which shined in that Terre-  
strial Orb, nor could these two Persons encoun-  
ter, without the silent Confession of a mutual A-  
stonishment. Our former Description of *Can-  
dace's* Beauty dispenses with a farther Recital;  
but

but we should deal unjustly with the Fair unknown, should we hide them in Silence, in whom the Queen found many Delicacies that had a far better Title to her wonder, than the *Prætor's* Relation could challenge. The new fall'n Snow was tanned, in Comparison of the refined Purity of that white that was the Ground of her Complexion; and if Sorrow had gathered the Carnations of her Cheeks, sham'd to see herself surpriz'd half naked, though by Persons of her own Sex, had replanted of hers there, with such fresh Advantages, as any weaker Eye than *Candace's* would have shrunk at the Brightness of that mingled Lustre. Her Mouth (as well for Shape as Complexion) shamed the Imitation of the best Pencils, and the liveliest Colours; and though some petty Intervals of Joy wanted the Smiles that Grief had sequestred, yet she never opened it, but like the East at the Birth of a beautiful Day, and then discovered Treasures, whose excelling Whiteness made the Price inestimable; all the Features of her Face had so near a Kindred of Proportion and Symmetry, as the severest Master of *Apelles's* Art might have called it his Glory to have copied Beauties from her, as the best of Models. The Circumference of her Visage shewed the Extrems of an imperfect Circle, and almost formed it to a perfect Oval, and this Abridgment of Marvels was taper'd by a Pair of the brightest Stars that ever were lighted up by the Hand of Nature. As their Lustre might justly claim the Title of Celestial, so their Colour was the same with Heaven's; there was a spherical Harmony in their Motion, and that mingled with a Vivacity so penetrating, as neither the firmest Eye, nor the strongest Soul could arm themselves with a Resistance of Proof against those  
pointed

pointed Glories. Their very languishing Dejection darted more Charms through the Clouds of Grief, that darkned their brightest Glory, than all others could boast in their clearest Sunshine; nor were they ever so dimm'd with Woe, but they had still Vigour enough left to open themselves a Passage to Hearts defended with the greatest Insensibility. Her Head was Crowned with a prodigious Quantity of fair long Hair, whereof the Colour as fitly suited the Beauty of her Eyes, as Imagination could make it. To these Marvels of Face were joined the rest of her Neck, Hands and Shape, and there seemed a Contest betwixt the Form and Whiteness of the two former, which had the larger Commission from Nature to work Wonders; and if she was not so tall of Stature as *Candace*, in revenge of that she was far more slender, and her Face much less than the fair Queen of *Ethiopia's*. In fine, her Beauty was miraculous; and though the Queen's had something more majestick and more powerful to imprint Respect, yet the fair Stranger's was far more delicate, and possibly more exactly conformed to the nice Rules of Proportion. The Regards of these two fair ones were equally ty'd to contemplate each other's Perfections by a serious Attention; their Actions quickly confessing their mutual Astonishment, and reading over those Marvels in a few Moments, that merited as many Years for a fit Perusal, they had much ado to restrain their Wonder from breaking out into loud Interjections. The fair unknown, at first obliged by the Queen's Civility, was disposing herself to repay it in acknowledgment, when the Queen whose Courage was more unshaken, and whose Mind and Body kept a nearer Degree to Health, began the Complement, and accosting her with an Acti-

on that confessed the Effects of the Stranger's Beauty, and partly accounted for the Pity her Soul had already promised to her Miseries. 'Cornelius, *said she*, would have given me cause of Complaint, had he longer debarred me the View of so admir'd a Person. I come, Madam, *continued she*, (saluting and embracing her with an Affection that seldom rises to such a Height, at the first Interview) I am come (if possible) to bring Comfort to your Calamities, and either to interweave my Misfortune with your's, or augment mine own, by suffering my Share of those that compose your Affliction.' The fair unknown, whom the Majesty of *Candace's* Mind, and the gentle Proffer of so much Courtesy, had already touch'd with a deep Respect, and a tender Resentment, receiv'd her Caresses in as graceful a Manner, as her sad Condition would suffer, and struggling with her Grief, that she might not appear either stupid or ingrateful, after she had silently staid some time in her Arms, and tenderly striven to pay back Part of her Kindness in the dumb Elegance of Embraces: 'Madam, *said she*, The Confusion I borrow from these deserved Marks of your Goodness, has left me no Liberty to express, as I ought, how my Soul resents it; and I should now learn to believe myself less unfortunate, could I find out a Way to merit the Compassion of so excellent a Person.' 'I think the World has few, *reply'd the Queen*, that would refuse to bear a Part in your Afflictions, nor can such Aspects as your's want the Power to stamp all the Passions, even upon those Hearts that are able to make the rudest Resistance. I am sure mine cannot hide the sensible Effects it wrought within me, since my Memory urging so ample an Incitement, intirely to employ all my Thoughts

• Thoughts upon the Consideration of mine own.  
• Disasters, I have taken them from their Task,  
• to interest myself in your's, and to offer you  
• my Promise, that if my Power falls short of a  
• Capacity to give you Comfort, at least my Affec-  
• tion shall enable me to go halves in your Suffer-  
• ings.' 'If my Mishaps, *reply'd the Stranger,*  
• were of a Nature to receive what you offer, I  
• would come to you for a Cure, without the least  
• Scruple of a Doubt; but however the Gods have  
• plac'd my Despair beyond the Reach of Redress,  
• I should prove myself very unworthy of the Fa-  
• vours you have given me, shou'd I wrestle with  
• my Woes, to accept as I ought, these generous  
• Effects of your Pity. 'Tis of them, *pursued*  
• *she sighing,* I implore a Continuance, and I  
• may safely assure you, for Truth itself avers it,  
• (repeating her Embraces with an Action capable  
• to soften the rockiest Hearts) the Wrath of Hea-  
• ven cannot point you to a Subject that has bet-  
• ter claim to your Compassion, nor a Soul that  
• can receive it with a deeper Acknowledgment.

As she finished these Words, some unruly Tears  
broke away from her Eyes, which yet she strove  
to hide as much as possible, and stopping the Cur-  
rent of her Discourse to present a Chair to the  
Queen, she seated herself at the Feet of her Bed.  
Beauty and Handsomeness had here got Reason  
on their Sides to produce their usual Effects, and  
these two excellent Ladies (in whom the Knowledge  
of each other's Quality was yet limited to the mu-  
tual Construction of their Eyes, and the Remem-  
brance of their selves, might well have dispensed  
with all that Respect that was not due from their  
Grandeur to private Persons) did yet render all  
that concealed Justice requir'd to each other, and  
only took a mutual Esteem from View, which  
does

does not use to give such Intelligence to other Persons.

So soon as they had seated themselves, they reassumed their Discourse; and if the fair unknown found abundance of Charms in *Candace's* Language, the Queen encountred so much bewitching Sweetness in the Stranger's Genius, as it perfectly compleated what her Beauty had begun with much Advantage, and whether caus'd by the Conformity of their Fortunes, or the Encounter of those admirable Qualities they equally possessed, which indeed, alone were capable to produce as prompt and sudden Effects, but never did new-born Amity, shoot up to such a Stature in so short a Time.

After they had given some Moments to the enlargement of their first Discourse, the Queen desirous to lay the Grounds of a greater Confidence with the beautiful Stranger: ' Think not Madam, ' *said she*, that Fortune has us'd me more civilly ' than you; the Age of Time is not much increas'd, ' since with a Loss that possibly was not design'd ' in the Frowns of your Fortune, I have figh'd ' for another that may fill the other Scale against ' your Afflictions; and if (a few Days since) my ' Soul did receive some Solace, there is yet a Remainder left uncured, that inflicts Misery enough ' to justify my Declaration, that there are few ' Persons in the World, whose Woes are more ' strongly woven than mine. Think it not strange ' this Discourse seems to imply some Pre-intelligence of your Fortune; all I know that concern'd it, was receiv'd from your own Mouth, by ' Chance over-hearing your last Night's Complaint ' and Discourse with your Women, upon the adjoining Terrass. This Contrivance of Accident ' first begat the Compassion, and then the Affection I have for you, and from thence was born



‘ a Desire (which has since took a considerable  
‘ Growth from the Character was given of your  
‘ Beauty) to see and know you ; be not troubled  
‘ that I have discover’d that without Design,  
‘ which I should have been sorry to have known,  
‘ had I thought you could not part with the Se-  
‘ cret without Displeasure, nor will I demand a  
‘ greater Illustration, till you shall think me wor-  
‘ thy of a greater Confidence ; in the mean time,  
‘ take the Obligation of my Promise, that my  
‘ Thoughts shall scan what I know with no other  
‘ Curiosity, than what may improve my Power,  
‘ to comfort and serve you.

If the Face of the Fair Stranger confess’d a bash-  
ful Surprizal, at the Beginning of this Discourse,  
the gentle Close of it restor’d her some Assurance ;  
yet she could not so suddenly repulse that active  
Vermillion that had invaded her Cheeks, but there  
still staid some behind, that dwelt not there ; which,  
endeavouring to hide with her Hand, ‘ You have  
‘ possibly heard enough from my Mouth, *said*  
‘ *she*, to purchase me a severe Censure in the Opi-  
‘ nion of those that are less indulgent ; and, if  
‘ not to defend myself with Insensibility against  
‘ the Assault of a Person’s Affection, that raised  
‘ his Batteries upon extraordinary merit, and not  
‘ to support his Loss without a violent Grief, be  
‘ a Crime, I shall be, doubtless, a Delinquent in  
‘ your’s too. Indeed, I should ever be preposses-  
‘ sed with Caution, to hide my Follies from such  
‘ Persons as yourself ; possibly they are like to find  
‘ less Favour from your sublime Virtue than others,  
‘ whose feeble Frailty may render them liable to  
‘ the same Imperfections. However, since this Mis-  
‘ hap has befallen me, I will endeavour to take Com-  
‘ fort from the Opinion I have of your Goodness ;  
‘ and of that, I think my Observation has already  
‘ made

‘ made such clear Discoveries, as I need not scruple  
‘ to trust your Knowledge with the most impor-  
‘ tant Secrets of my Life.’ ‘ No, *reply’d the*  
‘ *Queen*, I desire not that, till Time shall ripen  
‘ you an Occasion to accord me your Amity ;  
‘ nor will I abuse that Opinion you have enter-  
‘ tained of me, by demanding the Proofs of it  
‘ with so hasty an Indiscretion. I hope you will  
‘ not construe this, as if the Resentments I have  
‘ for you, and the Interest I take in your For-  
‘ tunes, have not nourished an Ardour to under-  
‘ stand you better ; but I shall stay for that Fa-  
‘ vour, till I can ask it with less Indecency, after  
‘ I have given you some Experiments of the Con-  
‘ fidence I have in you : Of this you will receive  
‘ no contemptible Mark, when I shall discover  
‘ and acquaint you with such Things, as you  
‘ judge worthy to be lock’d up in Secrecy (espe-  
‘ cially in this Place, that has particularly deserved  
‘ my Suspicion) from all other Persons, but such  
‘ as have an invincible Guard for a Secret.’ ‘ I  
‘ have so poor an Evidence of Desert to shew for  
‘ this Excess of Nobleness, *reply’d the Fair un-*  
‘ *known*, as I dare not dispose myself to suffer it  
‘ without Prevention. Madam, this just Civility  
‘ is owing to the generous Offer of your Friend-  
‘ ship ; I will not ask (if your Leave allows it)  
‘ a longer Day than this, to assure you mine in  
‘ parallel, and I beg your Condescent to the Pro-  
‘ position with the greater Hope, since my Tongue  
‘ in this is the faithful Servant to my Heart ; you  
‘ will soon judge, by what I shall tell you, that  
‘ I do deposite no slight or trivial Confidence in  
‘ your Breast, since, as my Affairs are ballanced,  
‘ there are few Persons on Earth can be trusted  
‘ with it, without much Danger.’ ‘ Stay then,  
‘ *reply’d the Queen, interrupting her*, perhaps I  
‘ may

' may want Discretion to preserve your Secret as  
 ' I ought ; and yet you shall leave off no Disguise  
 ' (since my own Thoughts have already look'd  
 ' through it) when I shall learn that your Qua-  
 ' lity and mine are parallel.' ' Your Face, *an-*  
 ' *swer'd the Unknown*, with those Marvels I ob-  
 ' serve about you, have already assured me there  
 ' is little Difference in our Extraction. And this  
 ' will possibly be better confirmed, when I have  
 ' told you, (*continued she, letting fall her Voice,*  
 ' *for fear of being understood by some Persons*  
 ' *present, whose Discretion had less Credit in her*  
 ' *Thoughts than the rest*) that I am call'd *Elisa* ;  
 ' and not only derived from the illustrious Line  
 ' of the *Arfacides*, but sole Daughter, and as yet  
 ' legitimate Heir to *Pbraates*, King of *Parthia*,  
 ' known of all the Earth, by the Grandeur of his  
 ' Territories, and the Effects of his Cruelty.' She  
 made a stop at these Words ; when the Queen  
 reply'd, ' Your Birth, *said she*, is not more sub-  
 ' lime, than before I conjectur'd from those visible  
 ' Marks, that express'd your Strain to be high  
 ' and heroick : And since it is no longer just I  
 ' should keep my Condition in a Mask, be pleas'd  
 ' to know that I am call'd *Candace*, Princess and  
 ' lawful Queen of *Ethiopia*.

At this mutual Discourse, the two Princesses re-  
 newed the Protestations of their promised Amity ;  
 and that Parity of Descent kindling equal Desires  
 of Respect and Affection, they sweetly exchanged  
 many tender Caresses, and laid the Foundation of  
 strong and perfect Friendship.

After some Discourse, fram'd on purpose to con-  
 firm what they had said, the Princess *Elisa* thus  
 continued : ' Know well, Madam, *said she*, that  
 ' to this Declaration of my Name and Quality,  
 ' I should adjoin the Recital of these sad Acci-  
 ' dents.

and Visits, with a precise Sedulity, and took the Tide of every Occasion wherein he might respectively shew me some Sparks of his Flame; but I liv'd with him in such a manner, as he found it hard to fasten any Judgment upon his own Interest in my Inclinations. And though a few Words I let fall, while his Wounds kept him in Bed, besides, the signal Confession of all my Actions (that betray'd a peculiar esteem of his Merits, above the rest that saw me) might shew him the Dawnings of some Hope; yet he found so little Disposition either in my Language or Behaviour to such a particular Tye of Affection, which his Desires were levell'd at, as he could gather no Hopes from either, but such as were faint and sickly; and, to speak the Truth, I cannot think it strange, if he were pos'd at the Valuation of his own Estate in my Breast; for as yet myself was ignorant how to rate it, and it cost me a long time in fitting my Thoughts and Desires, before I had Power to discern in what Fashion I had receiv'd him there. My Consideration took the Height of his Birth at the full Stature, and I regarded the marvellous Qualities of his Person with Favour enough: I must say more, that I had a secret Sense of Obligation for the Affection he expressed; and finding nothing in it that deserved my Censure, I reflected on that, and the Person that profess'd it, with a Complacence that strangely bent itself to something extraordinary; but I had such a natural Aversion, to the imbarcking myself for *Cupid's* Traffick, that those Difficulties he had already cleared, in winning my Attention and Permission to the soft Language of his Love, were none of the greatest he had to subdue in my Disposition.

Thus

Thus his Condition was stated, when one Day, with *Clitie* (the same Maid you now see in my Company, whom I ever entirely trusted) taking a Walk in one of the Palace Gardens, she leading me along by the Thread of a cunning Discourse (while the rest of my Maids were dispers'd in the several Alleys) into an unfrequented Arbour; where, after she had lightly touch'd some other Subjects, by which she insensibly drew me into the Net of her Design to talk of *Cesarion*.

‘ Madam, do you think, *said she*, if Fortune were so happily unblinded, as to place her Bounties right, and let fall her Favours upon a just Proportion of Merit, that the Prince *Cleomedon* might not pretend, with an unquestionable Title, to a large Part of the World; and that the Grandeur of his Birth (which to us is no Secret) could never be better suited, than by the admirable Qualities of his Person?’ ‘Tis confess’d, *said I*, that *Cleomedon* is highly commendable in his whole Composure; and that the skilfullest Desire could hardly fancy one excellent Part, required in the Frame of an accomplish’d Prince, which is not to be found plentifully stored, and harmoniously match’d in him.’ ‘Have you observ’d, *reply’d Clitie*, that incomparable Grace, that shines in all his Actions, the Sweetness of his Converse, the Vivacity of his Wit, and those thousand Marks of Greatness that throng together, without Disorder, in his Face and Language?’ ‘I have remark’d them all, *said I*, with an Apprehension as clear as thine, and I really consider *Cleomedon* as a Person extraordinary: But what do you strike at by this Confession thou hast gotten from me?’ ‘I would fain induce you to confess, *said Clitie, with an Action less serious*, that your Judgment has  
‘ not

“ not shew’d you so many grand Qualities in a  
“ Prince, and in a Prince that dies for you, with-  
“ out touching your Soul with some sentiments  
“ of Affection. Indeed Madam, *pursu’d she smil-*  
“ *ing*, methinks you should not be so sensible;  
“ and since, in fine, your Heart is too tender to  
“ be either Stone or Brass, would you allow me  
“ the liberty to speak my Conjectures, I would  
“ dare to say, that it has not ‘scaped the Affection  
“ and Deserts of *Cleomedon* without a battery.

“ This Discourse of *Clitie* brought some Blood into  
“ my Face, and regarding her with an Action more  
“ compos’d than hers: ‘ However it happens to Day,  
“ *said I*, methinks you are not very wise; and I  
“ know not which of my Actions could instruct  
“ you to raise these Conjectures of me. I did not  
“ sift from any of your Actions, *reply’d the Maid*,  
“ but my own Reason, which to me appeared a  
“ fitter foundation for my Opinion, than any proofs  
“ you have yet betrayed: But in fine, since your  
“ Illustrious Birth does not injoin you to shut your  
“ Eyes upon the merit of a Prince, whose Ex-  
“ traction is neither inferiour to yours, nor any  
“ Person’s living; and the severity of your Virtue  
“ cannot justly forbid you the resentments that an  
“ Affection so full of respect may challenge: What  
“ other consideration can raise forces enough to  
“ oppose the thoughts I have pass’d upon it, by  
“ the sole assistance of an unbyass’d reason? Dost  
“ thou not know, *reply’d I*, that I was never  
“ prone to regard a Person, with any other In-  
“ terest than such an esteem as we all owe to Virtue  
“ wheree’re we find it? Nay, did my Inclination  
“ place a particular value upon *Cleomedon*’s Person,  
“ I would make it bow to that obedience is due to  
“ the King, my Father’s will, which shall ever be  
“ the rule of all my thoughts, and I ought to judge  
“ them

‘ them very criminal, should they dare to act by  
‘ any other power than his Commands.’ ‘ I doubt  
‘ not, *said Clitie*, but your intentions are the same  
‘ you spake them ; but, granting that, I find no  
‘ cause to disapprove my opinion, the King your  
‘ Father, who has long since perceived *Cleomedon*’s  
‘ pretences, would never have suffered, or  
‘ at least not favoured their progress as he has  
‘ done, had he thought that Alliance deserved his  
‘ rejection ; his behaviour in this Affair might  
‘ easily instruct you to believe that he had looked  
‘ upon the prologue of his amorous designs with  
‘ a serene aspect ; and finding in *Cleomedon*’s Per-  
‘ son, all that his wishes would contrive in that  
‘ of a Prince, whom his thoughts voted worthy  
‘ of the honour of your Bed ; you need not doubt,  
‘ but he will prefer him before all his neighbour  
‘ Princes, on whom, though Fortune possibly to  
‘ shew her blindness, has bestowed some Crowns,  
‘ yet Heaven has neither given them a Birth so  
‘ illustrious, nor a Virtue so eminent, as its bounty  
‘ has conferred on this brave Son of *Cesar*. Be-  
‘ sides, Madam, you being his legitimate and only  
‘ Heir, ’tis vain to think he will fix his desires  
‘ upon any addition to your grand Inheritance ;  
‘ and ’tis the opinion of Persons far more prudent  
‘ and politick than I, that he will rather fear than  
‘ desire the Alliance of a stranger King, and deem  
‘ it far more requisite to give a Prince intirely to  
‘ his People, than transport their subjection to a  
‘ Foreign Scepter. When it once arrives at that  
‘ point, *reply’d I*, I can do no less than avow  
‘ unto thee, though possibly not without a blush,  
‘ that I will receive *Cleomedon* from his hands,  
‘ with less repugnance, than if he had rifled the  
‘ whole stock of Mankind for another choice ;  
‘ and, indeed I confess, thou wert not wholly de-

‘ceived by thy thoughts that concluded me neither  
‘blind nor insensible to the merit of his Person,  
‘nor the proofs of his Affection.

I had thus no sooner displaid my hidden thoughts when I beheld *Cesarion*, (whose approach I then least expected) enter the Arbour, and throw himself at my Feet, with a Face that boasted such a complement of joy, and satisfaction, as I timorously concluded he had heard all those Words I so lately let fall to his Advantage. This called a fiery blush into my cheeks, and I was at first surpriz’d with so much shame, as wanting the confidence to look him in the Face, I covered mine own with my hand, on purpose to hide a part of my confusion. The Prince, who construed the cause of it right, was ready to borrow repentance of his tender Affection, for the perplexity he had given me, and left the excess of his joy, corrected to a sober moderation, by a belief that I was not satisfied with this passage; however (loath to forfeit so fair an occasion) he began to rally his scattered Spirits, and imbracing my Knees with a tender, and yet a passionate Ardour: ‘Madam, *said he*, do not grudge me the  
‘Fortune that Heaven has given me without your  
‘consent; and be not troubled that I am indebted for a happiness to this encounter, for which  
‘I might long have waited (still the companion  
‘of my own Woes) before I had obtain’d it of  
‘your goodness. Madam, what I learn’d from  
‘your fair mouth, has taught me to believe myself the happiest, and the most glorious Prince  
‘in the World; but all that you have said has  
‘given you no just cause of shame or repentance,  
‘unless you draw it from the choice you have made  
‘of a Man so unworthy of that precious privilege you have given him in your breast; your  
‘inten-



' intentions are so nicely wrapt within the strict  
 ' rules of Duty and Virtue, as when the King  
 ' your Father (though advis'd by the severest Per-  
 ' sons upon Earth) shall understand them, they  
 ' cannot scan this Act with Justice, and pass any  
 ' thoughts upon it to your Disadvantage: For  
 ' myself, Madam, I receive this knowledge with  
 ' a respect so profound, and so perfectly conform'd  
 ' to the devout veneration I have for you, as you  
 ' shall ever find a greater encrease in my submis-  
 ' sions to your will, than in those hopes you per-  
 ' mit me to conceive.

While he spake in this manner, I recover'd  
 some confidence to disparkle the astonishment had  
 seiz'd me; and whether my opinion of his dis-  
 cretion, or the innocence of my intentions, plead-  
 ed best to myself in my own behalf; in effect, I  
 was prompted to believe, I had not lavish'd any  
 Language that left such a spot upon me, as shame  
 first taught me to imagine. With this perswasion,  
 taking my hand from my Face, and licensing my  
 Eye to regard him with more assurance than be-  
 fore: ' How *Cleomedon*, said I, are these the  
 ' proofs of your Respect? do you think you have  
 ' not forgotten what you owe me, thus by an am-  
 ' bush to intrap my Secrets, before you know  
 ' how I would relish or receive the freedom? I  
 ' had rather die, *answer'd Cleomedon*, than give  
 ' you any just cause of displeasure; but if you  
 ' find it in this encounter, believe it, Madam, it  
 ' was only Accident, and not Design that plotted  
 ' the Offence. Let it be Design or Hazard, *re-*  
 ' *ply'd I*, I do not think you can construe my  
 ' Words to that Advantage you pretend, nor can  
 ' believe you could find out reason enough to beget  
 ' a doubt of my obedience, which was ever taught  
 ' to bow it self to the King's command, nor of

' that desire, which I ever tenderly preserv'd of a  
 ' total submission to his will, not only in what  
 ' regards the great Sacrifice to *Hymen*, but the  
 ' entire disposal of all my Actions, so long as the  
 ' thread of my Life is uncut. No, Madam, *re-*  
 ' *ply'd Casario*, I never doubted it, but I was  
 ' uncertain whether your inclination would de-  
 ' clare with your obedience in my behalf, and  
 ' prevail to let Affection go a share in that, which  
 ' Duty has only power to exact at your hands.  
 ' 'Tis that, Madam, is the basis on which I build  
 ' all my glory; and if I may have leave to mingle  
 ' a little Interest with it, will say, that (if my  
 ' opinion does not abuse me) your own inclinati-  
 ' ons will have all the power to compleat our  
 ' Destiny, since the King's hath ever so tenderly  
 ' comply'd with yours, as they can never permit  
 ' him to offer any force in the choice of a Hus-  
 ' band. I confess my hopes look the same way,  
 ' *said I*, and since (though against my will) you  
 ' have gotten so large an acquaintance in my  
 ' thoughts upon the confidence I repose in your  
 ' Virtue, and the Respect which can never give  
 ' you leave to abuse that intelligence you have  
 ' got in the breast of a Princess, not unworthy  
 ' of your Affection, I shall not scruple to confirm  
 ' what you have already learn'd from my mouth,  
 ' but will repeat you my promise, that if you can  
 ' oblige the King to approve your design, I will  
 ' submit myself to his command, without the  
 ' least repugnance to receive you.

*Casario* did not throw himself at my Feet to  
 thank me for this promis'd Favour, for he had  
 not stirr'd from thence since he enter'd the Ar-  
 bour; but my Words had committed such a Rape  
 of Joy upon his Senses, as it was long before he  
 could get any Language at Liberty to express it;

yet

yet at last it broke loose, though much out of joint with Excess of Passion, which yet methought told the Tale of his Affection better in that disorder'd Elegance, than I ever understood it before from its untroubled Composure, and confirm'd my Resolution to prefer him (if ever my Disposal were released to myself) above all the Persons in the World.

Since that Day he lived with me, not usurping License from Success, to enlarge his Liberty of Behaviour, for he still kept himself exactly within the Bounds of that Respect, which was born a Twin, and had ever since grown up with his Passion; and had he chanc'd to break beyond them, I knew how to reduce him so handsomely, as I could leave him more Confidence of his Happiness, a sweeter Repose, and riper Hopes than ever. Being yet too young to do it with *Decorum*, he thought it not fit to trust his Intentions to the King till some important Service might state him so powerfully in his Breast, to repair the Defect of those Crowns he had lost, and help him up to that pitch in his Opinion which he might have flown at, before the disastrous Fall of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*.

In this Expectation he passed above a Year in our Court, and thrived so happily in his Design to endear himself to the King, as he could not have received more Indulgence, though all the Blood in his Veins had stream'd from no other Fountain but *Hydaspes*; and with me his lovely Qualities prevailed so successfully, as at last he had got as large a Possession in my Heart, as he could fancy in his forwardest Wishes: Indeed, it was no easy Task to defend myself from him, for *Cesarion* is struck so full of incomparable Graces, in both the Faces and Features of Body

and Mind, as it is impossible for the severest Judge of Worth to see and frequent him, and not quickly confess him a Person, in whom the divine Bounty has treasur'd the Marks of an extraordinary Grandeur; and to those rare Endowments were added a Complacence, and Assiduity, and a Discretion so uncommon, as by a sweet Violence were able to enforce Affection, even in those Cynical Souls, that are most incapable to take the true height of Merit. Of me he received all the spotless Testimonies of Affection, that Innocence would avow, and though they were precisely confin'd within the Limits of Severity enough, yet his Knowledge of my Humour, shew'd him cause to content himself, with what I was willing to allow him. He would sometimes grow very melancholly, when his Thoughts chanc'd to reflect upon his battered Fortunes, and, I remember, when I asked him the Cause of his Indisposition, he has often answered me to this Purpose: 'Madam, *would he say*, it does not trouble me to be in Debt for all I have to you and yours, nor would I lay out one single Wish for a Fortune that comes not either from you, or for you; but when I look upon myself as I am despoil'd by that giddy Deity of all those Grandeurs and Dignities, that environ'd me at my Birth, and find that I am stript of all at a Time, when their Service was so necessary to prefer me to yours, I cannot dissemble my Displeasure, nor lift my Eyes to you with any Assurance, when my Memory wakes those cruel Thoughts that tell me, if your generous Father had not given me a Sanctuary, I should now be destitute of a Retreat among Men; that I have now no proper Estate, no Rank, nor any of those Scepters left me my Ancestors possessed; that

‘that he who has robb’d me of all, that usurps  
‘the Throne of my Father, and the same that  
‘took away the Crown and Life from the un-  
‘fortunate *Cleopatra*; does proudly brood our  
‘Spoils, and peaceably sway the better Part of  
‘the Universe, while Fortune fastens me to a  
‘feeble Condition, as denies me the Power of re-  
‘covering my swooned Honour, or my lost  
‘Estate, in revenging my Friends by the Ruin  
‘of my Enemies. In fine, *Madam*, I cannot see  
‘you served by a Man whom Fortune has tum-  
‘bled to so low a Condition, without blushing  
‘with the Blood that is nearest my Heart; and  
‘if I had not some Sparks of Hope in the King  
‘your Father’s Assistance, that are yet unquench-  
‘ed, and a little Confidence in the Courage of a  
‘Prince (who cannot want it, and be still the  
‘Son of *Cesar*) to repair the Shame of my Life,  
‘I should despair of Comfort..

Such Discourses as these my *Cesar* often made  
me upon this Subject; but I rais’d all the Power  
of my Reason to combat those melancholly  
Thoughts, as well because they afflicted him, as  
that they drove him upon the dangerous Rock of  
Resolution, which my Judgment told me, he  
would never have Power to conduct to a happy  
Period.

‘Think not, *said I*, that the Loss of your  
‘Crowns has made you loss considerable, than if  
‘you were still vested in that purpl’d Prosperity  
‘of your royal House; your Virtue may restore  
‘you, what your blind Enemy has taken, nor  
‘has she Power enough, in her whole Stock of  
‘Malice, to blot out those Characters, which in  
‘your Person are far more remarkable, than all  
‘the glittering Crowns, whereof she has plun-  
‘der’d you. So long as there are Store of those

' to be acquir'd among Men, you have still the  
 ' same Right, to assert and arm your just Pre-  
 ' tences; but if you only level your Desires at  
 ' those, on purpose to enoble your amorous  
 ' Claim, know you need not the Addition of  
 ' those fading Glories, since I find that in your  
 ' self alone, which will give you the upper-hand  
 ' in my Thoughts, of him that commands the  
 ' Universe: Besides, your Honour has no Inter-  
 ' est in your Misfortunes, for you suffered them  
 ' at an Age so helpless and insensible, as allows  
 ' you no Right to go any Share in the Shame, or  
 ' the Glory of good or bad Success: If the Gods  
 ' shall one Day furnish you with Forces to re-  
 ' ceive the Quarrel, you may yet dispute the Em-  
 ' pire of the World with that Usurper of your  
 ' Right, and Persecutor of your Life; and if they  
 ' refuse the Means, and break down the Stairs  
 ' by which you should remount the Throne of  
 ' your Fathers, you may possibly ascend another,  
 ' that is large enough to bound a reasonable Am-  
 ' bition.

The Son of *Cesar* received some Comfort from  
 this Discourse, yet not so clear a Satisfaction, to  
 hinder him from perplexing me with his daily  
 Protestations, that none were fit to serve me but  
 the Masters of the World, and that sole Consi-  
 deration made Envy their Condition. In the  
 mean time he saw and discours'd me without the  
 least Restraint, with all Sorts of vertuous Liberty;  
 and the King, who without a purblind Under-  
 standing (could do no less than discover a Part of  
 the Truth, was so far from disapproving, as the  
 Satisfaction express in his Face and Actions, was  
 a main Fortification to *Cesar*'s Hopes; when  
 Fortune, after she had shin'd with an unclouded  
 Flattery, upon the Morning of my Age, began to  
 make

make Faces and raise Storms, which have since toss'd me to that Condition, wherein you encountered me. *Tyribasus*, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my Discourse, was lifted by the royal Favour, not only to the tallest Advancement among the *Ethiopians*, but was little short of the King himself, either in Credit or Authority. Never did Favourite fly at so high a Pitch in the Sphere of his Master's Love; and *Hydaspes*, had not only deposited to his Trust, all the Places of Importance in the Kingdom, and left the Management of his Revenue with all other Charges to his Discretion and Disposal, but given him an absolute Power, both in the Heart and Frontiers of his Dominion, to command the Soldiery; and in fine, had mounted him to that Pitch of Greatness and Glory, as though he had desir'd, it was now no longer in the Power of the same Hand that rais'd to ruin him. 'Tis true, *Tyribasus* had never given him Cause to repent his Bounty, and having climb'd to that Sublimity of Power, by the sole Assistance of his own Virtue, he had kept himself there with such an Evenness of Discretion, as the King's own Desires could not mend any thing in his Vigilance, Courage, or Fidelity. He was a Man of extraordinary Gallantry, his Person happily compos'd with all those Features and Proportions the *Ethiopians* accounted handsome, and indeed worthy to top that Dignity, if he could have taught his Ambition to stop there and step no higher. Whether that, or Love, or both conjoin'd, directed his Aims at me, I know not; but whatever spurr'd him to those Undertakings, it was much about the Time that I was upon the same Terms with *Cesarie*, which I last related, when the Speech of his Behaviour began at first to stammer his saucy Intentions to a Discovery. He had

already betray'd a more studied and particular Respect unto me than formerly he had us'd, but still I referr'd them to other Causes, being very remote from the least Imaginations, that a Man, who apparently before had never aspir'd at any thing but great and glorious Actions, should now lean to sigh for a softer Passion; and that a Man, who could prove no Descent from a royal Stem, should lift his Desires to the only Daughter of his King. If my dull Apprehension had constru'd them right, those first Essays of his bold Passion had been receiv'd in another Manner, but at last the Repetition of those half Discoveries insensibly remov'd the Cloud from my Eyes, and I began to take Instructions from divers Marks which till then he had carefully conceal'd.

I was yet got no farther than an uncertain Suspicion could inform me. When he had adventur'd to clear all my Doubts, I remember the first Time he shew'd me the Face of his Passion without a Mask, we were in one of those beautiful Gardens of *Meroe*, that are delightfully folded within the silver Arms of *Nilus*, and delicately imbellished with the fairest Treasure that Art and Nature could bring to adorn them. I was then upon the Bank of the Channel with a great Number of the chief Court Ladies, sporting ourselves with every one an Angle in our Hands, a Divertisement we often us'd, by Reason of the great Number of Fish that frequented that Place; but that Day I had no Luck at Sport, and had often cast in my Line without getting a Bite, when *Tyribasus*, who had been long walking with the King in the same Garden, came to me, and perceiving some petty Discontent in my Visage, demanded the Cause: ' Do you not see *Tyribasus*, said I smiling, how Fortune lowers upon my Sports to Day? And while the



“ she hangs a Fish upon every one’s Hook, she partially passes mine, and suffers not one so much as to taste my Bait.” “ Ah, Madam, *(reply’d Tyrribasus, who found those Words had binted a favourable Occasion, to conduct his Thoughts into the Scene)* How little Reason you have to envy this trivial Hap to your Maids, who while they amuse themselves with captivating a few feeble and innocent Creatures, your Hooks are much more dangerous, and you take Prizes of far greater Importance.” “ When People take what they Angle for, *reply’d I*, their Desires are satisfied, in being arrived at the End they aim’d at.” “ But when with the same they aim at, *said he*, they take something that increases the Quarry, they are fortunate beyond Intention. Madam, your Highness, *said he*, is of that Number, since with those Nets your Innocence spreads without any Design of Prisoners, you take all that stay, and all that are desirous to fly you; even when you neglect the Pains of pursuing the Game, nothing can escape you, or if any does, they are such poor irrational Creatures as these who run away from the Glory of dying in your fair Hands for want of understanding it.

*Tyrribasus* brought forth these Words with a Sigh, and I was not so innocent, (especially being prepossess’d with a former suspicion) as not readily to perceive what Mark he shot at, and desirous to let him see this kind of Discourse did not please me, I darted at him a disdainful Look, and then presently retiring my Eyes from his Visage: “ I thought, *said I*, you had a Mind to make yourself merry, and perhaps you think you have chosen a Subject very fit for your Purpose.” “ Alas, Madam, *answered Tyrribasus*, my Reason cannot

not

‘ not be so blind to seek here for Divertisement;  
 ‘ where I have found my Ruin; and how ill would  
 ‘ such light-heel’d Thoughts suit with his sad  
 ‘ Condition, from whom you have already taken  
 ‘ his Repose and his Liberty.

These Words, which I did not expect would  
 have been so clear and intelligible, lighted up so  
 fierce an Anger in my Soul, as a Part of the Heat  
 flew with a deep Die from the Waters to fasten  
 them on his. ‘ To me *Tyribasus*, *said I*, is it  
 ‘ to me you direct this Language? It would high-  
 ‘ ly concern my Life, *answered he*, that I had  
 ‘ Power enough left still to make my Addresses to  
 ‘ any but yourself; nor am I blind or deaf to any  
 ‘ of those Reasons, that would dissuade my bold  
 ‘ Thoughts from the Daughter of my King; but  
 ‘ it is the invincible Force of my Destiny, or ra-  
 ‘ ther your’s that decrees it, against which, all  
 ‘ human Resistance will fight but with a feeble  
 ‘ Arm.

These audacious Words wound up my Resent-  
 ment to the highest Extremity, and no longer  
 able to dissemble it: ‘ I shall know hereafter, *said*  
 ‘ I, with an Action full of the Marks of an ex-  
 ‘ traordinary Motion, how to cut off all those  
 ‘ Weaknesses from my Life, that have thus en-  
 ‘ couraged you to offend me; and if that fails, to  
 ‘ reduce you to your Duty, I’ll try whether that  
 ‘ Excess of Favour the King your Master’s Bounty  
 ‘ does allow you, will prove too strong for his  
 ‘ Affection to his Daughter.

*Tyribasus*, who had already foreseen how his  
 first Answer would be receiv’d, was but little asto-  
 nished at this angry Repulse, and having harden’d  
 his Resolution to stand the first Shock with an un-  
 daunted Obstinacy, he was preparing to reply,  
 when turning his Head, he perceived the Compa-

ny so near us, as he durst not pursue his Design for fear of his Over-hearers; this made him change the Subject, and find out some other Discourse to entertain me; but I was so stung with that he had already, as I vouchsafed not so much as one single Word to all that he spoke besides.

From that Day I began to hate him heartily, though till then I had found out nothing in his Person that I could justly say was odious; but my Belief that the Pride of his Heart (which sprung from the King's Indulgence) had rais'd him the Confidence to lay his Passion so naked, provoked me more fiercely against him, than I should have been to other Persons, though they had been his Inferiors.

‘ He thinks, *said I*, that without raising himself, he may lawfully fly his aspiring Pretences at the Daughter of his King, and by the Help of that Insolence, to which his Master's unmerited Smiles have transported him, he does doubtless imagine, that he can love nothing below me, without offending his up-start Honour; but I'll take care to cure him of that Error, if he still continues to shew me the Symptoms, and possibly throw him as much beneath his present Condition, as his affronted Ambition would raise him above it.

In the mean Time, he took no Despair from this first Repulse I had given him; and if he cunningly kept his Passion under Hatches to the whole Court, he lost no Occasion wherein he might shew it to me in particular. I carefully avoided all those that might probably betray me to a second Surprizal by him in private, and instructed all my Actions to assure him, that the farther he stepp'd in pursuit of his ambitious Flames, the deeper he engaged himself in my mortal Hatred;

tered; all the Reflections I could make upon it, still added fresh Fuel to the Flame of my Choler, and being born to so lofty a Courage, as could hardly judge the Son of *Cæsar* worthy to serve me, I could not suffer the Thought that one of my Father's, and a Man that was no Prince, should openly presume to discourse me his Affection, without letting myself be carried with Impatience to the Extreame of a Hatred against him. I had no Power to preserve the Truth of this Accident in Disguise from *Cæsar*, and his Jealousy (which was started up to a strange Height in the very Day of its Birth) made him receive this Intelligence so impatiently, as had I consented to loosen the Reins, which I ever kept upon his Will, he would have, doubtless, endeavour'd to punish the Presumption with too loud a Fury, which my own Quality and Credit obliged me to hide from the whole World; but my Commands (by the Authority he had given me in his Heart) held him back so strictly from any angry Attempt upon his Rival, as he durst not suffer the least Sign to appear in any of his Actions that he knew it.

*Tyribasus* often laid wait, in vain, for an Occasion that might help him in the Privacy of a second Parley; but I still countermined his Cunning so carefully, as in more than three Months Time, he never lighted upon the Liberty to speak with me, but still some Company were by to intercept him; which, I suppose, gave him a Resolution to turn the Course of his Design another way, and refer that to the Mediation of Time, and the lucky Emergencies of some future Occasions, which (as his Condition was then, stated) he had little hope to obtain.

In pursuit of this Resolve, he waited one Day (as he had often done at several other times) at the Foot of those Stairs that lead to my Lodging, upon the point of my return from the City; and advancing with a Number of Courtiers, that fawned upon his Fortune, to the Boot of my Chariot, he offered me his Hand to help me out, and led me up the Stairs. Whatever Repugnance I had to receive that Office at his Hands, I could not handsomely refuse him in the Presence of so many Witnesses; besides, perceiving the King with his Face towards me, looking out of a Window, and my Squire being respectfully retired to give him that Honour of Precedency, I found myself obliged to lend him a Hand; and being descended from the Chariot, I began to mount the Stairs with him.

*Tyribasus* turning his Eyes round to see if any followed us near, and perceiving Respect had kept all those that came after at a becoming Distance: ‘Madam, *said he*, (letting fall his Voice as low as it might well be understood)-had I been born among the Enemies of your royal House, and with a native Enmity, hatched Designs against the Interest of your Estates, and the King your Father’s Service, you could not employ a more scornful Care to fly and avoid me, than you have done already.’ ‘The Reason, *reply’d I*, *interrupting him*, is easily apprehended, since if you had acted all that you have urg’d for the Causes of Aversion, your Offence had been short of that which your Tongue’s Indiscretion did so lately betray.’ ‘I did not think, *reply’d Tyribasus*, that any Construction could draw the Proofs of an obsequious and respective Passion, within the Number of Offences; and if we fly from those that love us, methinks we should  
‘ seek

' seek out Punishments for those that do not so.'  
 ' *Tyribasus, said I, to evade Discourses of this*  
 ' Nature, is the Reason that I seek to escape you,  
 ' as I would do Plagues or Death; and if ever  
 ' you adventure again to offend me with the like,  
 ' I'll tell your Story to the King in such a Man-  
 ' ner, as all the Interest and Affection you have  
 ' in him, perhaps may prove too weak to defend  
 ' you from his Indignation,' ' No, Madam,  
 ' *answered Tyribasus, with a serious and com-*  
 ' *pos'd Action,* do not accuse me to the King, if  
 ' you please, for a Fault my Fate inforc'd me to  
 ' commit, which I am resolv'd shall no more be  
 ' repeated, since you forbid it, if there be a Possi-  
 ' bility to avoid it. I would neither displease the  
 ' King my Master, nor my Sovereign Princess;  
 ' and if I cannot suddenly exile the unlucky Passi-  
 ' on from my Heart, which has render'd me wor-  
 ' thy of your Anger, at least I will take such Care  
 ' to govern and correct it, as it shall never noise  
 ' itself any more in your Ears, nor make a second  
 ' Purchase of your Displeasure.

As he finish'd these Words, he found himself  
 near my Chamber-Door, and without staying for  
 an Answer, he made me a very low Reverence,  
 and so retir'd, leaving more Satisfaction behind  
 him, by the Promise he had made, than I thought  
 he had brought.

Indeed he began to be a very strict Observer  
 of his Word, and confin'd his Behaviour to Terms  
 that were very remote, and almost Aliens to the  
 former Testimonies of his Love; so that in five  
 or six Months time, not so much as perceiving  
 one Spark of his Flame brake outwards; at first  
 I believ'd his Discretion had kept his Passion Pri-  
 soner, on Purpose to please me; and in sequel I  
 thought he had intirely driven it from his Heart.

*Cesa-*

*Cæsario* himself was of the same Opinion, and all those (who from several Signs had received a glimmering Intelligence of his Love, perceiving the feverish Heat of his officious Behaviour towards me, retire to such a moderate Temper, as implied no particular Design) concluded with us, that the Difficulties he encountred in my Spirit, had doubtless beaten off his Batteries, and oblig'd him to raise the Siege; for myself, I was grown so confident, I had not mistaken him, as, by little and little I had almost quitted all my Resentment against him; and perceiving what strict Rules he still observed in his Carriage towards me, I began to regard him with almost as smooth an Aspect, as before the abortive Birth of his Affection.

But it seems I had rowed long enough in a Calm, and my Fate thought it time to acquaint me with those cruel Storms of Misfortunes, that have since cost me so many Sighs.

At that Time *Nubia*, which had heretofore been a puissant Realm of itself, and was then rang'd as a Province under the King my Father's Dominion, by the secret Practices and Instigations of our Neighbours the *Ethiopians*, or rather the *Romans*, who had newly usurped their Empire, universally rose in Rebellion with so unbeliev'd an Expedition and Promptitude, as before the certain Intelligence of it could arrive at *Meroe*, the Infection was spread through all the Provinces of that Country; those that had express'd any Fidelity to their Prince, were all inhumanly murder'd, and the *Nubians*, having crown'd a King of their own called *Evander*, derived, as they pretended, from the sleeping Pedigree of their ancient Princes, were already grown to an apparent Condition of maintaining their new Monarchy against all the Force *Ethiopia* could make. Their

Com-

Commander (who was brave among the Harveſt, and known by a thouſand Actions of Valour, which had gotten him a high Repute) did not promiſe himſelf leſs than the Conqueſt of all thoſe Countries that obeyed my Father, and not only thought he ſat ſure in the Poſſeſſion of that he had already uſurp'd, but prepared to invade our's with a very formidable Puiſſance.

The Arrival of this ſtrange News ſpread a general Amazement through the whole Court; but the King, who had ever prov'd himſelf a courageous and magnanimous Prince, quickly took care to ſtiſſe the Aſtoniſhment, and dexterouſly rallying his diſperſed Forces, he diſpatch'd a powerful Army againſt the Rebels, under the Conduct of *Tyribafus*, as he of all his Nobility, on whoſe Valour and Experience, his Expectations lean'd with the greateſt Confidence,

*Cleomedon*, like a young Lion, fiercely leap'd at this Alarm, and thought he could not think of marching under the Command of *Tyribafus*, without ſome Reluctance; yet with a warlike Ardour, preferring his intended Purchase of Glory, before the Shame of obeying a Man, whoſe Birth had made him his Inferior, he reſolved to go that Expedition; but the King (whoſe Head was hatching other Deſigns for him) would not ſuffer him to march with that fiſt *Campania*, and (though with much ado) at laſt he moderated the Impatience of his eager Spirit, with a Promiſe to give him command in the next Employment, wherein he might ſignalize himſelf to a greater Advantage of Glory; to the King's Authority I added mine, which prov'd not too feeble to arreſt him; and in fine, over-power'd by the double Obedience, which he ever divided betwixt the Father and the Daughter, grew contented to ſtay with  
us



us at *Meroe*, though still expressing his generous Impatience, with all the Signs of an illustrious Courage that could be desired in the Son of *Cæsar*.

In the meantime, *Tyribasus* marched against the *Nubians*, and not to trouble you with a vain Recital of his particular Actions, I will only tell you, that he did a great many brave Feats, both as Commander and Soldier, that were worthy to be rang'd in the number of those that compose his haughty renown: He defeated the Enemy in two great Battels, but unfortunately engaging in a third, about the end of the Summer, at a place where our Army could not fight, without much Disadvantage, he lost the Day by so considerable a defeat of his Troops, as that single Misfortune pluck'd all the Fruit of his former Successes, and so strangely altered the Face of our Affairs in that Country, as all we could do for the rest of that *Campaign*, was to quit the offensive part, preserve what he had gotten, and stop the Torrent of our Enemies progress. He might yet have probably recovered his Advantages by a large recruit the King was ready to send him, when to double the disaster, having stood the shock of many a cruel Storm, and expos'd himself to excessive toil while the Winter lasted, he fell sick of a desperate Malady, that led him to the very extreams of his Life; in that interim, while his disease detained him Prisoner, the Evening had almost finished the ruin of our Affairs, and when his greatest danger was over-blown, his health made her approaches with such languishing and staggering steps, as all his Physicians assur'd him, that if he chang'd not the Air, they had little hope to compleat his Cure.

The King sadly received this News, not doubting but the return of *Tyribasus* would leave all things

things there involv'd in a very hopeless confusion; but as he ever tenderly lov'd his Person, and passing his thoughts upon the inconsiderable Service he was able to do him in the Army, while his indisposition lasted, he resolv'd to call him home, and presently sent him Orders to return to *Meroe*, with all the expedition that his health would permit. He sent him not this Command, before he had resolv'd to go fill up his empty place with his own Person, and to that end hasting those Levies were pre-design'd for *Nubia*, his Preparations for the Voyage went forward with so dexterous a diligence, as when *Tyribasus* enter'd *Meroe*, the King was ready to march out.

*Tyribasus* appear'd at the Court with a very pale Visage, that still shew'd the Foot-steps of his scarce departed Malady, and the King receiv'd him, not only as the worthiest of all his subjects, but as his own, and only Son, or (if any Fancy can find out such a Person) as something yet more deeply indear'd.

Before his departure, he left the Government intirely in his hands, declar'd him President of the Council in his absence, and committed his Kingdom, his Daughter, and all his Affairs, with an entire Confidence, and an absolute power to the disposal and management of his Care.

If *Tyribasus*, by the cunning countenance of his dissimulation, had not already strangled all the Suspicions I had of him, I had oppos'd all my power against that absolute Authority the King left him, and *Cleomedon* would never have suffered me to stay under the Guard of a Person so suspected; but in all his Actions, both before his *Nubian* expedition, in his departure, and at his return, he treated me with a coldness so incompatible

tible with affection, as I easily believed there was not so much as one single Root of it left alive in his Spirit. The King having left this order at *Meroe*, disposed himself to depart with *Cesarion* in his Company, whom neither he nor I were then any longer willing to detain from the War; not that his absence (since I lov'd him as dearly as decency would allow) did not deeply perplex me: But seeing the King my Father was going to expose his own Person to the Hazards of the War, I thought I should sin too much against *Cesarion's* Virtue, to keep the Passage against him in his Way to Glory, or detain him with me, where now he could not stay with any Safety to his Credit; he wasted divers whole Days in the Repetition of his passionate adieus, and if he made me a thousand Vows of preserving an invincible and immortal Fidelity, I requited him with a thousand Assurances, that I would ever prefer him (till Death divorced us) before all the rest of Mankind.

The Day of that cruel Separation being arrived, I took leave of the King, and *Cleomedon* of me, with all the sincerity and tenderest Proofs that were ever express'd by affection, and the parting with both, assaulted my Soul in several places, with a Grief so violent, as receiving the King's last embraces, I was like to fall at his Feet in a swoon, timorously gathering an unlucky Augury from the exquisite Sense of those redoublings of affection. The King who perceiving it, endeavour'd to sweeten my apprehensions with some comfortable Words, but they were not strong enough to put my Grievings to flight, nor banish those prophetick Fears from my Soul, which staid there by the Authority, not only of known, but undiscovered causes.

*Cleo-*

*Cleomedon* gave me the first Adieu, and perceiving the rest of the Company (while he was taking his leave) to be all so busied about the King, as none were near enough to over-hear him: 'It's impossible Madam, *said he*, I should  
• carry myself away from your Pretence, without  
• a Torment too violent for my Face to dissemble,  
• but I will learn to cather a large part of  
• my Woes, if your Compassion gives Comfort,  
• and allows me to hope, that neither time, absence,  
• nor any of those Accidents that may cross  
• our Fortune, shall ever have power to exercise  
• your Tyranny, upon that privilege I hold of  
• your Bounty. For that, *said I*, you have my  
• Promise, and shall ever know me as inviolable  
• in the observance of it, as I hope to find you  
• Loyal and Religious in performing the Vows  
• you have made. That confidence, *said he*, creates  
• me happiness that infinitely transcends my  
• merit, and I hope to carry your beautiful Image  
• into places where it must infallibly gather the  
• Bays of a glorious Victory: I cannot borrow  
• meaner hopes, *said I*, from my opinion of Valour;  
• but among all those dangers you intend  
• to brave, do not tye yourself so strictly to the  
• thoughts that you are *Cesar's* Son, to forget the  
• propriety *Candace* has in you.

After these Words he kissed my hand; and having taken his last leave, he left me to the King, who came with open Arms to bid me farewell: I had a Face overflow'd with Tears, which might well fetch their Pedigree (in the common opinion from no other Fountain than the King's departure, and those that stole into the Flood for *Cleomedon's* sake, ran along with the rest, as if they had started from the same Source, though (if I may say it, without offending the Laws  
of

of a filial Piety) they out-swelled the rest in number.

I saw them both mount their Horses, and really *Cleomedon* (for in that my opinion was the legitimate Child of truth, and no way led astray by the Biass of affection) appeared in a posture so Heroick, as might kindle Envy in those Souls, to whom Nature had lavished the greatest Advantages. He was that Day covered with Arms, that were rather designed for Parade than Service, and that was the first time the *Roman Eagle* was seen to display her Wings, and proudly erect her two Heads amidst the Gold and Jewels that adorned her Casque and Shield. Near the Imperial Eagle appeared a young one, that with a bold Wing and open Eyes, seemed to strain his Pinions against the Sun to prove his descent Legitimate, with these Words: *The worthy Son of such a Father.* *Cesar* had only added the Eagle and Motto to the ancient device, having received those fair Arms at his departure from *Alexandria*, as a Gift from the Queen his Mother, in whose custody they were left by *Julius Cesar*, after they had faithfully served him in most of those dangerous Battels that got him the greatest name among Men.

Under these beautiful Arms the young Warrior advantageously mounted, appeared so fierce and yet so noble, as endeared him to the affection and respect of every Soul that beheld him; but I doat too much upon his Description, and indeed, Madam, to comprehend it right, 'tis but fit his Pourtraiture should be limned as well to the Life in your imagination, as my Heart has drawn it upon it self.

This young Heroe marching by the King's side, and circled with the general applause of all the

*Ethio-*

*Ethiopians*, went out of the City, and left me half buried in a cloud of sad and fearful apprehensions behind him.

*Tyribasus* whom the Physicians had forbidden to ride, staid some time with me in the City, and employed a great part of it, in striving to confute and divert my melancholly thoughts, with a Face so seriously honest, that none could ever think it belonged to a Man that was linked to any other Interest than the Service of his Master.

I did not then refuse his Converse, in which he was so far from uttering a Word, as he did not so much as mingle one Look of Love; and I was grown so confident in a blind opinion, that he had totally disbanded all his passionate Follies that displeased me, as I began to interest myself in the return of his Health, and was glad to see his colour and strength coming to their usual Vivacity.

In the mean time you need not doubt but my thoughts were entirely tyed to the remembrance of what I loved; and if I sent any Vows to Heaven for the King my Father's safety, you will easily believe I forgot not to mention *Cesar*'s, whose image was pourtray'd so lively in my Heart by the innocent skill of a chaste Affection, as the vast distance betwixt us was utterly incapable to blot or blemish it. There were few hours in the Day, that I did not dedicate to his memory, and few Days wherein I did not often tremble at the thoughts of those dangers he was going to encounter, when I chanced to hear those that returned with *Tyribasus*, discourse of the *Nubians* Valour, and their Commander's Gallantry: 'Ah! they are too too Valiant, *would I said*, for my dear *Cesar*, and their merciless Swords will possibly divide the thread of his Life, with which mine is inseparably twisted.

I had more reason to credit my Fears for him, than the King, well knowing that his boiling youth would hurry him to a precipice of perils, to which the solidity of my Father's maturer Age, and the care that guarded his Office, would rarely expose him.

I unladed all my thoughts of this Alliance into the breast of *Clitis*, who was still the partner of my solitary walks, both in the Gardens and other parts of the Island, that were fittest to flatter melancholly, where we still entertained the time with discoursing upon the subject of my apprehensions; but we were often interrupted by *Tyribastus*, who cunningly forbearing such Language as might probably unrake the embers of his Passion, did yet strive with an active industry to prefer himself to some credit in my thoughts, and eagerly fastned his endeavours upon every occasion that might give me a good opinion of his Person, and advertise my apprehension how much he had obliged me.

And it is time to leave talking of myself, and acquaint you how our Warriors behaved themselves in *Nubia*, which I intend as succinctly as possible, as well because the Sex excuses my ignorance in Military matters, as that I am loath, with a long Discourse to be uncivil with your patience.

Before the King set forward in Person, he had sent 30000 Horse, and 50000 Foot upon their march towards *Nubia*, raised out of those Provinces that were adjacent to *Meroe*, as the *Troglo-dites*, *Attatales*, *Memnonians*, and divers others, which after (in a few Days journey) he had overtaken, and rendezvous'd, he march at the head against the *Nubians*, who (having defeated those reliques of a shattered Army that *Tyribastus* had left in their Country) proudly crested with suc-

cess, had already left their own Limits behind them, and begun to wave their Ensigns upon our Territories.

At first *Cesarion*, excusing his refusal of Command, with the incapacity of his youth, would needs combat without any Charge; but at those first encounters that offered him occasion to signalize himself, the King perceiving that with his admirable Valour there was linked a Prudence little short of his sagest and most experienced Captains, would needs (without admitting any more of his modest denials) inforce the Command of his Vaunt-guard upon him; and was infinitely pleased to see him daily draw out Parties from the Troops of his Cavalry, and charge others that were sent out by the Enemy so bravely, as he still brought away most remarkable Advantages. All those that saw him fight, spread reports of his Valour, that posed the belief of the rest that had not yet beheld it; and the meanest Elogy they could give him, was, that he broke through the Ranks of his Enemies like a Whirlwind, with a brave disdain of danger, darted himself into the thickest throngs, throwing down all that opposed his passage, and that he alone, by the prodigious effects of his Valour, and the example he gave to those few that followed him, often routed whole Squadrons.

The King who daily saw him come home, charged with the spoil, and covered with the blood of his Enemies, grew inflamed with love and wonder at his incomparable Gallantry, which hastned the compleating of those designs he had long been framing to his Advantage. Thus they wasted more than three months in Facings and Skirmishes, before they could draw the Enemy to a general Battel; and their Commander, who

was



was wise, as well as valiant, considering he was then in an Enemy's Country, prudently concluded, he could not hazard a deciding blow, without venturing more upon the game than we; besides, he had a hope, by his temporizing delays (while he still enforced his own by continual supplies) to destroy our Army by a lingering disease, still charging our Troops, when any Advantage invited, either in straits or difficult passages; yet at last marching up to a place that the King had besieged, with intent to put in a supply of Men, he was insensibly engaged to a combat, (though the greater part of both Armies struck not a blow) and in fine, the Victory declared for us, by the loss of more than 15000 of his Men.

The King presently sent us this news to *Meroe*, and I received by the same Person that brought it, who was one of *Cleomedon's* Servants, two Letters together that were both infinitely welcome; my memory has lost the Words; but if that which came from the King was stuff with *Cleomedon's* praises, to whom he attributed all the glory of the Victory; the other that spoke from *Cesarion's* hand, contained nothing but deep Vows (put in so very passionate terms) of an immortal Fidelity: He since sent me divers others, by which he powerfully confirmed himself in the possession of my Heart; nor did I make any scruple to assure him of it by two of mine, which (encouraged by a confidence that the King would not take it ill) I adventured to write to him.

After this Advantage our Army had gotten, *Evander* taking advice of necessity, retired a little, and gave the King liberty to sit down before divers places that stood in his way, which because they had no time to fortify themselves, were easily carried; but in that interim there passed many

memorable Encounters, of which I still received a clear account by divers Letters from *Cleomedon*. But why should I longer defer the sad recital of my Misfortunes? Since my Relation cannot pass to a period, without touching that by the way, what pleasure can I take to retard it? Six full months were already run through the Glass of Time since the King entered *Nubia*; and our Army had already cut off in divers Combats above 40000 of the Rebels, and lost at least half that number of our own Men; when about three Days journey from *Tenopsis*, the Metropolis of *Nubia*, upon the banks of *Nilus*, that travels with his Silver streams through that Country, as well as *Ethiopia*, *Evander* having reinforced his Army with very numerous supplies, presented him Battel.

The King (though his Forces were far short of the Enemies number) accepted the offer, and drawing up his Squadrons into the form that he judged most advantageous, he resolved to lead them on to the Combat in his own Person, though much against the mind of *Cleomedon*, and the advice of all those whose loyal care kept a strict Centinel upon his safety. Never was there seen (as I heard from very intelligent Persons in the Trade of War) a more beautiful order observed in the ranking of Men on both sides, nor ever did two Armies dispute a bloody difference with a greater overflow of courage and obstinacy than those; the *Nubians* behaved themselves that Day more like invincible Warriors than barbarous Rebels; and the *Ethiopians* animated by the presence of their King, did feats worthy to be listed in Story as a pattern for surviving Ages. The unfortunate *Hydaspes* led on by the cruelty of his Fate with all sorts of unlucky presages, hotly charged into the Enemies rank, and forgot the General's  
part

part so unhappily, as engaging his Person too far within a throng of his Enemies, he was twice beaten from his Horse; but as if those two falls had been given him on purpose to raise *Casario's* Valour to a sublimer pitch of glory, the young Prince still keeping a careful Eye upon his Person, flew in so happily to his rescue, as he both times drew him from the jaws of danger, bravely mounted him again, and cut him a large passage, at the infinite expence of *Nubian* Blood, through a numerous press of his Enemies, whose blind Swords would have made no distinction betwixt his and common Lives. *Casario* often earnestly intreated him to set a greater price upon his safety, and retire beyond the reach of those dangers that loudly threatened him; but he seemed offended at that request, and greedily desirous to open himself a way to Victory with his own hand, he rushed in the third time among the ranks of his Foes so unfortunately, as receiving two deep wounds in his body, he fell from his Horse half dead to the ground.

*Cleomedon* (whom excess of Courage had carried a little too far before him) chancing to turn his head, and perceiving how hotly it was fought on both sides about the King, who was then newly beaten from his Horse, came back like a tempest upon his Enemies with a rage so irresistible, as all those that stood in his way, received dispatch for the other World, and never needed to trouble a Chyrurgion, if any of his blows hit right upon them; and thus his Sword, having made him a lane large enough to get up to the dying King, with a loud interjection of grief, he threw himself from his Horse, caught up the King in his Arms, and with a prodigious force, which the distraction of his sorrow had much augmented,

laid him upon his shoulders; by that great Act striking such terrour through all those Enemies that stood in his passage, as not one had the daring to oppose the piety of his design. 'Tis true, that some of the faithfullest among the *Ethiopians* came into the assistance of his generous intention, and (spurr'd by Grief and Anger, then the twins of Loyalty) they fiercely flew among the thickest of their Enemies, and scattered their throng so happily, as *Casario* had liberty to carry the King out of the Fight to his Chariot, which was left near that place at the beginning of the Combat.

Immediately after the Night arrived, clad in her deepest black, and parted both the Armies, before the Signal of retreat could be given by the Trumpets of either party; and though our Enemies lost more Men than we, yet then the Armies fell off from each other, the Victory betwixt them, as yet irresolute to which party she should shew partiality.

In the mean time the sad *Cleomedon* put himself into the Chariot with the King, and while he made it move gently towards his Tent, with inconceivable grief, he perceived that poor Prince draw near his end; but when they were come thither, the King laid in his Bed, and the Chyrurgions that searched his wounds had pronounced them mortal, the desolation was great, as if all *Ethiopia* had perished with him, and received an arrest from Death, to go and pay him their old Allegiance in the other World.

*Hydaspes* was only he that appeared untroubled, and perceiving *Cleomedon* (whom he tendered with an affection that might well have served for an only Son) to weep, tear his hair, and torment himself in a desperate manner, he fell a struggling with his own weakness to give him comfort, and forced

forced his Soul to stay her flight for a while, till he had reasoned against *Cæsario's* affliction, with such a gravity of stile, as turned all the assistance into wonder it self at the grandeur of his Courage.

In fine, perceiving the Glass of Life was turned for the last Hour, and by the help of many Torches that were lighted up in his Tent, seeing the principal Commanders in his Army stand round his Bed, after he had regarded them with a serious and assured Aspect: *My Friends, said he, do not* so tamely lament the destiny of a Prince, wherein there is nothing calls for so weak a passion as pity; I die like a King while I thus march off the World's Theatre in the field of honour, and by the last Actions of my Life, I leave no spot of shame upon my memory; if you have any love still alive in your breast for your dying Master, give me the proof of it, when I am Ashes, in your obedience to what I ask at your hands, and suffer me to die in hopes that my last Commands shall be accomplished. You know I leave no other Heir behind me than my Daughter, the Princess *Candace*; she is now to succeed to my Scepter as your lawful Queen, and possibly such a one as will not prove unworthy to command you. I thank the Gods that they have given me time before my Soul turns her back upon the World, to chuse her such a Husband, as without fear or shame she may receive by my Orders and a general Approbation; *Cleomedon*, who though a Stranger among us, is he of all Men whose Alliance is dearest to my wishes, and whose Government will be sweetest to you; his Person is known to you, his Birth to some amongst you, and of those the rest may easily be informed, that there is none upon Earth can justly boast so sublime an Extraction,

• tion, and therefore none likely to leave a more  
 • illustrious Race of Kings to *Ethiopia* than he:  
 • Receive him after me both for *Candace's* Hus-  
 • band, and a King to those People which I am  
 • forced to abandon, and with him this promise  
 • from your dying King, that the Gods never  
 • gave you a happiness parallel to that you will  
 • enjoy under the sway of his Scepter.

*Hydaspes* spake in this manner, while all the  
 assistants almost swam in their own Tears to hear  
 him, and though they highly approved his gene-  
 rous and yet prudent choice of *Cleomedon* for a  
 Successor; yet excess of Grief so overflowed the  
 passage of their Words, as they were pos'd for the  
 present to express their resentments; and well  
 might he, since he who alone had more interest  
 than all the rest, even *Cleomedon* himself, instead  
 of paying his acknowledgment for a favour that  
 topped his tallest wishes, appeared in a more de-  
 jected and dying posture than the King himself.

At last, my Father stretching out his hand, and  
 calling him by his Name: '*Cleomedon, said he,*  
 • I leave thee my Daughter and my Crown, ac-  
 • cept the Present, my Son, since I have nothing  
 • more precious to bestow upon thee.' *Cleomedon*  
 putting one Knee to the ground, took the King's  
 Hand and kissed it, but he had not the power to  
 bring forth one single Word; and the King after  
 a few other short-breathed Discourses, wherein,  
 among other things, he commended *Tyribasus* to  
 him, as a Man very capable of State-employ-  
 ment, his Spirits wasted themselves by degrees  
 to that low Ebb, as in fine he lost his Speech,  
 and within an hour after his Life.

• Pardon me, Madam, *pursu'd Candace, with*  
 • a Face cover'd with tears, if I cannot pass this  
 • Tragick part of my Story, without paying this  
 • 'worry

- watry tribute (demanded by Nature and Reason)
- to the Memory of so sad a loss : Madam, I lost
- a Father, to whom I was very dear ; and a
- Father whose Virtues merited the esteem and
- love of all that knew him.

He remain'd cold and pale in *Cesar*'s Arms, and that Prince whose former affection to *Hydaspes*, as his Protector, his Benefactor, and the Father of *Candace*, was passionately increas'd by his last scene of kindness, after his death appear'd in a condition little differing from his, as if one Soul had animated both their Bodies, and the same time forsook and unfurnished her double mansion. From this profound astonishment he succeeded to sighs, and then by degrees found a tongue of his griefs, which deliver'd themselves in such doleful accents, as wrought as much pity from the company, as the loss of their King that caus'd them. All the credit that his Governour *Eteocles* had with him was then grown very necessary, and after he had suffer'd him to waste that whole Night in sighs, tears and plaints, whereof I suppose you willing to bate me the recital, he could find no other way to reduce him to himself, than by presenting me to his memory ; that proved the strongest bridle, to retire the overflowing of his woes ; and began to lead his thoughts aside from the Loss, to a reflection upon the Legacy. The Day following he grew more flexible to those reasons that assaulted his melancholly ; and at last knocking off the Manacles of his grief, and restoring his Courage to a perfect liberty, which indeed (as the general interest of *Ethiopia* was then temper'd) necessary enjoined ; after he had caus'd the King's body to be embalmed, with an intent to lay him at *Meroe*, with the Ashes of his Ancestors, and remem-

bring the Enemy was near, by a general Consent, he took the Command of the Army, with a solemn Oath, in presence of all the Officers, that he would never turn his Back upon *Nubia*, till he had bath'd his Revenge of their King's Death, in whole Rivers of the Rebels Blood.

This Promise was fortunately followed by Effects, and the next Day having taken a general Muster of his Army, and finding it still consisted of more than 10,000 Horse, and 35,000 Foot, he put himself in the Head of it, and marched directly to *Tennuffis*, whither the Enemies Army was newly retir'd. It yet amounted to more than 50,000 Combatants, and their General *Evander*, (who had already been advertis'd of the King's Death, with which he fed the fairest Hopes of his Success, and disdaining to fear a Man whose unpractis'd Youth he concluded incapable to manage so great a Command) marched up to him with a Confidence full of Pride, and offered him Battle.

*Casario* accepted this Defiance with a fierce Joy, and actively appeared at the Head of his Troops, in an Armour, whose deep Black represented the Sadness of his Soul, though now half turned into a noble Anger; he led them on to the Combat with such a daring and undaunted Resolution, animated the coldest Courages, with Examples so brave and beautiful, and spy'd them out Advantages by such a prudent and quick-sighted Conduct, as the Victory, long disputed by hot Arguments on both Sides, list'd herself on our Party; but she came in Scarlet, for the greedy Fury both of General and Soldiers, still hunting for Blood to quench the Thirst of the Revenge for the King's Death, did that Day sacrifice to his Ghost above 40,000 *Nubians*, and compell'd the rest that  
escaped



escaped the Slaughter, to seek their Safety within the Walls of *Tenupsis*, which opened its Gates to favour their Retreat.

Three Days after, the victorious *Cleomedon* (though he had taken some slight Wounds in the Battle) sat down with his Army before it, but because the City was strongly fortified, and now defended by above 10,000 Men, it held his whole Army Play for at least three Months time, during which, *Evander*, who disdained to shut himself up within the Walls of a Town, dexterously posting in person from Place to Place, where he had his greatest Resources; was grown as strong in Number as before, and had once more received a Condition to spin out the War to a tedious Length.

At last the besieged City was carried by Storm, and all *Cleomedon's* Authority could not hinder the *Ethiopians* from cutting the greatest Part of the Soldiers that defended it, in Pieces, and leaving very cruel Marks of their Vengeance in that desolate City.

After *Tenupsis*, *Cleomedon* besieged, and with less Pain, took in divers other Cities, that were seated upon the Banks of *Nilus*; and when he had totally ranged that Country under his Obedience, he advanced to meet *Evander*, who (once more desirous to try his Fortune) came up the third time to give him Battle. *Cesarion* proved again victorious, and not to amplify my Story with needless Circumstances, or over-lade this Relation with Things that pass by Experience, in one Year's time, which he spent in recovering *Nubia*, he defeated the Enemies in five signal Battles, took ten or twelve of their Cities by Force, reduc'd all the rest by the Terror of his Arms; and for a Conclusion of his glorious Exploit, accepting a Defiance from *Evander*) now brought to the Brink of

of his last Extremity) that challenged him to a single Combat, he fought with him in a View of both Armies, bravely slew him upon the Spot, and by his Death, cut up the last Root of that Rebellion.

I have suffered my contracted Recital to go down the Stream of *Cleomedon's* Actions, without touching some other Things that pass'd in the Interim of much greater Concernment to myself, than any I have yet mentioned; but I traced these Passages as far as they would reach, that I might not distract the Method of my Story; and now I shall step back to some Accidents that beset myself, whereof the Recital will doubtless be less offensive, than my late Discourse of War, which yet I drew within as narrow Compass as my Skill would give leave. 'Think it not possible, Madam, ' *reply'd the Princess Elisa*, that I can taste any ' Trouble in your Narration; you tell your Story so gracefully, and I already feel myself so ' deeply interested, both in what Regards your ' own Person, and concerns the Adventures of a ' Prince so accomplished as *Cesaris*, as it is only ' a Divertisement of this Nature, that has Power ' to conclude a short Truce betwixt my Griefs ' and I.' 'The Gods grant, *reply'd Candace*, ' *embracing her*, you may receive as happy a ' Release of all your Sorrows, as my Wish can ' contrive for my own Misfortune; in the mean ' time, since you have relished some Pleasure in the ' Beginning of my Story, I hope the Part untold ' will much improve it, because it contains Adventures of more Importance, and much more ' worthy of your Attention.



# Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

## *Love's Master-Piece.*

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### PART III. BOOK II.

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#### A R G U M E N T.

*The politick Practices of Tyribafus, to play the double Game of his Love and Ambition. He feizes the Sinews of the Kingdom, furprizes Meroe, and fecures Candace's Perfon. Cæfario haftily advances with his thin Army, to pluck the Prey out of his Hands: Defeats Antenor's Forces by the Way, and kills him. Fights the grofs Body of Tyribafus's Army, with his handful of wounded Men, which is all cut off, and himfelf (after he had deeply hurt and unhors'd the Tyrant) thrown to the Ground among the Dead. The unhop'd Intelligence of his miraculous Escape ftops the Source of Candace's Tears for his Lofs; by a fecret Combination,*  
be

*he plots her Liberty, and the Tyrant's Ruine. Surprizes the Palace by Night with 4000 Men, and sends her down the Nilus to the City of Bassa; she is taken in the Way, by the Pirate Zenodorus. Her strange Delivery from the Rage of his brutish Lust, by the successive Assistance of Eteoclea and Tyridates.*



**W**HILE *Cesar* was engaged the King my Father's Death, by spilling Deluges of the faithless *Nubians* Blood, and by so many memorable Victories, was raising his Renown to the highest Sphere of Glory; I staid at *Moroe*, under the Guard of *Tyribasus*, and was long kept ignorant of my deplorable Loss; 'tis true, an extraordinary Sadness that sat heavy upon my Heart, might well have hinted something to my Fears; but I still imputed all to the Absence of what I lov'd, and easily taught myself to believe, that to be barred by so vast a Distance from the Company and Comforts of a Father and a Lover, was capable enough to wrap my Soul in the dull Clouds of as deep a Melancholly; at first indeed I confess it was often intermitted by the frequent Intelligence of their happy Progress in the War, nor could I receive young *Cesar's* Letters, or listen to the Language of some that rung the Report of his gallant Actions through the City, with a mean or trivial Delight; and yet that Satisfaction, was still subject to the Checks of those continual Fears, that tender'd his Life; and I never understood how bravely he had beat off the foregoing Dangers, without trembling at the Thoughts of those that were likely to follow.

At

At last Necessity became my Intelligencer of this fatal Disaster; and the Arrival of the King's Body conducted with a solemn funeral Pomp to *Meroe*, left them no Possibility to keep the Mask any longer upon the Face of Truth. *Tyribastus* whose Authority allowed him the freest Access to my Person, was he that first undertook to break the Ice, and acquaint me with it; and his Recital of that lamentable Tragedy brought me to the saddest Estate, that any Affliction of that Nature was ever capable to reduce the weakest and most womanish Resistance. Besides, the Impressions of Blood, that still sink themselves very deep in a tender Heart; the Memory of those particular Indulgences, and Cares I received from the best Father in the World, produc'd such doleful and almost deadly Effects within me, as begot a sad Suspicion in all those that came on Purpose to bring me Comfort, that I would hardly be ever won to receive it. Complaints, Tears, and Sighs, from which nothing was capable to divert me, were the only Company I was willing to keep and converse with, for many whole Days together; and those that saw me assist at the funeral Obsequies of that Prince, with a Face that gave Colours of Death, saw some Reason for their Fears, that the Daughter would follow her Father too fast to the other World, to charge the Court with a second Mourning. And yet I must avow, that in my hottest Fit of Affliction, I could not be insensible at a Letter I received from *Cesarion*, since a sweeter Solace for my Sorrows was wrapt up in that Paper, than all other Remedies were capable of giving. It was put into my Hands, the next Day after the King's Obsequies, by a Man of his, whom he had commanded to stay the Delivery, till I had received the sad News from some other

other Hand, not willing that the first Message of my Misfortunes should come from him: I read it so often over as my Memory has kept the Words, ever since, in the same Order they were written, and I think they were these, or very little different.

*Cleomedon to the Queen of Ethiopia.*

**M**ADAM, the Gods have thought it fit to call away the King your Father from the Society of Men, to shew them by your Example, that even those Persons that nearest approach their Nature are not exempted from Adversity; and they permitted me not, without the Shame of surviving him, to render you this feeble Proof of the deep Share I go in your Affliction; yet they are all my Witnesses, that if I had not endur'd my Life for your sake, I should scarce have suffer'd him to resign his Being, from whom you had your's, and die alone without my Attendance to the other World. Nor can I stay my Thoughts upon the sad Condition, to which this deplorable News will bring you, without relapsing into those Woes, that are little short of your's. I dare not, Madam, dispute against the Expence of some Tears your Piety will doubtless pay to so dear a Loss, which your Interests here will not suffer me to come and wipe away, before I have finished the Sacrifice of that Revenge I owe to my Master's Ghost, and ramed your disloyal People to an Incapacity of raising new Storms in the Haven of your Government: But my Affection calls to your Grief for a little Moderation, and alarms your high-born Heart to arm itself in its own Greatness, for the Encounter of these Crosses that

Hea-

‘ Heaven prepared on Purpose to try its Courage ;  
‘ they are those that may raise you Trophies up-  
‘ on Fate itself, who has only forc’d a Misfor-  
‘ tune to leap over some few Years, which at last  
‘ you could never have avoided ; and they are on-  
‘ ly those (if that Consideration deserves the weigh-  
‘ ing) that have Power to appease the Perturba-  
‘ tions of a Spirit, which must still be torn with  
‘ mortal Inquietudes, so long as you are afflicted.

This Letter did really sweeten my Displeasures more, than all the Arguments of Comfort could be rais’d by the whole Company about me ; and since ’tis but fit that I pass by passionate and vain Discourses, which flow’d beyond all Rule and Measure from my head-strong Grief, I will refer them to the Judgment of your excellent Nature, and only tell you, that after I had render’d to the Death and Memory of my Father, all that might well be expected from a Child that honoured him as she ought, at length, Time, Reason, and *Cesar’s* Remembrance, began to tame the Tempest of my Grievs, and render me capable of Conversation.

I was then solemnly crowned Queen of *Ethiopia*, and receiv’d all the Oaths of Fidelity and Allegiance, with the ordinary Formalities that were anciently us’d to my Predecessors : But *Tyrinus* still kept the Power the King had left in his Hands, as well over the Militia, as the Customs and Places of greatest Importance in the Kingdom ; nor did I trouble my Thoughts in hatching any Design to eclipse his Authority, since I saw no reason to suspect he would abuse it ; and indeed, had I levell’d my Intentions at any such Thing, I should not have found it an easy Enterprize ; for the King had mounted him to such a Degree of Puiſſance, as he left himself no Possibility

bility to ruin the Works of his own Hands, tho' he had liv'd to desire it. In all the Discourses he now made me, he never mentioned the King's last Words, that referr'd to his Choice of *Cleomedon* for a Son-in-law and Successor; but I had understood from divers other Persons, and found it so fully suited with mine own Inclinations, as I felt not the least Aversion in my Soul against it, and preserved no other Thought of that brave Prince, (the Intelligence of whose fresh Victories was still daily brought us upon the Wings of Fame) than as he, whom the divine Concourse, with my Father's Will, and mine own Wishes, reserved for a Partner of my Crown and Bed. These Hopes were more and more confirmed by the still swelling Report of his great Actions, which guided him to a Glory that might one Day measure with that immortal Renown his Father's Sword had reaped. I impatiently expected the End of that civil War, that should bring him home to my Embraces, when those Designs were cross'd by a sad Revolution of my Affairs, and some strange Accidents that must succeed to the next Place in my Story.

*Tyribafus* had so cunningly covered his Ambitious Aims, not only before, but for three Months after the King's Death, as I could take no Hold upon him with the least suspicion; and I saw he still deposed himself with such an even Indifference, and an equal Proportion of Respect, as betray'd not the least Sign in all his Behaviour that would give my Heart any Hold of a revenging Passion.

In the mean time he formed Parties, fortified Places, rais'd Money, endeavour'd to gain the Hearts of the People and Soldiery, and secretly fram'd all the Engines of a formidable Puissance, that was ready for Motion, when the Affairs should  
invite



invite to a publick Appearance; then by Degrees did his Pride grow up to the same Statute of his Power, and began to hatch me a Jealousy, which already whispered me some Fears, that his Greatness would declare against *Cesarie's* Interest, and openly oppose my Designs in his Favour: I would then have been glad of a Power to have pulled him lower, but I saw my own Weakness in the large Glass of his Puissance, and I could not inform myself of any State Affair, without plainly perceiving that all the Strength of *Ethiopia* was lodged in the Head and Hands of *Tyrribasus*. However, he was now resolved to tread another Path to his Ends, than what he had formerly chosen, and instead of expressing his Love (if it were true that he did not put on a counterfeit Passion, on purpose to play the Game of his Ambition better, as some after Passages did seem to infer) by Sighs, Glances, interrupted Words, with other ordinary Marks of Affection, he still hid the Face of his Affection within the Vizard of a cold Respect, while he try'd to mine the Fort by other Engines, even the most considerable Persons of my Council, who often represented how much the Necessity of my Affairs did urge me to chuse a Husband, and give a King to my People, that might prop and assist my feeble Sex, in the Sway of so weighty a Scepter.

*Cesarie's* Absence made me disrelish all Discourses of this Nature, and endeavour to spin out the Time till he might probably return victorious, by urging an Excuse from my late Disaster, whose unlock'd Wounds still bled too freshly, so soon to license any Thoughts that could lend an Ear to their Propositions.

*Tyrribasus* living thus begun by his Agents, was resolved to set the next Part in his own Person, and

and now thinking nothing too high and hard for his Power to enterprize, he resolved to set his Intentions at Liberty, and once more bring his Passion into the List against me. To that Purpose, one Day after he had entertained me a while with some State Affairs, insensibly letting fall his Discourse where he designed it, and in spite of all the Resolution that fortified his natural Boldness, changing pale at the Thought of his Undertakings,

‘ Madam, *said he*, though your Subjects find  
 ‘ nothing in your Government that is not infinite-  
 ‘ ly above your Sex, yet if you scan your Interests  
 ‘ aright, you cannot but deem it requisite to be-  
 ‘ stow a King upon the universal Vote of *Ethi-*  
 ‘ *opia*, as well to satisfy the ardent Desire of your  
 ‘ People, as to find a sweeter Repose upon your  
 ‘ own Pillow. Reason arms itself at all Points to  
 ‘ subdue your Consent to this Proposition, and  
 ‘ urges the Necessity of a Masculine Head and  
 ‘ Hand, to defend your Territories from the In-  
 ‘ croachment of neighbouring Princes, and keep  
 ‘ your warlike People (apt enough for Instruction)  
 ‘ in a happy and calm Obedience. He let fall his  
 ‘ Eyes when he came at this Period, and by that  
 ‘ Action taught me to divine a Part of his Inten-  
 ‘ tions; this Thought struck my Soul with a ve-  
 ‘ ry sensible Displeasure, and desirous not only to  
 ‘ check, but if possible to blast his Hopes, ‘ I  
 ‘ have yet seen *Tyribasus*, *said I*, no such pres-  
 ‘ sing Necessity as you seem to imply in your Pro-  
 ‘ posal, since if they rightly ballance your Wis-  
 ‘ dom, still seconded by those prudent Heads that  
 ‘ assist you in the Management of State Affairs,  
 ‘ the *Ethiopians* need not to be hasty for a King  
 ‘ to rule them; however, when I find my own  
 ‘ and the general Interest requires it, I shall not  
 ‘ refuse, according to your good Advice, the Al-

‘ *liance*

' liance of a Prince, whose Government may prove  
 ' agreeable, and Protection advantageous to our  
 ' People.' ' I cannot think, Madam, *reply'd the*  
 ' *interested Tyribafus*, you can promise yourself  
 ' any Safety in going beyond your own Confines  
 ' for the Choice of a Husband, since if you once  
 ' empower a stranger King, to carry the Crown  
 ' of *Ethiopia* into a foreign Dominion, besides  
 ' that your People's Liberty must follow it, which  
 ' in such an Election will doubtless find an ine-  
 ' vitable Ruin; your own Condition will miss  
 ' much of that Sweetness and Content you may  
 ' enjoy of a Person below your Dignity, who can  
 ' never be so ingrateful to forget that you stoop'd  
 ' to take him up to a Sovereign Authority.' ' No,  
 ' *Tyribafus*, *reply'd I*, I shall hardly bow my  
 ' Spirit to look beneath my own Birth, among  
 ' an inferior Rank of Mortals for the Choice of a  
 ' Husband; and though I were willing to lean to  
 ' such low Thoughts, you know *Tyribafus*, I  
 ' could never justly act them, since all the Right  
 ' I might have had in my own Disposal, was  
 ' cut off by the King's last Will, who named the  
 ' Person at his Death he had design'd to espouse me.

*Tyribafus* discovering much trouble at these  
 Words, by the often changes of his Colour :  
 ' When the King named you that Husband, *said*  
 ' *he*, (by report of those that saw him) he had  
 ' lost the greatest part of his Reason, and I know  
 ' you are too well advis'd, to cast your Eyes upon  
 ' a Man that is no better than a Fugitive, de-  
 ' spoil'd of Goods, Friends, Revenue, and all  
 ' that should support him, and one that could  
 ' not have another *Asylum* in the whole World,  
 ' but what your Father gave him: Besides, he is  
 ' *Cesar's* Enemy, to whom (after the narrow  
 ' escape of his pursuit, by disguising his Name  
 ' and

He would doubtless have gone on in this pe-remptory Language, if Grief and Anger strained to their highest extream, by his unparallel'd rudeness, had not provoked me thus to intercept him.

‘ Insolent Man, said I, (*darting a look at him, compos’d of scorn and anger*) if my indulgence has fed thy pride so high to starve thy duty, I will make thee know thou hast played the Fool to abuse it, and instead of making thy self a Sovereign to thy Fellow-subjects, thou shalt soon feel that thou art still my Vassal. I will never dispute, *reply’d Tyribasus*, the Command you have over me, but *Cleomedon* shall always find my pretences are neither inferior to his in power or merit.

I had certainly lost all thoughts of patience, if after these audacious Words he had stayed longer in my Presence; but, willing to avoid the first bolts of my Choler, he withdrew himself without staying for an Answer, and left me Liberty to converse with the anxious thoughts, and digest the Cholerick humour he had stirred within me.

I should find it a hard task to represent myself, as my resentments had then render’d me, and the Agitations of Grief and Anger still kept so strong a pulse at my Heart, as made me that whole Day incapable of any Company: Oh! How did I accuse the King my Father’s memory, for lifting one of his Subjects to so prodigious a height, as gave him Commission to offend me with impunity! What vain and airy inventions did my fancy frame, to ruin the power of that Man, and stay the execution of his wicked Inventions! But alas, which of these thoughts could lead me the way to a probability of prospering in such designs! I then considered I was young, a Maid, and Queen to a People, whose whole Herd  
afford-

afforded not a Man that durst shock with *Tyribasus's* Puissance: Without the support and assistance of some faithful Persons, I found it impossible to shape any Engine or Enterprize against him; nay, had I encountred some Loyalty among my own, they would still have wanted strength to manage so haughty a design. Only *Cleomedon* (and he divided from me by the large tract of Provinces betwixt us) was the sole Person, upon whom I could fasten any rational hope of rescue; for besides, what the high reputation that his Virtue, his grand Services, and the King my Father's last Will had won him among the *Ethiopians*, might promise me, I expected all things from the greatness of his Courage, and I knew his proper interest would engage him to the conservation of what another would unjustly deprive him.

I resolved then to call him home from *Nubia*, without considering how much his presence might still be necessary among those faithless People, from whom he had already gained three Battels, and taken in a great part of their strongest Garrisons, and without staying the result of a farther deliberation, or asking the advice of any Person, I wrote to him in these terms.

*Candace Queen of Erhiopia to Prince Cleomedon.*

‘ **T**HE Victory that inseparably waits upon  
 ‘ your Sword, to those places where occasion invites you to draw it, cannot defend you  
 ‘ at this distance from that injustice your Enemies  
 ‘ and mine are plotting against you; *Tyribasus*  
 ‘ would rob you of what is due by the triple title  
 ‘ of the King's last Will, your Services, and my  
 ‘ Inclinations, and I find myself too weak to resist  
 ‘ a Puissance he has injuriously wrested from

me by Usurpation. Come away then, my dear *Cæsario*, with all the Forces are left you, to dispute pretences of more importance, than the recovery of *Nubia*, against Enemies more cruel than any you have there to encounter. I had rather lose that part of my Dominion, than prove a sad witness to the loss of those hopes you have just conceived of *Candace's* Affection.

I trusted this Letter to the carriage of one of my own Servants, whose Fidelity I knew deserved no suspicion, but it never arrived at *Cleomedon's* Hands, and understood a long time after, that not only my first messenger had been intercepted and imprisoned by *Tyribasus*, but all the rest that I sent besides, which denied me a possibility of receiving any news from *Nubia*.

In the mean time, *Tyribasus* was not ready to improve these beginnings to a progress, and since the last undisguising of his aims, pretermitted no occasion that might openly shew his designs, and acquaint every common Eye with his amorous addresses, as if he had entered the lists of Love upon equal terms, and borrowed his boldness from a parity of condition. I had almost died with despatch at his effrontery, and he no sooner opened his mouth to re-sollicit his suit, but I still gave him a rude repulse, in terms so sharp and galling, as would have infallibly urged any Spirit but his, to have raised his Siege, as doubtless himself had done, if his Love and Ambition had not drawn in the same yoke, and his desire of possessing me, been freshly supply'd with new heats from his aspiring design, to set a proud Crown upon his head.

One Day offering me his hand to lead me to the Temple, and perceiving that after a disdainful rejection of his, I had taken my Squire: 'I  
... see

‘ see my Services, *said he*, are very distasteful,  
‘ though I know no other reason, than because  
‘ they are offer’d with more zeal and ardour,  
‘ than all you receive beside from the rest of man-  
‘ kind, and possibly the same reason your Ma-  
‘ jesty takes for a just incitement of your censure,  
‘ would prefer them to estimation and acceptance  
‘ in another Spirit. I should not refuse to receive  
‘ them of you, *reply’d I*, as they are due from  
‘ a Subject, if you would only pay them upon  
‘ that score; but if they are brought to back any  
‘ other aims, I know you not, because you have  
‘ forgot to know me as you ought. It shall be  
‘ the Lesson of my whole Life, *answer’d he*, to  
‘ know you as my Sovereign Queen, at whose  
‘ Feet my Soul lies prostrate by the Command of  
‘ a double Authority, nor will I ever entertain  
‘ one single wish to get a dispensation of that ho-  
‘ mage. I here freely quit you, *reply’d I*, of all  
‘ you owe me, provided you will see me no more;  
‘ and ’tis that, *Tyribasus*, the best and most agree-  
‘ able Service I shall ever receive at your hands.

*Tyribasus* perceiving I began to kindle at this Discourse, would press it no further, but, losing all hope in his designs to vanquish my aversions in these weapons, he resolv’d to work his ends with ruder instruments than Love and Sweetness, which he plainly saw had done him no service: Suspecting the prejudice delay might produce, and fearing that *Cleomedon* returning from *Nubia*, and winning all the honest party to espouse his Quarrel, might give a dangerous shock to his ill-gotten Authority, he concluded from the arguments of an impulsive necessity to defer the blow no longer.

He was ready assured of all the strong places in the Kingdom, to the command of which he

had still observed the caution to prefer no others but such as were all at his own devotion ; the Treasure was wholly in his hands, or in those of his Creatures, and without his order neither Garrisons nor standing Troops could receive any payment ; he had so perfectly bought the Officers hearts with his liberalities that still came from my Coffers, as they were all at his disposal, and when he flew at the highest pitch of his Master's favour, having made it his care to gain himself a popular esteem, by procuring some Royal Grants, that carried the Face of a publick good, he thrived so strangely by those sly insinuations, as there were few Persons among the *Ethiopians* (and those of the best quality, who because of their Birth and Virtue, would not be corrupted by his Gifts and Flatteries) that he had not engaged to favour his Ambition. Besides, finding a pretext of making grand Levies to send into *Nubia*, where *Cleomedon's* Forces, by fighting so often, were much enfeebled, he had raised in divers parts of the Kingdom above six score thousand Men, which disposed into several Bodies, instead of marching towards *Nubia*, he had lodged in Garrisons, and caused them to be exactly paid ; by which means he made himself sure of their hearts, and held them readily disposed to act his Command, without ballancing any thoughts upon the Cause or Quarrel.

These traitorous practices were not so secretly carried, but I had notice of them, from some that suspected his drift, and still preserved an unpoisoned Fidelity ; yet I found my condition too weak to countermine his Plots ; besides, I had cause to fear, that if I first declared, I should but spur him to greater speed to his haughty Enterprize, from which a little patience might possibly divert him till *Cleomedon's* arrival, in whom I had  
circled



circled all my hopes: But I received not one answer to all the Letters I had written, and, then ignorant how the treachery of *Tyribasus* had used them, I unjustly accused my dear *Cesaris*, for taking so slight and supine a notice of my affairs and his own.

When *Tyribasus* had ripened all his Contrivances for the purpose he intended, he resolved to stay the execution no longer, and one Morning before the birth of Day, there entered, by his Orders into *Meroe*, at seven or eight several Gates about 30,000 Souldiers, under the Command of his Brother *Antenor*, and two other of his Friends, and presently seized upon the cross ways, the ends of the Streets, and all other places that were most fortificable in the City, to prevent or oppose the People's rising, if any such thing should happen.

The City was no sooner reduced to this condition, when *Tyribasus* appeared in the Streets, with a throng at his heels of his chiefest Partisans, whereof the greatest number were of the most considerable Persons among the *Ethiopians*, whose abject dispositions had lifted themselves so many fawning Slaves to his Fortune, and shewing himself in publick places, he made Orations to the Soldiers and People (which the Novelty had drawn from their Houses) interlarded with many artificial reasons: He represented that he had taken instructions from the common Interest, and not his own, to contrive and hatch that design for publick safety; that though his breast had long inclosed a Passion for me, yet he would never have lifted his Pretences to an Honour, he confessed was much above him, if I had not obliged him to it, by the discovery of a resolution, to set the Crown of *Ethiopia* upon the head of

the young Stranger, a Fugitive, abandoned of God and Men, without either support or refuge, but what he had borrowed of us: In fine, a Man to whose Regency he knew the *Ethiopian* Nobility would never submit, and one they could not suffer to share the Sovereignty, without provoking *Augustus* their mortal Enemy, and the whole Puissance of the *Roman* Empire against them. He then insinuated they might make a fitter choice of a Prince in their own Country, whose inclinations and integrity they had known by a long tract of experience, and a Man that neither wanted Wisdom nor Clemency to Govern, nor Valour to defend them from all sorts of Enemies; that the Queen, though prepossessed with some partiality to the young Stranger, would in time be reduced to do homage to Reason, when once she saw herself obliged by the universal Votes of her People, and understood by the advertisement of Time, that this petty violence was offered her to no other end, than her own advantage. He larded this Discourse with other likely arguments to take with a People that were generally inclined to wish him well; and then supported by Force, and assisted by Fear (which of all the Passions has the greatest operations upon base and vulgar Spirits) he obtained all his wishes of an intimidated People.

The honest Party sighed among themselves, at the injuries were offered to their afflicted Princess, and the King their Master's Memory, but they were too feeble both in Force and Number to divulge their discontents; and the Soldiers first beginning to cry, *Let Tyribastus be our King, let him espouse our Queen Candace*. Which was seconded so loudly by the general acclamation of those that favoured his ambitious Interests, as by  
little

little and little that Beast the multitude (ever a Friend to Novelty and Disorder) and now flattered by *Tyribasus's* promises, took example by his Friends and Soldiers to sing their parts to the same Tune through all the Streets: *Let Tyribasus be our King, let him espouse our Queen Candace.*

The principal Inhabitants of *Meroe* that would not consent to this baseness, and were not strong enough to oppose it, either kept themselves close in their Houses, or forsook the City, that they might escape the guilt of being sufferers or fau-  
tors of so black a Treason; and there wanted not some among them that secretly stole into *Nubia* with a purpose to find out *Cleomedon*, and belay him to vindicate the Quarrel of their injured Queen, or fall a Sacrifice to Loyalty.

After the consent and acclamation of the People, *Tyribasus* called a Council that consisted of a few principal Persons about him; he caused himself to be voted Prince of the *Ethiopians*, not sup-  
posing it safe (for Fear of growing odious by too manifest an Usurpation) to assume the quality of King before he had espoused their Princess.

You may easily judge that all these things (though begun in the first infancy of Day) could not pass without any knowledge, yet the intelligence came late to my Ear, and I first received it with such a troubled apprehension, as it was long before my astonished Reason could come to itself, or put any Thoughts in order to compose a Reso-  
lution; at last calling for my Cloaths (for I was still in Bed) I went out of my Chamber, only followed by my Women, with a few of my faith-  
fullest Officers, that had taken an Alarm from the Noise, to attend my Person; I went hastily down the Stairs, with a Purpose to shew myself to the People, and if possible, by my Presence,

put a Stop to the Progress of that Mischief; but crossing the Palace-Court, instead of my ordinary Guards, I found at the great Gate two Battalions of Soldiers with unknown Faces, that defended it, and insolently laid hold of my Chariot-Horses as they were passing through; and when I was lighted and come on Foot to the Gate, resolving to shew myself in the Streets in that Condition, those that guarded it, not daring to oppose my Passage with the Points of their Halberds, shut the Gate in my Presence, which at that Instance gave me Intelligence, that together with my Crown, I had lost my Liberty.

I shall forbear to repeat the passionate Complaints my Resentments sent to Heaven, against the Injuries of Fortune, since to allow them a Place in my Story, would be as useless, as themselves were vain: Yet I struggled very hard to keep a little Moderation still at the Helm of my Behaviour, and serving myself with some Courage that Heaven had naturally given me, I turned back to my Chamber, betraying less Apprehension in my Looks, Words, and Actions, than would possible have been confessed by other Persons of my Age and Sex, in a like Disorder.

When I was enter'd my Chamber, all my Maids throwing themselves at my Feet, fell a bewailing with bitter Sobs, Tears, and lamentable complaints the calamitous Condition and Captivity of their Mistress; but instead of bearing my Part, I fell a chiding the Extrems of their Affliction, and so strongly over-rul'd my own Griefs, with such a Constancy and assur'd Aspect and Gesture, as my Enemies could not so much as find a Footstep of a Tear upon my Visage. I would needs have all the rest compose their Looks by my Model, and so dispose them to it: 'Comfort yourselves my Friends,

‘ Friends, *said I*, with this Belief, that *Tyribasus* may be your Tyrant, but he shall never be your King, if he must first be *Candace’s* Husband.

After these Words, with the Addition of a few others to the same Purpose, I laid myself down upon my Bed, where I resolved to expect my Destiny with Patience. I had continued in that Posture a good Part of the Day, when (after he had brought his ambitious Ends to the Pass I related) *Tyribasus* came into my Chamber, followed by a Part of those Traitors that favoured his Design, who now no longer treated him as a particular Man, but a lawful King. As he entered my Chamber, and approached my Bed, he still affected some Form of Respect; and instead of doing Honour to his new Dignity, I receiv’d him without so much as stirring from my Place, or almost vouchsafing to turn an Eye upon his Visage. This Coldness strangely surprized him, being doubtless prepared to receive the Shock of something more violent and impetuous; and this unexpected Encounter struck him dumb for a Season, and set his thoughts on work to find out some other Discourse than what he had premeditated to comfort me; but I gave them no Time to finish it, and throwing a contemptuous Look or two at him: ‘ You have done a brave and gallant Act, *said I*, in despoiling a young Princess and your lawful Queen (committed to your Guard, by her Father your King and Master) of her Crown and Liberty, repaid that Confidence with a grand Fidelity, and made a generous Use of your Master’s Favour, whose inconsiderable Bounty rais’d your crawling Fortunes to this proud Height, and Greatness wherewith you have ruin’d his only Daughter.

*Tyribasus* was deeper galled with Shame at this calm Reproach, than if I had edged it with sharper Language and more Vehemence; nor could he cover it so quaintly that it was not easily perceived by those were near him; but as he had dexterously learned to remove all the Opposition that Shame or Remorse could plant in the Way to his Ends, he quickly recover'd himself, and regarding me with more Assurance, than the Sense of his Crime might well have left him: ' You have  
 ' some Cause to accuse me, *said he*, for counter-  
 ' vening your Inclinations, and taking Part with  
 ' your Subjects to oppose your Design in the Choice  
 ' of a Stranger, whom you could not have mar-  
 ' ried without the Ruin of your People. My En-  
 ' deavours are dedicated to the Preservation and  
 ' not the Robbery of your Birth-right; and you  
 ' have too long been Mistress of my Liberty, for  
 ' me to attempt any thing against your's: You  
 ' are still Queen of the *Ethiopians*, and shall ever  
 ' be so, since *Tyribasus* will rather die than di-  
 ' vorce you from that Dignity: But since Necessi-  
 ' ty requires that a Man should share it with you,  
 ' and with it obtain another a thousand times  
 ' more desirable, and as much more glorious,  
 ' you need not think it strange that the Desire of  
 ' acquiring you rather than that of reigning,  
 ' should wing my Pursuit of a Fortune in that  
 ' Path where Possibility was my Guide, after I  
 ' had trod all others that did but lead me astray.'  
 ' That Fortune thou talkest of, *reply'd I*, *half*  
 ' *mad with spite*, is neither thine by Birth nor  
 ' Merit, since there is too much Baseness in the  
 ' one, and too little Worth in the other; and  
 ' shou'd I ever prove so degenerate, to think a  
 ' Subject might deserve my Choice, sure I shou'd  
 ' not lose so much as a Glance upon him, that  
 ' seeks

seeks no other way to prefer himself, but by Violence and Treason. Whatever thou dost by the License of a vile Usurpation, neither thy plundered Authority, nor my Weakness can disguise our Conditions, and in spite of both, I shall always be the Queen, and thou shalt ever be my Subject. ' You should always have been my Queen (*reply'd Tyribastus, dissembling the Pique he receiv'd at my Words*) though Heaven had not given you a Crown, and I should ever have been your Subject, though the greatest Monarch upon Earth; but in your Authority and my Submission, I shall not lose a Grain of the Glory I pretend to; and when Time and Reason (which I hope will quickly uncloud your Majesty's Eyes) shall raise a Power by Degrees, to dissipate your first Resentments, I know they must be succeeded by others of a gentler Strain, that will no longer suffer you to regard him as an Enemy, a Traitor, and Usurper, that adores you with so powerful a Passion, and so perfect a Respect, and a Man whose only Zeal for your Interests, has compelled him to displease you.

He had said more in his own Defence, if after commanding him to leave me to my Repose, I had not actually assured him, by turning away to the other Side, that I was then resolved to exchange no more Syllables with him. He thought it not fit to importune me further, and after he had strictly charged those Persons about me to serve me with the same Care and Diligence as before, he quitted the Chamber.

He still left me the whole Palace to myself, with some Shadow of Respect, and a Guard for my Person, little differed in Number to those that formerly waited, but they still followed me, not so much for Honour and Defence, as to abridge me

me of my Liberty, and though with their Attendance I was allowed to visit any Part of the City, yet I never essayed to shew myself in publick, but I still found all the Passages stopped, and the Gates shut upon me. The Sense of my Captivity gall'd me more than the Loss of my Kingdom, but I endeavoured to support both with an invincible Constancy, till the Hand of Heaven should set a Date to my Afflictions, which I had little Reason to hope from the Help of a human Arm.

In the mean time *Tyribasus* appeared with all the displayed Ensigns of Royalty, kept the same Number of Guards and Officers about him, that always belonged to the Kings of *Ethiopia*, presided in State Affairs, with an absolute Authority, and though he placed my Name with his, in such Dispatches and Commissions, as carried the royal Signature, yet I was never called to their Councils, nor my Consent or Advice demanded in any Affair of Importance.

The Tyrant perplexed me with his daily Visits, and still discoursed me his Passion, I confess with little Alteration of Respect; but he did so plague me with his own, and the Sollicitations of others to espouse him, as his cruel Persecution often drove me beyond the Bounds of that Moderation I had propos'd to myself.

One Day, by an excessive redoubling these kind of Torments, he had put me past all my Lessons of Patience, and after I had suffered him a While, not without Constraint, to talk me his amorous Trash,

‘ *Tyribasus, said I, hold yourself to your first Intention, which is to reign, or (to name it better) to tyrannize over my Ethiopians, and trouble yourself no more with the other, on which you would have never bestowed a Thought,*  
‘ if



‘ if your Ends had not led you to dress Ambition  
‘ in the Cloaths of Love; had you loved the Per-  
‘ son, and not the Crown of *Candace*, you wou’d  
‘ have sought out some other Way to express it,  
‘ than by usurping her Estate, and detaining her  
‘ Person in cruel Captivity; and if you cannot  
‘ make that Crown sit sure upon your Head,  
‘ without espousing the Legitimate Heir, know  
‘ you shall never be lawful King of *Ethiopia*; the  
‘ shortest Way for you had been to cut me off from  
‘ the World; and though I now know you re-  
‘ solved to be my Executioner, that full Assurance  
‘ could not render me more your Enemy, than  
‘ those hateful Injuries you have already offer’d me.

He seldom got better Language than this at my Hands, which yet he receiv’d with an unmoved Aspect, expressing by all his Words and Actions, that he fixed his fairest Hopes upon Time, for the Change of my Humour.

In the meantime, I sigh’d away my sad Hours, in this deplorable Captivity, while the King, my Neighbours, my Allies, and most of them my near Kindred, were all so base as to let me lie in my Chains, without attempting my Liberty, so strangely had the Puissance of *Tyribasus* affrighted them; yet I strove to support their unkind, or rather cowardly Oblivion, with a calm Resentment; but I could not pass a Thought upon *Cleomedon*, that was not the Child of comfortless Grief, nor find out the Shadow of a Reason, why he should be so ardent for my Interests in the *Nubian* War, and set so slight an Esteem upon my Letters, which methought was but too plainly proved, by the Sloath of his Obedience to come away at my Command. ‘ What, *would I sometimes*  
‘ *say, with a Sorm of Sighs and Sobs*, can he,  
‘ for whom alone I suffer so many Disgraces, ap-  
‘ pear

‘pear so insensible, as not to vouchsafe one Line  
‘in answer to my Letters; and am I still such a  
‘Fool to link my Soul to an Affection, with so  
‘much Obstinacy, that has made me miserable,  
‘while he dis-esteeming my Repose, runs horly  
‘on his Chase of Glory, perhaps not allowing  
‘one light Reflection upon those Torments I  
‘suffer for his Sake; ah, Son of *Cæsar*! is it pos-  
‘sible, that among so many grand Qualities,  
‘which inhabit thy Soul, Ingratitude should find  
‘a Harbour? Hast thou tied thy Heart so blind-  
‘ly to the Dorage of a vain Reputation, to cashier  
‘the Remembrance of a Princess thou didst once  
‘love, and a Princess that has lost her Crown  
‘and Liberty, only because she would not lose her  
‘Interests in thee.

Sometimes this Thought would put me into ve-  
ry violent Resentments against him, and might  
have possibly produc’d something to his Disadvan-  
tage in my Breast, if *Tyribasus* himself had not  
served for his Justification; one Day (to convince  
my Affection to *Cleomedon*) upbraiding me with  
some Words he had seen in the Letters I wrote  
him, and this heedless Confession of his Fraud,  
by the Help of a Question or two suddenly asked  
him to that Purpose, intangled him in such a Di-  
lemma, as he could neither disavow their Surpri-  
zal, nor deny that he had ever since detained my  
Messengers in Prison. I receiv’d no slight Comfort  
from the Knowledge I took of *Cæsario*’s Innocence;  
and though I now despaired of conveying a Let-  
ter to his Hands, since I missed that Mark so un-  
expectedly, while I had my Liberty; yet I che-  
rished a Hope, that the loud Noise of my Mis-  
fortunes would quickly travel with such an Alarm  
to his Ears, as would infallibly bring him home  
to my Succour.

This

This Hope was credited with a great deal of Reason, and to seat every thing with a just Method, in its own place, that relates to my Story, you are now to know, that while I languished in Prison, the victorious *Cleomedon* had compleated his Conquests in *Nubia*, gained the last Battle, and with his own Hand killed *Evander*, the Enemies General, in a single Combat, when those faithful *Ethiopians*, that forsook *Merae*, the same Day my Misfortunes began to appear in publick, with divers others that followed him that Way from several Places, arrived at his Camp, and brought the sad News of all that had happened. He received and resented it (as I since heard) with such Apprehensions as became his Affection; and after he had openly professed the Detestation of *Tyribasus's* Treachery, in Terms that expressed a noble Indignation, in a few Days Time he settled the *Nubian* Affairs, with as much Prudence and Precaution, as his Impatience to be gone would permit him; and leaving that People no power to re-attempt such Actions of a long Time after, nor will to exchange the Blessings of a quiet Life, for the Troops of Miseries that march with an intestine War (after he had rewarded their Rebellion, with the Death of 200,000 of their Men, the taking in of all their Cities, and six signal Overthrows in the Field) he put himself upon the Way to *Meroe*, in the Head of his victorious, though shattered Army, which now scarce amounted to more than 20,000 Men, the Remains of so many Combats, where their Companions perished; but they were so entirely affected to *Cleomedon's* Interests, as they all took a solemn Oath, either to die with him in the Quarrel, or revenge and re-seat their Queen in the Throne of her Ancestors.

In this Confidence they had given him, without informing himself of the Enemy's Strength, he marched towards *Meroe* with an admirable Expedition. Those Places in his Way that held for *Tyribasus* did but vainly oppose his Passage, for he made all fly before him, with a marvellous Facility; and his Army was now encreased by the coming in of some faithful Subjects, that lifted themselves in his Troops with the additional Number of four or five thousand Men; yet he could not make so much Speed in his march, but *Tyribasus* had Notice of it before he had left half the Way behind him; the News made him haste away Dispatches on all Sides, to rally his Forces that lay scattered in their several Quarters, into one gross Body; and while this was doing, he sent his Brother *Antenor*, a brave and valiant Captain, with 30,000 Combatants, that were then ready for a march to go meet *Cleomedon*. *Antenor* advanced towards him with great Expedition; nor did *Cleomedon* make less haste to come to the Encounter; the two Armies faced one another about six Days Journey from *Meroe*; that of *Antenor's* consisted of fresh and tried Men, better armed and appointed than *Cesar's*, and much the stronger in Number; however, *Cesar* (perceiving he could not safely allow himself the Leisure to stay the ballancing of those Disadvantages) presented him Battle, and fought it so fiercely, as there had never before been acted so bloody a Tragedy upon the Stage of *Ethiopia*. I know not how to give you the Particulars, but some that were Actors there, have since related me Things that were altogether prodigious. *Cesar* flew upon his Enemies like a furious Lion, and fought more like an enraged *Hercules*, than a valiant Warrior; and after he had done Things which

which would never have found Belief among Men, if the uncorrupted Truth had not been brought away by so many Witnesses; he sought out the Brother of *Tyribasus*, killed him in the very middle of his Squadrons with his own Hand; and that Day suffering an Excess of Choler to trample upon the natural Sweetness of his Inclinations to Pity, he animated his Men with so many bloody Examples from his invincible Arm, as *Antenor's* whole Army were cut in Pieces with their Captain, and there was scarce one Man that escaped their Fury: But to qualify this Fortune, there were five or six thousand slain on *Cesar's* Party, many of the rest hurt, and himself had received two or three deep Wounds, that in spite of his Spirit forced him for divers Days to be a Prisoner to his Bed, not without some Danger of his Life.

He was ready to die with Displeasure at this Confinement, and his own Reason did assure him that the Success of his Affairs depended upon his personal Diligence; so he might easily foresee a Part of his following Misfortunes through the present Prohibition of his Liberty by those unlucky Wounds.

The News of *Antenor's* total Defeat quickly flew to *Meroe*; and if *Tyribasus* was torn with Grief and Rage for the Death of a Brother, whom he highly esteemed; I did not celebrate my *Cesar's* Success with a mediocrity of Joy, nor offer the Gods any cold or sluggish Vows for a Continuation of their Assistance.

*Tyribasus*, distracted with Fury, and deeply vowing his Brother's Revenge, made such impatient haste to draw up all his Forces to a general Rendezvous, as before *Cesar* could quit his Bed and march from the Place where his Wounds had  
detained

detained him, we beheld above 100,000 Combatants drawn together before the Gates of *Meroe*; and *Tyribasus*, after he had set a strong Guard upon my Person, and left another in the City, put himself into the Head of them, and marched against *Cleomedon*. But first, he came armed at all Points to take his Leave of me, and methoughts I saw his Anger sparkle in his Eyes; however, he struggled with himself in my Presence, to sweeten the Fierceness of his Looks: 'Madam, said he, Till now I have spared *Cleomedon's* Life, because you loved him; but the Death of a dear Brother hath strangled all the Pity I had for him, and I am now going to sacrifice him to the Ghost of *Antenor* and my own Repose, to which he would be a perpetual Trouble, should I still suffer him to stay in the World.' The Tyrant's numerous Army, and *Cesaris*'s Weakness, of which I was assured by a certain Intelligence, had already filled me with Fear of a sad Event, that was founded upon too much Reason; but this last Threat that *Tyribasus* uttered with so proud a Confidence, froze my Soul with a mortal Apprehension; and regarding him with an Eye that could not stay some disobedient Tears, which crept away upon my Cheeks: 'Didst thou go against *Cleomedon*, said I, with Forces equal to his, I would not harbour the least doubt of a certain Victory; but feeble as he is, I hope the Gods in fighting for him, will strike in my Quarrel with the Sword of Justice.' *Tyribasus* quitted my Chamber without a Reply, and in a short Time after, the City.

*Cleomedon* still kept his Bed in a very weak Condition, near the Place where he defeated *Antenor's* Army, when he learned that *Tyribasus* was

was coming to fight him in the Van of 100,000 Men, his Army scarce consisting of 16,000, and of those 10,000 wounded; besides, his own three Hurts so excessively pained him, as they might well have disabled any other Person of a more delicate Complexion to sit on Horseback; but all these Reasons could not oblige him to fly the Combat, nor lend any credit to the Counsel of his Governor and Friends, who earnestly pressed him to retire, as it was yet Time enough if he had been willing. ‘ Were there but the least Appearance of a Possibility, *said he*, to re-inforce our Army with any fresh Supplies for the Queen’s Service, I would providentially reserve my Life for her Interests; but since all my Hopes are dead, only a few excepted that still breathe in your Valour, I had rather die generously with you, than take my Life upon shameful Terms, and carry it where it cannot be useful. I shall not blame any for retiring that can be affrighted with Death; and with the help of those undaunted Courages that dare stay with me and affront it, I may possibly strike some Fear through the Soul of *Tyribasus*, in the very Centre of his Army.

With this Resolution he called for his Arms, and mounted on Horse-back, he advanced with that handful of Men to meet his Enemies, who were all resolved to die in his Company.

The next Day he came in View of *Tyribasus*’s Army that covered all the Campania, and stretch’d itself out on either Side, with two long half Moons to environ him; but he took not the least Astonishment from that Object, and turning towards his valiant Companions, with as much Vivacity and Assurance in his Looks, as if he had gone to Triumph: ‘ My Friends, *said he*, we  
‘ must

‘ must all die to Day for the Service of our  
‘ Queen; but in our Death find a Glory prefer-  
‘ rable to the Condition of our Enemies, and  
‘ offer *Candace* as fair a Sacrifice as she ought to  
‘ hope from her faithful Subjects.

At these Words he charged in through a World of his Enemies, who not acquainted with his design to die, stood amazed at the prodigality of his Valour; they were all presently encompassed by the Tyrant’s command, which they never so much as endeavoured to hinder; and *Cesar* seeking none but *Tyribasus*, made his name sound on all sides, and loudly call’d him to Combat wherever he addressed his steps or blows: Yet he had found it impossible to aboard him, by reason of those vast numbers that defended his Person, if *Tyribasus* (who indeed was a valiant Man) had refused the challenge. In fine, *Cesar* throwing down all before him, with blows that might better be called the effects of a desperate rage than a human Valour, (*Tyribasus* pressing towards him to facilitate his Enterprize) buckled with his Rival in the midst of his Men, gave him two deep wounds in the body, and threw him from his Horse to the Earth in a swoond; but *Tyribasus* was quickly relieved by a great number of his own Men that flew into his rescue, and took him up from the place where he lay, and *Cesar* (constrained by the throng to turn his Sword another way) received so many blows from his Enemies on all sides, as at last by the great effusion of his blood, and the loss of all his Forces, he fell from his Horse among the dead, without either sense or knowledge. Scarce one Man of his little Army escaped the slaughter, but they did things before they died, that may justly claim a preheminance in the story of those brave *Lacedemonians*, that acquired



quired so beautiful a reputation, by perishing with their valiant King at the Battle of *Thermopylae*. *Tyribasus* lost twice that number of his own Men that composed their Army, and himself ran a greater risque of life, than ever he encountered in all his former dangers.

In the mean time, I stayed at *Meroe* busied with Fears, Tears and Prayers, wherewith I incessantly sollicitated Heaven for *Cesarion's* safety; every thing my thoughts could glance at, served to feed those apprehensions that destroyed my repose, and I had already worn out many tedious Nights, without so much as closing my Eye-lids, when to redouble my cruel inquietudes, the Day before I learned the sad news, my Fears had so often foretold, *Clitie* delivered me a Letter she had newly received from an unknown Soldier as she came back from the Temple; suspecting the truth, I opened it with a trembling haste, and met with these Words which the poor Prince had wrote, hazarded to that Soldier's fidelity some few hours before he had charged his Enemy.

*Cleomedon to the Queen Candace.*

‘ **I** F any reason could instruct me how to render my Life still serviceable to your Interests, I would not stock it upon so desperate a cast in this unequal Combat, whereto I am now marching without any hope of Victory; and this uncertainty might happily induce me to preserve it if something did not prompt me with a probability in this attempt, of tumbling *Tyribasus* from the top of his plundered honour. Madam, if I can sacrifice him to your just resentments, and redeem you that precious Liberty and repose (of which he has so barbarously bereaved you)

‘ at

‘ at the price of his blood and mine, I will spill  
‘ them both to a drop, and perish without Re-  
‘ luctance; but if death cuts me off before I ex-  
‘ cuse the Traitor, pardon the failing of my weak-  
‘ ness, and let pity preserve some remembrance of  
‘ him, who could not part with his Life upon  
‘ terms of more happiness and glory, than to die  
‘ for the rights of his Royal Mistress.

The perusal of these Words laid a greater weight of woe upon my Soul, than ever yet it supported, and though of late it had been argued with many anxious Perplexities, yet I now resented so cruel an encrease of my misery, as rendered me incapable of company and comfort; I spent that Day in tears and sighs, but the next that succeeded it was yet more dolefully employed, since it brought me the accomplishment of all my Fears, in the sad news of *Cæsario*’s bloody defeat, with the loss of his whole Army; all those that had made me the recital, assured me he was seen fall dead from his Horse, after he had left some impression of revenge upon his Rival in two dangerous wounds he had given him, and done Actions besides of so stupendious a Nature, that they seemed to hold as great a disproportion to Truth, as those fictitious Tales of our ancient Heroes.

Madam, You will easily judge, how cruelly the sense of this disaster stretched my Heart-strings, and to confirm that thought, you may please to know that I sunk dead in my Womans Arm’s, and lay a long time in that condition, before the remedies they applied could bring back my Senses that were all fled away from their usual Offices; and when at last they waked me from my Trance, I fell a wailing my loss in the dolefullest accents, that were ever expressed by the lawfulest and most impetuous Grief: And all my Actions per-  
swaded

swaded those about me, that I was become an Enemy to my Life. My Women durst not stir from me in that estate wherein they saw cause enough to Fear, that my own hands would dispatch the business of my Despair; and all that Day I was strictly guarded, rather as a distracted Person, than a Princess, that in the preceeding accidents of her Life, had given the World so fair a Sample of her Constancy.

When my sighs had left me some Liberty to speak: 'My dear *Cesar*, cry'd I, since thy Soul is driven from her sweet habitation for my Interest, 'tis but reason mine should follow her to the other World, and I am very willing to go keep thee company by resigning that Life, which thou hast bought too dear at the price of thine; would to Heaven I could have condition'd with the Destinies aforehand to excuse thy thread for mine, thou should'st have seen me run into the Arms of my pale Executioner, with as great a greediness as hurry'd thee to this unequal Combat; but since the Deities deny'd me that favour, believe it, I will do that without repugnance to follow thee, which I would have done with joy to save thee; there is nothing left upon Earth that has power to stay me here now when thou art gone; and my last Act shall tell that Monster, who thinks he has securely seated his Fortunes upon thy ruine, that all those flattering hopes will prove Impostures.

To these succeeded a World of other Words to the same purpose; and as the kindness I shew'd *Cleomedon*, had been publickly autoriz'd by the King my Father's will, so I made no scruple to avow the Inclinations I had for him to all those that over-heard me; the Force of my imagination still kept his lovely Image before my Eyes both  
Day

day and night, and my reason was sometimes so giddied with the violence of my Grief, as I talk'd to my poor Prince in such discursive terms, as if I had seen him there in a condition to return me an answer.

My sorrows were risen to this degree, when *Tyribasus* came back to *Meroe*, or was rather brought back in a Litter, with the marks of *Cleomedon's* Valour still about him, which had made him run such a manifest hazard of his Life. He saw me not of divers Days after his arrival, as well because his wounds confin'd him to his Bed, as that he yet fear'd (understanding to what desperate estate the violence of my Grief had brought me) to appear in my presence; but so soon as the success of his cure would give him leave to take the air, he came to my Chamber. My passionate detestation of his last Act had still held it self up at the same impetuous height whereto it was risen at its first conception, and I no sooner saw him that was the cruel cause of it set his foot in my Chamber, but breaking into a furious out-cry against him: 'Barbarous Man, cry'd I, dost thou come to shew me the bloody spoils of *Cleomedon*? And could'st thou not content thy self to rob the World and me of so great a Treasure, without increasing my horror, by bringing the Face of his inhuman Butcher in my sight? Com'st thou to insult upon the miseries of a wretch, that is taking care to die, since thy cruelty has bereav'd her of him for whose only sake she lov'd her Life? And can'st thou not think thy revenge compleat in the Murder of him that merits my Affection, to the prejudice of thy unjust pretences, but thou must rudely press into my presence, to aggravate the weight of woe thou hast brought to my Soul for ever?' *Tyribasus* gave way to this torrent of Words,

Words, which was violently followed by divers others of the same stamp, till they had wearied out my weakness to admit, from a tumult of sighs and sobs, the short interruption of some moments silence, in which vacancy, striving against the stream of his own thoughts, to express some sorrow for what he had done: ' I am too deeply concern'd  
' in your displeasure, *said he*, to sing any *Io Pæan's*  
' in your presence, for a thing that immoderately afflicts you; and though the death of my  
' Brother, with divers of my Friends besides, the dangerous impediments he strewed in the path  
' of my intentions, and his particular design against my Life, might leave me little cause  
' of regret for the loss of *Cleomedon*; yet Truth herself is my witness, that his death cannot  
' sink so deep an impression of Grief in your Spirit, without stamping some sensibility of  
' the same Nature in mine; and were it now  
' in my power to give his Life, though I knew  
' it would prove yet a greater Foe to my repose, believe it, Madam, he should live again  
' upon your score; but since the Gods have neither  
' left it in my disposal, nor your power, by thus  
' tormenting yourself to change his condition, whose Obsequies you honour with the lavish  
' expence of such a treasure of Tears, chuse a resolution worthy of yourself, and lessen your  
' Grievs for him the Destinies have ravish'd, with the Consideration of what they have still left  
' you; when you have once put all things in the Scale of your Judgment, you will not find your  
' Misfortunes weigh so heavy as you thought them; and time may possibly convince you to a  
' belief, that your repose could never be better establish'd, than upon this loss, to which your  
' Eyes have paid so rich a Tribute.

He had further pursu'd this Discourse, if (no longer able to endure it) I had not thus passionately intercepted the Progress: ' Cease wicked Man, cry'd I, cease to exasperate my sorrows by thy base dissimulation, and injurious Comfort; I do not expect thou should'st drop any of thy Crocodile tears upon the Grave of *Cleomedon*, nor ought I to take advice from thee how to temper my Sorrows; thou hast not gorg'd thy cruelty enough with *Cleomedon's* blood, and the Game of thy Ambition is but half play'd out; nor canst thou perfect thy revenge upon such an Enemy, unless thou dispatchest this other half of himself that he left behind him. Thou hast no other way to fix the Crown upon thy head, which so long as thou lettest me live will sit but tottering, and when thou hast once re-united me to that part of myself from which I cannot long be separated, I will forgive all the bloody injuries thou hast done me.

To these Words I added many others with such an Excess of Vehemence, and so large a Quantity of Tears, as *Tyribasus* (not able to resist some Risings of Pity in his Breast) quitted my Chamber, and left me a little Comfort behind him in his Absence. Madam, it would ask too long a Time to repeat all the passionate Complaints that confusedly bubbled up from the Source of my excessive Sorrow: My Afflictions were strong enough to block up all the Passages of Nature; and the Contempt of Life would infallibly have laid me in the Dust, since Grief alone had Strength to drag me to my Tomb, if the tender Care of my Attendants had not half compelled me, by perpetual Sollicitations, to receive some Nourishment; or rather the Gods to whom the State of my Condition

dition was better known than myself, had not decreed me a longer Life, I think, on purpose to make it the Mark of more Misfortunes. And thus by their secret Order, I drew out my languishing Days in so lamentable a Manner, as doubtless might have furnished the rockiest Souls with a Sense of Pity. The Name of *Cleomedon* was eternally in my Mouth, and his Idea incessantly in my Memory. The continual Torments I inflicted upon myself had already frightened the fresh Colour from my Cheeks, and that slender Stock of Beauty, wherewith the general Opinion till then had flattered me, began to shrink itself behind a Cloud, and suffer so sickly an Eclipse, as those Persons that were most familiar with my Face, had much ado to know me.

I would now no longer look upon *Tyribasus*, but as a Monster that was ever ready to devour me; and whenever he approached my Presence, I still fled from him, if it were possible, as I would have done from a Tyger, or some other Beast more savage.

After having suffered for a Time (I confess with some Patience) this rigorous Usage at my Hands, he began at last to change the Face of his Behaviour towards me, and he now sought at several Encounters, to make me understand, that since Sweetness and Respect had failed to win me, he would serve himself in a severer Manner, with the Power he had in his Hands to subdue me; but I held my Life at so poor a Rate, as it easily gave me Contempt of all his Menaces, and the deep Vows I often took in his Presence to be my own Executioner, whenever he attempted any thing upon me by Violence, arrested the Effects (for a Time) of his wicked Resolutions. Thus had I lived near two Months time since the Loss

of *Cesar*, and now I had quitted my Chamber, and begun to walk in the Palace-Gardens, a Liberty was allowed me in the Presence of my Guards, who strictly observing their Master's Command, attended all my Motions, only when I walked the Alleys with my Women, they kept themselves at a Distance; and provided I was within a Reach of the Eye, they took so little Care to be nearer my Person, as sometime they suffered me to be two or three hundred Paces from them: At the beginning of my Restraint, they were much more exact, but *Tyribasus* was willing to lengthen my Chain a little, with Design to soften my Heart, and sweeten my Rigours against him, securing himself with a Confidence, that since he had laid *Cesar* in the Dust, he had no more Enemies left, that were capable to enterprize any thing for my Deliverance.

For the most part I suffered no Man to come near me in those Walks, and my Esquires, with the rest of my other Servants in ordinary, whose Offices enjoined them to be near my Person, staid by my Order with them that guarded, while I admitted no other Attendants but those of my own Sex; nay, I often commanded my Women too to stay behind me at a Distance, while propping myself upon *Clitie's* Arm, I sought out the solitariest Places to entertain my sad Thoughts with *Cesar's* Memory.

One Day I was busied in this melancholly Employment, and (supported on either Side by *Clitie*, and my Governess *Eurinoe*, in whom I repos'd an equal Confidence) was walking in an Alley, about 200 Paces from my Women, and more than twice that Distance from my Guards and Officers; when at the Corner of an Alley that led to the same Arbour, where *Cesar* surpriz'd  
the



the secret Darling of my Heart, I spied two Men coming towards us very fast; they were black, as the greatest Part of the *Ethiopians* are; but methought I observed something in the Shape and Garb of one of them that invited my Eye to a particular Attention. As they made their Approach nearer, I read some Astonishment in their Looks and Gesture, and well they might borrow it from the Change they encounter'd in my Visage; they made a Stop right against us upon *Clitie's* Side, and giving me a low Reverence as I pass'd, according to the Country Mode, one of them call'd *Clitie* by her Name pretty loud: *Clitie* turned her Head towards them; but supposing the Men had only named her in their Discourse without particular Design, went on with me in her Talk, without any further Glance at their Meaning, when the same Man that had named her advanc'd some Paces after us. '*Clitie*, (said he, with a Voice as loud as we might well understand him) *Clitie*, ' contrive it so that I may speak with you.' And after he had uttered these Words, he turned his Back upon us, and softly retir'd with his Companion towards another Alley, that they might avoid the Encounter of those that followed us.

If *Clitie* was astonished, myself was not less surprized at this Adventure; and methought I apprehended something in the Tone of that Voice, that carried through my Ear an extraordinary Alarm to my Heart. *Clitie* regarding me wholly irresolute: 'Madam, said she, what do you please ' I shall do?' My Thoughts would not let me observe her Question, so well to answer, when *Eurinoe* taking the Word: 'Madam, said she, methinks 'tis very fit that *Clitie* shou'd go speak ' with this Man; who knows but he may have ' something to impart of a deep Concernment,

‘ and as your Condition is now temper’d, such  
‘ Overtures cannot be despis’d with a Safety of  
‘ Discretion.

*Clitie* perceiving that I did not oppose this Advice, staid for no further Commission; but observing to what Part of the Garden those two Men bent their Steps, she feigned an Intent to cull some Flowers for a Nosegay; and cunningly wandring that Way, she insensibly transferred herself from Flower to Flower, till she arrived at that Part of the Garden where she saw them take Covert, without giving the least Shadow of Suspicion to those that followed us.

In the mean time I entered that Arbour with *Eurinoe*, and the rest of my Train, which because it freshly hinted *Cesar*’s Memory to my Thoughts, presenting many pleasing Passages of our innocent Affection, and had been the Scene of so many delightful Dialogues between that Prince and me, was particularly indear’d to my Choice above all the rest; but a sad Reflection upon those survived Felicities; could not chuse but set some Tears at Liberty, which troubled my good Governess to wipe away, as they crept along upon my Cheeks. After I had spent half an Hour upon this Employment, propped with *Eurinoe*’s Arm as before, I went out again to repeat my Walk, when I saw *Clitie* coming back with a Face that carried all the Marks of a Grand Astonishment, and as great an Impatience; her Approach in that Manner shook my Soul with an extraordinary Emotion, and judging she had something to say, that required no Witnesses, I doubled my Pace to go meet her, with a Pretence to give her my other Hand that was free; she tenderly pressed it with an Action full of Transport, and I saw she was in Combat with her own Amazement,

ment, and had offered twice or thrice to speak, without being able to get out any more Words than *Madam*. Every thing confirmed my Opinion, that she had some strange Things to tell me; and feeling some secret Pressures in my Soul, that gave me no less Impatience to learn her Discoveries, I walked so fast with the Help of my Supports, as we had quickly left my Followers at a pretty Distance; and *Clitie*, after she had turned her Head to see if any were near enough to overhear us: ‘*Madam, said she, Madam, call home*  
‘*your banished Joys, Cesario is alive, Cesario*  
‘*is in the Garden, and it was Cesario you saw,*  
‘*the same whose Voice you heard, and with*  
‘*whom I just now broke off in Discourse.*

These Words seized upon my Soul with so strong and sudden a Surprizal, as they wanted but little of making me fall in a Swoon between my Womens Arms; and if they had not strongly held me up, I should doubtless have betrayed more Weakness than I was willing to make known to the rest of my Company. For a Time I stood both mute and motionless, regarding *Clitie* with a languishing Eye that seemed to lend but little Credit to her Words, and the violent Agitations of my Spirit had put me into a cold Sweat and so great a Trembling, as no longer able to continue my Walk, I was forc’d to sit down upon a Bank that was near us. Experience had acquainted the rest of my Women, with the Pleasure I took to entertain myself alone with my two Favourites, and perceiving me set, they made a Stop at the Place where they were, without approaching further. In the mean time, with much Pain, I dispell’d the Force of my Astonishment, and once more turning my Eyes upon the Face of *Clitie*: ‘*Ah, Clitie, said I, dost thou abuse me, or art*

‘ thou abus’d thyself!’ ‘ No, Madam, *reply’d*  
‘ *Clitie*, I am not abus’d, I saw *Cesar*, I touch-  
‘ ed him, I spoke with him, I learned from his  
‘ own Mouth the particular of his strange Escape;  
‘ and if you please, Madam, yourself shall see and  
‘ understand as much before you quit the Garden.’  
‘ But *Clitie*, *said I*, those two Men we saw are  
‘ black as any of the *Ethiopians*, and thou know-  
‘ est *Cesar* is fairer than thou or any other of  
‘ the white Women that serve me.’ ‘ That sooty  
‘ Complexion, *answered Clitie*, is only artificial,  
‘ and *Cesar* with the Help of a little Water,  
‘ will quickly take off all your Doubts with the  
‘ black Mask from his Face in your Presence, as  
‘ he lately washed the Colour from one of his  
‘ Hands to cure my Incredulity. He and his Go-  
‘ vernor *Eteocles* are both sabled with the same  
‘ Liquor, which is very common among the *Ethi-*  
‘ *opians*, that take a Pride to be blacker than the  
‘ Hand of Nature painted them; and he could  
‘ not shroud himself in a securer Disguise from  
‘ the Knowledge of his Enemies, who (preposses-  
‘ sed with a general Opinion of his Death, and  
‘ blinded with his false Complexion) have often  
‘ pass’d by him in the very Face of the Sun with-  
‘ out the least Suspicion.’ ‘ Ah! *Clitie*, *cry’d I*,  
‘ *letting myself fall upon her with open Arms*,  
‘ I begin to find a Likelihood of Truth in thy  
‘ Relation; and indeed when that Man call’d thee  
‘ in my Presence, I distinguished the true Tone  
‘ of *Cesar*’s Voice: Great Gods, *continued I*,  
‘ *lifting my Hands and Eyes to Heaven*, great  
‘ Gods, how abundant is your Goodness!

I made a Stop at these Words, so distracted,  
and transported with Wonder, so divided betwixt  
Joy and Astonishment, as my Resentments were  
stopt

stopt up with their own Tumult in my Heart for want of Power to express them.

Madam, I need not strain my weak Reason to describe the Excess of Gladness that confusedly floated in my Soul; for since you have loved as well I, and the Powers above have parallel'd our Misfortunes so exactly, the cause of your present Sorrows carrying so near a Congruity to the same I suffered for two Months Time, your own Apprehensions will better inform you than any Expressions of mine, how I relished this Change of Fortune.

The Princess *Eliza* fetcht a deep sigh, accompanied with some Tears at this Passage of *Candace's* Relation, and lifting her watery Eyes to Heaven, with a Look that spoke for Pity, with the best Elegance of Grief: 'Immortal Gods, *said she*, how deeply should I be indebted to your divine Bounties, had they such another Favour to bestow on me! Methinks my Example, *said the Queen*, should have Strength enough to confute your Despair, and should deem myself infinitely happy, to be the Instrument of giving a new Birth to your Hopes. Alas, *reply'd the Parthian Princess*, I have little Reason to ripen any such Conception, such Events as those are too rare to be expected by miserable Persons. At these Words she fell to wipe away her Tears, and after the Queen had assisted her in that Employment, she thus went on with the Thread of her Discourse.

When I had recover'd Judgment enough to settle my disordered Apprehensions in a better Method, I think I ask'd *Clitie* a hundred Questions at a Time, and with too much haste to procure my Satisfaction, retarded it. 'Madam, *said she at last*, I passed the greatest Part of my Time

' that I staid with the Prince in an Astonishment  
 ' equal to yours, before I could clear my Doubts  
 ' that he was really living; but when my Eyes  
 ' and Ears had sufficiently confirmed it, I had  
 ' not the Conscience to keep the happy News  
 ' any longer from your Knowledge: To you he  
 ' will doubtless render a larger Account how he  
 ' came by his Life, if your Majesty now thinks  
 ' fit to admit it; and I left him with his Gover-  
 ' nor *Eteocles* in the Alley that runs along by the  
 ' Branch of *Nilus*, that borders the Garden; I  
 ' believe you may pass that Way with Secresy  
 ' enough, and speak to him without any Danger,  
 ' provided your Discourse be not long, and you  
 ' talk at a distance, forbearing such passionate  
 ' Gestures, as may give Suspicion to those that  
 ' follow us.

My hasty Joy would allow me but little Time  
 to consider *Clitie's* Proposition, and my Soul was  
 ready flown before me to meet *Cesario*; but my  
 Fear for his Safety represented the Danger in a  
 greater Figure than it really carried, and shew'd  
 me some Difficulties in that Action, that made  
 me tremble; in fine, I resolv'd to run the Hazard,  
 and after I had ardently recommended myself to  
 the Conduct of Heaven, and commanded *Clitie* to  
 stay with the rest of my Train, and hinder their  
 nearer Approach while I talk'd with *Cesario*, I  
 advanc'd alone with my Governess to that Alley  
 upon the Banks of *Nilus*.

My timorous Apprehension scarce left me  
 Strength enough to guide my Steps to the Place  
 was design'd for the Interview: But when I was  
 come so near to discern him, as he walked with  
*Eteocles*, a chill shuddering crept through all my  
 Body; Affection, Joy, and Fear seizing my Soul  
 at the same Time, with Effects so violent, as they  
 wanted

wanted but little of betraying themselves and me with too great a Noise.

'Twas well *Clitie* prepar'd me for this Encounter; for had I met *Cesar* alive in the Height of my Despair, it was much to be feared that sudden Surprizal would either have forced my Weakness, or Transport, to have blabb'd the Truth. As I made my Approaches nearer (in spite of his artificial Complexion) I easily reviv'd my Acquaintance with the lovely Features, with the Face, motions of his Eyes, his Shape and Port, wherein there was something so noble as none could imitate. Nor had he an easier Task to contain himself from falling at my Feet to express what he felt, in the proper Dialect of Passion, which doubtless was as head-strong and hard to be kept within the Reins of Moderation as mine: But understanding the Language of a Sign I made him with my Hand, he kept himself still in his Place; and when I was come upon the other side the Alley right against him, I took up my Station about six or seven Paces from his; in the mean time, *Clitie* staid those that were coming after above two hundred Paces behind us, telling them that I was in such a melancholly Mood that Day, as I could not endure any Company about me, and to that Purpose had commanded her to leave me alone with my Governess *Eurinoe*.

I had now fixt attentive Regard upon my opposite Object, and curiously seeking *Cesar* through his dusky Disguise, by the help of those Directions my Heart had given me, I easily found him; but all I could yet say to congratulate his Safety, was told him by my Eyes, was non-pluss'd, when the Prince, who had more Courage than I, to command such Disturbances, expressing that  
Pre-

Preface of respect in the Prologue of his Looks, which he durst not adventure to act in the Sight of so many Observers: ‘ You doubt, Madam, *said he*, you still doubt me for the true *Cesar*io; ‘ yes, Madam, I am *Cesar*io, and still alive for you and your royal Interests. *Cesar*io drawn by the Hand of a miraculous Providence, from the brink of his Tomb, that he might draw you from Captivity and Oppression; this Life which the Arms of so many Enemies could not cut away from your Service, is come again to your Feet to re-dedicate it at your Altar, and contrive the Sacrifice to more Advantage, than it did in the rash assault of that last Danger, whence the Gods so strangely retreated it, and *Cesar*io appears before you in a Disguise that is possibly unworthy of his Courage, but very necessary to hide and hatch his Design for your Service.

So soon as *Cesar*io began to speak, his Voice compleated my Discovery of his Person; and now discarding every little Scruple that my fearful Distrust had entertained, after I had beheld him with an Eye, that in Part represented the passionate Motions within me: ‘ *Cesar*io, *said I*, my dear *Cesar*io, if I have cost you too much Blood, ‘ I have paid you in Tears, and your Eye will easily trace the Marks of a true Grief in my Face, which are all copied from those deeper Impressions that your false Death hath made in my Heart. I have already learned too much of that from *Clitie*, reply’d *Cesar*io, and though these pale Proofs of your incomparable Goodness are a thousand Times dearer to me, than that Life which the Hand of Heaven snatch’d back from the Jaws of Ruin; I cannot receive this glorious Effect of my Fortune by such an Intelligence, nor look upon the Injuries have  
‘ been



‘ been offer’d to those divine Beauties without a  
‘ parallel Grief to the same that inflicted them.  
‘ Fear not, my dear *Cesar*, I shall quickly clear  
‘ up these Clouds again, *said I*, since your Life  
‘ is restored me, and after the Recovery of you,  
‘ the loss of my Crown is no longer capable to  
‘ afflict me; all that now lies heavy at my Heart,  
‘ is the fear I have for you, and I cannot consider  
‘ you so near your cruellest Enemies, without feel-  
‘ ing an Inforcement from my Apprehensions to  
‘ moderate the Sense of my Happiness. For the  
‘ Gods sake, *Cesar*, be dearer to yourself; and  
‘ since by the help of Heaven you have pull’d  
‘ the Oppression of a mortal Grief from my Soul,  
‘ that had buried all my Joys in your supposed  
‘ Grave; as you love me and my Life, let not  
‘ the Neglect of your Safety relapse me to my  
‘ former Miseries. Madam, I am now resolv’d  
‘ for your Sake, *reply’d Cesar*, since you are  
‘ pleas’d to ordain it, to set the Guard of greater  
‘ Care upon my Life than ever, and I beg your  
‘ Pardon for forcing it to leap such a Precipice of  
‘ Danger to so little Purpose, at a Time when  
‘ possibly it would not have stood idle or useless  
‘ in your Service. Indeed *Cesar* you have Rea-  
‘ son, *said I*, to plead Pardon for this Offence;  
‘ for though you had studied all your Life to dis-  
‘ oblige me, you could not have found out any  
‘ other Way to hurt my Heart with so deep a  
‘ Displeasure: But tell me now how Fortune con-  
‘ triv’d it to keep you still in the World, and in  
‘ what manner you deceiv’d the Eyes of so many  
‘ thousands that saw you fall off your Horse with-  
‘ out Life, among those Carcasses that strew’d the  
‘ Field. If you please, Madam, *reply’d Cesar*,  
‘ we will rather reserve that Story for a Time  
‘ when you may have Liberty to allow me a longer  
‘ Audi-

' Audience, and I cannot now contract it in so  
 ' narrow a Volume, as not to give your Follow-  
 ' ers cause to pass a dangerous Interception upon  
 ' your stay in this Place; I will only tell you,  
 ' that the Plot is laid, and the Engines all at  
 ' Work for the Delivery and Re-establishment of  
 ' your Person and Fortunes; that four or five of  
 ' your best Cities are already at our Devotion,  
 ' that we keep an Intelligence in *Meroe* itself,  
 ' and in short Time (if Heaven does not frown  
 ' upon our Enterprize) I shall be able to knock  
 ' off all your Chains, and mount you the lofty  
 ' Throne of your Ancestors, by breaking the cruel  
 ' Usurper's Neck from thence. If that hope, *said*  
 ' I, can endow my Joys with any Capacity of  
 ' Addition, after the Assurance of your Safety, it  
 ' must be only for your Interests, and then my  
 ' Content will reach Perfection, when I shall have  
 ' Power with myself to bestow a Crown upon  
 ' you, which my Father's Intentions, and my  
 ' own Inclinations had always assign'd you.

In all probability, *Cesarion* had fram'd a be-  
 coming reply to this obliging Language, when  
 turning my Eye aside, I saw *Tyribasus* appear at  
 the Alley's end, in the Head of a numerous Train,  
 coming towards us: I was startled at this sight  
 with the extreams of Fear and Aversion: And no  
 longer daring to venture my *Cesarion* near me:  
 ' See, *said I hastily*, *Tyribasus* is coming hither;  
 ' retire in time, and let me see you here again  
 ' three Days hence.' He made me no other Answer  
 than a low Inclination with his Head, and seeing  
 me pursue my walk, he turn'd with *Eteocles* into  
 another Alley to avoid the encounter of *Tyribasus*,  
 and those that followed him.

The contentment of my Soul (which break-  
 ing through the disguise I intruded on it) was leaped  
 up

up from thence into my looks, made me then suffer the sight of *Tyribasus* with a calmer temper than at other times; and though he could contrive no kindness to himself in my Face, yet I remember that I treated him with less impatience than ordinary; and my *Cesar* reviving killed the greatest cause of my hatred, I restrained that day a part of those reproaches with which I usually entertained him.

— When I was retired to my apartment, all the Persons that served me might easily perceive the sudden change of my Humour; and though my experience could point at none that deserved my suspicion, yet I strictly forbid my Governess, and *Clitie*, to impart a Syllable of what they knew to any, for fear the weakness of some among them should betray the secret, and indeed it carried too great an importance to be safely trusted in many Breasts; for those two that were Partners in it, I knew they had discretion and fidelity enough to keep it against the cruellest Menaces of death, and they managed it so prudently, as none of their Words or Actions ever left any hold for the least suspicion to fasten on.

Having thus recovered my gasping joys by such an unexpected kindness of Fortune, I had much ado to moderate their excess, and I pass'd a large part of the first Night and the following Day with my two Confidants, in an entertainment very different from those lamentable discourses and complaints that had swallowed so many of their Predecessors. ‘ Now my *Cesar* is not dead, *said I*, I will not bestow one single sigh upon the loss of my Crown, since my hopes are still alive to recover it, so long as my *Cesar* is so.’ I had consigned him the third Day to meet me in the Garden; though I made it my daily walk,  
but

but I durst not see him too often, for fear our frequent interviews should direct my servants to a dangerous curiosity.

He came according to appointment: Our Discourse was very short, but filled with interchanged vows of a never-dying affection, and during one month and a half I thus still saw him twice a week. He always cross'd the *Nilus* to the Garden in a little boat, and very securely; for though he had been taken in the matter, that walk upon the Bank was so common, as none would have thought it strange.

He employed all the times I told you of in the conduct of his secret practices for my Deliverance, at first being utterly destitute of Men, Victuals, Money, every thing that necessity required for the owning of an open War against *Tyribasus*; at every Visit he rendered me a short account of what had passed, and by this means I understood the intelligence he kept with all the honest Party of the Kingdom, by the Agency of *Telemachus* and *Oristhenes*, with whom he had several meetings by Night, and by whose means he had drawn five or six of the best Cities in *Ethiopia* to his Party. Every Day was witness to a hopeful encrease of his petty numbers, and he now stand the striking of a considerable blow, but for a little better condition to make it hit surer.

In the mean time, the Consolation I received from these hopes, called back the banished blood into my Cheeks, and I appeared to every Eye in as perfect a possession of health and colour, as ever my Life had been acquainted with.

*Cesar* saw this change with inexpressible contentment, but the return of this little Beauty that kindled them, did now more than ever enrage the flames of *Tyribasus*; and still as he felt  
his

his Passion grow more unruly, so he pressed me to espouse him, with a more imperious importunity than before he had practis'd. I defended myself from his Batteries with the same disdain of his Person that had so often repuls'd him: But now he began to assault me with an invincible obstinacy; and in fine, became so insolent, as one Day after he had treated me very rudely: *Madam, said he*, since I see you still take a Tyrannous pride to abuse the respect I have shewn you, and provoke me to destroy all the Considerations that flow'd from that Fountain; I must take leave to tell you, that I will now rouse and arm that Power in my own behalf, that has slumber'd so long in the Arms of my injur'd patience: You shall only have eight Days more to obtain a resolution of yourself to espouse me; and if in that time you fail to overcome your obstinacy, I shall know well enough how to oblige you to it in spite of your aversion.

Before he departed my Chamber, he openly confirmed this Menace with deep Oaths in the Presence of all his followers, which on the sudden so decrested my Spirit, as I could not command Courage enough to return him a Syllable.

The very same Day I met *Casario* in the Garden, who flew into such a fury at the relation I gave him of this last passage, as he had much ado to restrain himself from going to give the Tyrant death in the midst of a thousand Swords, where infallibly he would have found his own; but his Passion (in homage to the reasons I urged) fell at last, by degrees, to a cooler Temper, and after he had taken some time to scan the advice of every thought: ‘*Tyribasus, said he, has forced me by his violence to precipitate a design, which is not yet ready to disclose, and whereof*

‘ the success will not probably be such as I might  
‘ have promis’d myself, had it staid for a maturer  
‘ birth; but of this he shall be sure, that I will  
‘ either perish with many Partners in my quarrel,  
‘ or stain the Saffron-Robes of his expected *Hy-*  
‘ *men*, with the black blood that is nearest his  
‘ perfidious Heart.

He said no more, but presently after parted from me, without prefixing either time or place for our next meeting. I retired to my Chamber trembling at the threats of both the Rivals, and if on one side I feared the violence of *Tyribasus*, on the other I could do no less than shudder at the thoughts of those grinning dangers which *Cesar* was going to attempt for my relief.

The Aguish fit of Fear held me divers Days without intermission; during which *Tyribasus* redoubled my Terrors by many evident Proofs, that he meant his Menaces, and the publick Preparations he made for his Marriage, would not let me find the least flaw in his resolution. I should sooner have chosen to have lain alone in my Grave, than received such a Partner in my Bed; but I was then reduced to such a wretched condition, as my fancy could glide at no particular that lay in the way to my wishes, which did not represent the Face of terrour, and I saw myself besieged with so many pregnant causes of Fear, as I found it utterly impossible to calm my inquietudes.

I detain your attention too long in this troublesome passage, and 'tis now time to lead it to the latest Accident of my Life.

The sixth Day was already pass'd, with a great part of the succeeding Night, since *Tyribasus* dated my sad expectations, when we were waked with a thundering noise which we heard in the  
streets

streets of *Meroe*, that principally bent the loudest clamour at the Palace-Gates, where there was fought a very great and furious Combat. *Cesar*, by means unknown to me, was come that Night into the City, after he had cunningly, by Degrees, slipt in 4000 valiant Men before him at several Gates, by the Help of a spreading Intelligence that he kept in all Parts of the City, and marching in their Van directly to the Palace, he had attack'd the Out-guards, and fought it so successfully, as all those that defended the first Gates were cut in Pieces, and the furious *Cesar* was already broke into the Court, where he made whole Brooks of Rebels Blood on all Sides.

*Tyribasus*, whom the loud Alarm had waken'd, was quickly got upon his Feet, and causing Arms, Arms to be cry'd in every Quarter, by that Means he called all the Guard that belonged to his Person about him; a hundred Torchcs were lighted up in an Instant, and being got by their Direction out of his Chamber, he would fain have run where the Noise called him; but the Confusion distracted his Thoughts, and by this Time he heard it was come round about him; for at the same Time that *Cesar* with 2000 Men had opened himself a Passage at the great Gate, his two Friends, *Telemachus* and *Oristhenes*, each with a thousand at his Heels, had broke in at two other Gates behind, that were but slightly guarded, and by three several Ways *Tyribasus* saw his Enemies enter the Palace, putting all to the Sword they encountred, and sending up a loud Cry where-ever they came, *long live our Queen Candace, and let the Tyrant of Ethiopia die, kill the Tyrant.*

*Tyribasus*, in spight of all his Courage, could not chuse but tremble at this Surprizal, but endeavouring

vouring to dispel his Amazement with as much Promptitude as possible, he ran with his Sword in his Hand with all those that had taken the Alarm; to the Head of the great Stairs, and had begun to descend some of the first Steps, when he saw the valiant *Cesar* all covered with Blood, coming up to encounter him, and having left off his black Mask, *Tyribasus* by Torch-light presently knew him. His Astonishment was strangely redoubled, to see the Dead come back from their Graves to procure his Ruin, but his Reason had no Time to track that Adventure to the Fountain; and *Cesar* no sooner spy'd him, but fiercely springing towards him with nought but Terror in his Looks and Actions: 'Thou must die, *Tyribasus*, said he, Tyrant thou must dye.' *Tyribasus* was affrighted at the Menace, and though perhaps at another Time he would not have refused Combat against *Cleomedon*; yet then finding his Forces too feeble to maintain it, and knowing besides, if he could but avoid that Encounter, and recover the City, his Party would soon be the strongest, he turned his Back upon his Rival, and thrusting himself among his Men, he ran with all the Haste he could make towards a Door that he spy'd open. *Cesar* furiously pursued him with his Sword at his Reins, and divers of his Men, (desperately pawning their Lives to preserve their Master's) opposed his Passage; and if they were unfortunate enough to fall under the Steel and Rage of *Cesar's* Son, at least they gave *Tyribasus* Time to gain the Door, and from thence crossing the next Chamber, by a little Pair of Stairs, (wherewith he was well acquainted) slipping down without the least Resistance in the Court, and there mingled himself with the tumultuous Throng, he pass'd undiscover'd from thence into the Streets.

In



In the mean time, you may easily judge how strongly my Soul was alarm'd, the Noise had wak'd me at the first Irruption, and my Imagination quickly construing the Cause, I started out of my Bed, and ran to the Window that looked into the Court, from whence, by the Light of divers Torches, I beheld a Part of the Slaughter. I had heard as well the Cries of dying Men, as of those that caused them, among which I often distinguished the Voice of *Cesar*io. After I saw he had made himself Master of the Court, I lost Sight of him when he mounted the great Stairs, and I was painfully suffering the Ignorance of what had befallen him there, when I heard the Soldiers cry out in several Quarters of the Palace, that the Tyrant had saved himself.

So soon as *Cesar*io knew *Tyribasus* was got into the City, he did not doubt but he would quickly raise a Party, besides his standing Militia, that would out-number the Soldiers he had with him, and from thence concluding his Forces incapable to resist him upon equal Terms: After he had cleared the Palace by the Death and Defeat of all those that kept it, he caused the Gates to be shut, and set Guards upon every Passage, resolving to defend himself there, till the Arrival of some Supplies, that he took but a few Moments to range his Men in the same Order they were to observe for Defence of the House, and when he had put every Requisite in its due Place, as well as that short Time would permit him, he came to my Chamber, followed by his Governor *Eteocles*, and twenty or thirty Soldiers besides. I trembled in every Part when I saw him come towards me covered with Blood, and was utterly unable to bring forth one Word, when throwing himself at my Feet, and embracing my knees with an Acti-  
on

on wholly passionate, he stayed a little while in that Posture, and then rising again from thence: ' Madam, *said he*, we have done but half our ' Work, the Tyrant is not dead; but we are able ' to put your Person beyond the Reach of his ' Power; he is now doubtless raising Forces in the ' City to come back and assault us; I cannot Ma- ' dam, abandon those loyal Souls, whom I have ' engaged in this Enterprize for your Service, ' without a Baseness that I dare not be guilty of; ' and my Honour enjoins me, since I have led ' them to this Labyrinth of Danger, to run their ' Fortune: But for you we have contrived a safe ' Retreat, if your Majesty approves it; I shall on- ' ly lead you through the Garden to a Vessel that ' waits there, by the Banks of *Nilus*, which for- ' tified with a sufficient Number of Men) under ' the Conduct of my Governor *Eteocles* and *Tele- ' machus*, the faithfullest of all your Subjects, will ' carry you to the City of *Bassa*, which is total- ' ly at your Devotion; it will cost you but six ' Hours time to go thither, where I hope to kiss ' your Hands before to Morrow's Sun shall hide ' his Head in the Western Ocean. Besides, what ' I owe to my Honour, and Friends, the Consi- ' deration of your Interests will detain me here, ' whereby the Succour of some additional Num- ' bers, whose coming up is expected every Hour, ' I hope to determine all your Affairs; and tho' ' the Event of this Design should fall short of ' what my Expectations promise me, I shall still ' have left me an infallible Way to preserve my ' Life, and safely conduct myself before to Mor- ' row Night, to the City I named you.

This was *Cesario's* Proposition, which I com-  
bated with all the Arguments could be rais'd from  
my Indisposition, to desert him in so manifest a  
Dan-

Danger ; but he protested so solemnly, that he had an assured Means to slip the Peril when he pleased, and save himself, and often falling at my Feet, conjur'd me to grant his Request with such undeniable Reasons, as at last my Aversion lost the Victory ; however, I told him, that if I found him a Deceiver in the Promise he had made me to secure himself, he should carry the Guilt of my Death to the other World without my Pardon. He led me over a great Number of dead Bodies, that the Slaughter had strewed about the Garden, from the Sight of which I took much Horror, and from thence to the Bank of *Nilus*, where we found a Boat guarded with three or four Men, ready to receive us : I stept into it with *Eteocles* and *Telemachus*, and a dozen of the Soldiers, which were all the Boat could well contain, being only designed for our Conduct to a greater Vessel, that waited our coming at the Mouth of the River. Of all my Maids only *Clitie* and two of her Companions attended me, the rest had been driven by Fear to hide themselves in several Corners ; so that we had not seen any of them since the first Alarm ; and of my Officers, there were only three or four that followed me. When I came to set my Foot into the Boat, and divide myself from my dear *Cleomedon*, I could not forbear to embrace him before so many Witnesses ; and when I gave him my last Adieu, the Tears started from my Eyes in great Abundance : ‘ *Cleomedon, said*  
‘ *I, be sure you remember my abode upon Earth*  
‘ *has the same date with yours, and that you can-*  
‘ *not lavishly neglect your own Life, without a*  
‘ *careless contempt of mine.*

Upon these Words the boat went off from the bank, and immediately we heard a horrid noise in the Palace, from thence concluding, *Tyribasus*  
re-

returned with his Forces from the City, had renewed the combat: Gods! what excessive torture did I suffer from my timorous apprehensions, how lavish were my vows, and what costly Sacrifices did I promise Heaven for *Cesar*'s safety! *Eteocles*, who ever kept himself near me, strove with all the strength of his reason to tame the tempests of my inquietudes, and to lessen the credit of my Fears, he assured me, that 15,000 armed Men, drawn from those Cities, that *Cesar* had secretly reconciled to their old obedience, would at break of Day be ready to force the Gates of *Meroe*, and strike a considerable blow, for my service, and his Prince's safety.

My knowledge that *Eteocles* was ever justly accounted precisely honest, should not let me refuse some faith to his Words; in the mean time, under the conduct of him and *Telemachus* (a Person very eminent among the *Ethiopians* for Birth and Virtue) we gently glided down that Arm of *Nilus*, till we arrived at the main channel where the vessel waited us. The *Nile* brings up Ships to that place, of as great a bulk and burden, as any that ride the Ocean. We found the Vessel manned with two hundred Soldiers, and going aboard about the birth of Day, we followed the current with all the haste we could make, by the help of Oar and Canvass.

It was no ordinary example of Caprichio, to see the lawful Queen to one of the greatest and most puissant Kingdoms in the World, exposed in one single bottom to the mercy of such Men as she never knew, though besides *Eteocles*, they were all born my Subjects; yet this condition, narrow as it was, to me far sweeter, and more supportable, than to stay still in the power of *Tyribastus*, at a time when he was ready to abuse it in so barbarous

rous a manner, by the violence he intended to my Person; but Heaven! How remote was I to that Port of repose which I thought so near me! And how unfortunately did I break away from one danger to step into the jaws of another, that was far greater and more merciless! We had now two hours work to reach the City we bent at, which was seated about ten or twelve furlongs from the bank of *Nilus*, when we descried four Ships of War very near us, that not only opposed our passage, but surrounded our Vessel on all sides, before we had time to think of a retreat, commanded us to throw down our Arms, and yield our selves upon pain of Death.

*Eteocles* and *Telemachus* (both very stout and courageous) supposing those Ships were sent in pursuit of ours by *Tyribasus*, resolved to perish in defence of that dear pawn *Cesarion* had trusted to their hands, and without regard to the number of their Enemies, began to repulse them very valiantly; their resistance procured their ruine, and those cruel Men with whom we disputed our liberty, after a very obstinate and bloody contest, which cost the lives of many of their Companions, at last they overflowed us with an inundation of number, and boarding our Vessel on every side, put all to the Sword without distinction. The valiant *Telemachus*, whose Fidelity deserved a better Destiny, was killed with the first, all our Soldiers cut in pieces after him, only *Eteocles* still defended himself (being recoiled with his back against the top of the Deck) though with no other hope than to sell his Life something dearer than the rest of his Companions: When animated with an extraordinary Courage, and an eager desire to preserve a Man, whose grand Services had rendered him so dear to *Cesarion*, I

boldly stept into that scene of danger, and demanded his Life of him I took for the Captain of our Enemies.

The barbarous *Zenodorus*, for so the Pirate was called, having cast his Eyes upon my Visage, and found something there that obliged him to accord me the Life of *Eteocles*, called off his Men from the Combat, and gave him his Life just when the danger was ready to enrol him among Death's Captives; he presently took me out of that Vessel defiled with Carcasses and Blood, and caused me to pass into another of his that was next it, with all the Persons that were now left, which were only *Eteocles* and my three Women.

At these Words *Elisa* regarding the Queen with a fixed Eye: 'How, Madam, *said she*, was it then by the Pirate *Zenodorus* you were taken? 'The very same, *reply'd Candace*, and that famous Robber, not content to make his depredations by Sea, was come up the *Nilus* very far into our Provinces, where he had taken some rich prizes, and rendered himself the most redoubted of all those that ever skimmed this Ocean. 'Alas! *added the fair Elisa*, what an infinite of tears has that Monster cost me? But, Madam, *pursued she*, do not interrupt your Discourse, you shall understand when my Story comes to tread the Stage, by what sad mark I know the Pirate *Zenodorus*, and how near a conformity and alliance the hand of Providence has made between our last Adventures.

'You may judge, Madam, *continued the fair Queen*, to what a lamentable condition I found myself reduced by this strange disaster. From the hands of an ambitious and amorous Man that I fled, I saw myself fallen into the power of a pitiless wretch, that knew neither Faith nor Honour,  
' of

‘ of a Barbarian known upon all the Sea by his  
‘ cruelty ; and in fine, of a Monster, from whom  
‘ I could not expect less than all the inhumanities  
‘ I was capable of resenting : This horrid specta-  
‘ cle, crimsoned with the vital Blood of all my  
‘ Men, struck fresh Idea’s of terror in my me-  
‘ mory ; and the presence of those Tygers that  
‘ breathed nothing but murder and massacre, might  
‘ well have wrought the same frightful effects up-  
‘ on any other Spirit, though better fortified than  
‘ mine to resist them ; and indeed my Courage  
‘ was brought so low, as I let myself fall half  
‘ dead upon the Deck, when the consideration of  
‘ this last calamity almost set me a swimming  
‘ in my own tears.

*Eteocles*, though he had received some slight wounds in several places, kept himself near my Person, and kneeling by me, supported my head upon his bosom, while *Clitie* with her two Companions, were all fallen at my Feet, and become partners of my woe. Then it was that all my constancy forsook the lists, I detested my unfortunate birth, and upbraided Heaven it self with the cruel series of my miseries ; a thousand times did I call death to my rescue, and condemned my cowardise, that I did not first tender my throat to the steel of those Barbarians that butchered our Soldiers.

The Pirates that had long been habituated to such spectacles of pity, melted no more than Rocks at my desolation, but their Captain found some Beauty in my Face that a little softened his savage humours, and made him capable of some sentiments of humanity. At first my sorrow had his silent attention ; and whether he was not yet moved enough to express any signs of compassion, or thought those first excesses of my Grief would

strike me deaf to his Discourse; he sat a pretty while upon a seat he had chosen, and saw my tears run from me without so much as offering to come nearer, but a little after he came towards me, and taking some time to contemplate my Face before he spoke, and endeavouring to send away as much fierceness from his looks as possible:

‘ Fair Lady, *said he*, do not afflict thy self so exceedingly, thy Beauty has found favour amongst us, and perhaps thou art not so unhappy as thou thinkest thy self.

I was buried so deep in the Consideration of my Miseries, as it would not let me have Leisure to regard the Pirate’s Words that carried so little Proportion to my Dignity, and he received neither Answer, nor so much as one single Look, that could let him know he was understood. This gave him a Belief that I had no skill in the *Greek* Tongue, in which he spoke, and therefore translating his Words into the *Ethiopian* Language:

‘ I tell thee, *said he*, with a Look that had put on more Mildness than before, you may cease your Laments, dismiss all your Fears, since you are in a Place where your Beauty has given you much Power.’ I knew not how to shape an Answer to this Discourse; but *Eteocles*, who was less troubled than I, and therefore had more Judgment at the Helm, perceiving my Perplexity, was willing to spare me the Pains, and taking his Eyes from my Visage where they had been long fastned, to place them upon the Pirate’s:

‘ My Lord, *said he*, if you use these Advantages you have gotten upon us with Moderation, the Gods will be engaged to reward your Generosity. This Lady whom you see is my Daughter; we were retiring into *Egypt*, (whence we took our first Original) from the Civil Wars that troubled

‘ *Ethio-*



‘ *Ethiopia*, when we fell into your Hands, and  
‘ if we receive such a Treatment as our hopes en-  
‘ courage us to expect from your Goodness; we  
‘ are not of so base an Extraction, nor yet so de-  
‘ spoiled of Fortune’s Favours, but we may find  
‘ a Way to acknowledge your Courtesy, and re-  
‘ deem our Liberties at a considerable Ransom.

*Zenodorus* smiled at *Eteocles*’s Words, and re-  
garding him with a disdainful Look: ‘ For thy  
‘ Ransom, *said he*, we shall talk at Leisure; but  
‘ for thy Daughter’s, thou wilt hardly find Treas-  
‘ ure enough to pay the Price of her Liberty.

If I took some Satisfaction from *Eteocles*’s Words,  
wherein he had cunningly disguised my Condition,  
I received no less Displeasure at the Pirate’s,  
which presently taught me to divine a large Part  
of that Mischief that suddenly succeeded. Gods!  
what sad Reflections did I then make upon the  
Miseries of my Life; what a languishing Defect  
of Courage did I feel to suppose the Discovery of  
this approaching Danger.

The Pirate caused me to be taken from that  
Place, and laid upon a Bed, when seating him-  
self at my Bolster, he strove with his natural  
Rudeness for the sweetest Words he could find to  
comfort me; but he found me so unapt to resent  
his officious Care, as judging it would ask some  
Time to compose my Inquietudes, he released  
me to the Advice of my Pillow for the rest of  
that Day: He was contented my Chamber should  
be free to myself, to *Eteocles* and my Maids, and  
when I saw myself alone, with only those Con-  
fidants about me, I took a greater Liberty than  
before to pour out my Complaints; and scan my  
deplorable Condition.

*Eteocles* endeavoured to deceive my Sorrows,  
and charm their bitterest Pangs with all the Com-

fort that his Reason could urge, that there was hope left that a Ransom might procure my Freedom of those Persons whose Swords had only been drawn by a Greediness of getting, but an indispensable Necessity of concealing my Name and Condition, for fear, when he knew me, the hope of a considerable Gain might oblige the Pirate to put me once more into the Hands of *Tyribasus*. I saw much Probability in *Eteocles*'s Words, and striving to confirm the Pirate's Opinion that I was his Daughter, in his Presence I ever paid him a filial Respect, and to make the Disguise sit surer, he always assumed some Authority over me.

In the mean time, the Ships that carried us, as if the Winds had become Confederates with Fortune's Malice, went away with an admirable Diligence, and I saw myself still farther recoil, not only from the Hopes of Liberty, but all Possibility of seeing *Cesarion* for a long Time, nay probably my whole Life, whom I had abandoned in so manifest a Danger; the Remembrance of him threw down all the Fortifications my Constancy could raise to resist my Anguish: And when we had left the *Nilus* at our Backs, and began to ride the open Ocean at the Will of our Masters, who rejected all the Propositions *Eteocles* had made them to sell us our Liberties; I was ready to resign the Remains of all my Courage, and commit my Miseries to the fatal Cure of those Waters, to which I had myself so lately condemn'd; but I then receiv'd a fresh Addition to my Grief, that display'd a greater Horror in the Face of my Misfortunes than ever, and the Cruelty of my Destiny desired it, that the perfidious *Zenodorus* should in Effect resent something in my Face which was capable to kindle his Affection; it was that taught him to misprize the Offers of *Eteocles*, and poisoning

ing the unbridled Power he had over me, Respect was too weak to resist the Rudeness of his Nature, and conceal his Passion, yet he struggled with himself to polish his Behaviour in my Presence as much as possible, and boarding me one Day, with more Humility in his Mind than ordinary: ‘*Madam, said he, My Losses do much*  
‘ *out-weigh my Gains in this Adventure, and*  
‘ *you are not so much our Prisoner by the right*  
‘ *of Arms, as I am yours by that invincible Au-*  
‘ *thority your Beauty exercises upon me; we*  
‘ *have now changed our Condition, and I feel*  
‘ *my self reduced to implore your Pity, instead*  
‘ *of that Necessity your Thoughts may create you*  
‘ *of mine.*

These Words assaulted my Soul with a very sensible Displeasure, but by the Moderation of my outward Deportment, resolving to make the Advice of *Eteocles* my Lesson, for Fear of exasperating that brutish Spirit to Extremities against me, I kept my Indignation in a shorter Chain, than I had otherwise done, had I simply followed the Motives of my own Disposition: ‘*Zenodorus,*  
‘ *said I, it poses me to conceive how my Beauty*  
‘ *should keep any Power in this Estate to which*  
‘ *you have reduced me, since, if it were true, that*  
‘ *it had produced such Effects upon your Spirit as*  
‘ *you speak of, you would shew the Proofs of*  
‘ *your Affection in the Restauration of my Liber-*  
‘ *ty, upon those Conditions my Father has pro-*  
‘ *pos'd, which would eternally oblige me to you.*  
‘ *Abate but our Separation, reply'd the Pirate,*  
‘ *and your Desires cannot name another Thing*  
‘ *that shall meet my Refusal; and indeed I did*  
‘ *not think you could have demanded your Li-*  
‘ *bertry, in a Place where you are not only free,*  
‘ *but sovereign and absolute Mistress. I cannot*

‘ conceive dearer Testimonies of Affection, answered I, than such as will impower me to do that of my own free Choice, which you can only attribute to Captivity and Constraint.

*Zenodorus* made me no other Answer to these Words, than a Nod with his Head, which was easy to be construed in a right Sense; that he was far from condescending to what I requested.

This was the first open Discovery that he made me of his Passion, but after he had broke the Ice, he plagued me with perpetual Importunities; I forbore to treat him harshly, as much as possible, that I might still keep him in Terms of Respect, and put by those Violences I had cause to fear from a Man of his Condition; but sometimes I could not so nicely observe the strict Rules my Caution had imposed, nor keep on the Mask so cunningly, as not to betray my Contempt of his Person, with such a Repugnance, as strangled all the Hopes he had fostered.

Ten or twelve Days had added themselves to the Age of Time, before he returned to trespass the Bounds of Modesty; he tells me, that though he might serve himself of all those Advantages the right of Arms had given him over me, yet he loved me with too much Ardour and Estimation to seek any other than the legitimate Way of Marriage to enjoy me; then to entice me to his Alliance, would fall a displaying his Puissance, and vauntingly tell me, that he was not only the mightiest of all the Rovers that ranged those Seas, in the Number of Ships that sailed in several Squadrons, under the Command of him and his Lieutenants, but that the World had many sovereign Princes (which if the Competition were fairly decided) would prove his inferiors for Strength and Riches.

I some-

I sometimes made Semblance to lend Attention and Observance to his Words, but I could not long belie myself; and if in some one Day in my Actions he found Complaisance, he could not chuse but mark my true-born Thoughts in a thousand others, which I had no Power to dissemble. At last, he perceived I had abused him, and that those Flexures of Civility which all this Time he had forced to swim against the Stream of his natural Rudeness, on Purpose to gain my Heart, had been laid out in vain; this Discovery urged him to chuse a more uneven Path to his Ends; and one Day, after he had wasted some Hours in my Company, perceiving his Designs to advance but slowly: ‘Madam, *said he*, Since I see all  
‘ my Civilities have been lost upon you, I have  
‘ henceforth decreed it to seek some other Means  
‘ for my own Satisfaction; I must now therefore  
‘ tell you, that if you dispose not yourself to let  
‘ me have it by free Vote of your own Consent,  
‘ you must resolve to see me struggle for it with  
‘ more Success than I have done formerly.

He accompanied this first Menace with divers others of the same Mold, that almost struck me dead with Apprehension; and after that Day he began to treat me with an air more imperious and absolute, than ever his Looks had put on before.

Then did I see my sad Condition wound up to the very Extreames of Misery, and I fearfully expected every Moment when the Barbarian’s Violence should essay to bereave me of that which was a thousand Times dearer than my Life, and had never been attack’d in all my former Misfortunes.

So soon as I saw myself at Liberty to talk with my Maids, without being over-heard by the Pi-

rates: 'Come, *said I*, my dear Companions in  
 ' Misery, 'tis Time to think of dying; Fortune  
 ' had not harassed us all this Time with support-  
 ' able Calamities, but to observe a Method in her  
 ' Mischiefs, and at last compleat the Tragedy she  
 ' intended: This Honour which we prize above  
 ' our Lives, is now ready to become a Prey to  
 ' Barbarians, if a generous Resolution does not  
 ' rescue it by the Hand of Death from the Shame  
 ' is prepared us; let us dispose ourselves to take  
 ' this only Antidote that is left to preserve it, and  
 ' fear not to make use of Waters or Steel to avoid  
 ' an Ignominy, which is a thousand Times worse  
 ' than those Tortures that carry the greatest Hor-  
 ' ror.

To these Words succeeded many others that  
 display'd the unquiet Agitation of my Spirit, and  
 sometimes (though absent and remote as he was)  
 addressing my speech to *Cesar*: ' Ah, Son of  
 ' *Cesar*, would I say, how welcome would thy  
 ' Succour arrive to silence the Threats, and stop  
 ' the Mouth of this Danger! How deeply might-  
 ' est thou oblige me in neglecting the Interests of  
 ' my State, to run to the Defence of my Honour?  
 ' But Oh Gods! *continued I*, how vainly do I  
 ' call thee to my Assistance, possibly thou art no  
 ' more in the Number of Mankind, but hast ren-  
 ' dered thy Spirit under the Arms of the treache-  
 ' rous *Tyribasus*, and the Gods have laid this  
 ' Punishment upon me with the Hand of Justice,  
 ' for leaving thee so cowardly in the Mouth of a  
 ' devouring Danger for my Interests.

These Words were succeeded with several Acti-  
 ons of the same Strain: But if my Grief received a  
 violent Encrease from this last Intelligence of my  
 Fears, it quickly mounted by large Strides to a  
 greater Height, when I saw the Pirate persevere in  
 his

his Design, and pass to the cruel Execution of his Menaces; from Hour to Hour he still became more fierce and terrible, and ceasing those Entreaties, that were the first Factors of his Passion, he now discoursed it in a more imperious Stile, deeply protesting, if I still refused to render the Fort by Treaty, he would take it by Assault. This Extremity provoked me to tear off my Disguise, and regarding him with an Eye that spoke the Spirit of Anger: 'Barbarian, *said I*, thou may'st kill me if thou wilt; but thy Threats shall never fright my Consent to the least Satisfaction of thy brutish Appetite.' 'No, no, *reply'd the cruel Zenodorus*, you shall not die; but since there is no other Way to obtain my Wishes, but by putting Violence in the Place of Sweetness, my Resolution is irrevocable; when the Thing is done, I shall easily gain your Pardon, since I shall only have your Anger for taking that by Conquest, which should have been mine by Consent.' 'Well, wicked Man, *said I*, this unjust Power thou usurpest, is yet inferior to that which arms the Hand of Divinity, and if thou continuest thy detestable Intentions, believe it, the Gods will want no Thunder-bolts to crush thee.' The impious Wretch derided my Hopes of divine Assistance; and repeating his own wicked Resolution, backed with deep Oaths to confirm it, he swore I should have but three Days more to resolve his Contentment, and the next Day, to prove his Words and Intentions grew up from the same Root, he licensed himself to take the Liberties, which he had not presumed before, and after some obscene Expressions which Pudicity forbids me to mention, he would have ravished a Kiss from my Mouth; but at that rude Attack, I forgot the Weakness of my Sex, and furiously

ously flew at his Face with so much Violence, as I left Characters there of my Scorn and Anger, in a deep Impression. This provoked him to cashier all Thoughts of Patience, and desperately swearing he would no longer delay to execute the Effects of my Fears, he had already called for some of his Men to pull my Maids out of the Chamber, when by a manifest Succour from Heaven, which then armed itself in my Defence, he heard the Pilot cry out there was a furious Tempest coming.

The Terror he took from this Alarm, put a sudden Stop to his Design, and running up upon the Deck to know the Truth, he saw the enraging Waves begin to raise a Battery against his floating Fortrefs, and Heaven prepare to pour its Artillery upon him with so black a Defiance, as all those foul Thoughts that Lust had stirred, grew cold, and did Homage to the Apprehensions of Death, which hurried from a Place, where his Presence might animate his Men, to employ all their Force and Industry against the Choler of the Winds. I may safely avow, that at that Time the particular Interest of my Honour made me rejoice at the common Calamity, and I scarce listned to the Language of Fear for my own, or the Ruin of those about me, since (either by his Death or mine) it promised me a Rescue from the brutish Fury of *Zenodorus*. This made me only appear with a tranquil and untroubled Aspect amidst the Disorder of all the rest; and when the natural Horror of Death had itself painted in its usual Parlour upon the Face of all the Pirates, mine (by Report of those that saw me) still kept its ordinary Colour and Composure.

The Storm lasted two intire Days with a great deal of Violence; but as *Zenodorus* and his Men

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had gained the Skill from a large Experience, how to make use of all Advantages when they wrestled with that angry Element, so they received not all the Loss that would doubtless have befallen others less practised in that Exercise; of four Vessels they lost but one, and after they had discharged the other three (to the Pirate's grand Regret) of such Lading as was most weighty, they saved themselves from Shipwreck without dis-uniting; and when the Storm had spent its greatest Fury, they descried the *Egyptian* Shore, with the stately Walls of *Alexandria*.

As yet none of them knew upon what Climate the Winds had tossed them; for though they were very near the Shore, yet the Night's Arrival, which had already begun to plot the departing Day with her purblind Shades, would not suffer their Eyes to take the Objects with Distinction.

*Zenodorus*, though ignorant whether this Country held his Friends or Enemies, was yet unwilling to continue his Course in that Obscurity, before he had re-accommoded his shatter'd Vessels which drank Water in divers Places, and by other Harms they had suffered from the Tempest, were then become incapable to maintain a farther Navigation; he therefore ordered his Men to let fall their Anchors about a Mile from the Shore, and while every one played their proper Task for a Part of the Night, as his Commands directed them, he came into my Chamber, where he had not been since the Beginning of the Tempest: My Blood rose at the Sight of him, and not without too much Reason, since he came with a black Purpose, to employ all his last Satisfaction. I presently discovered this foul Design in his Visage; and approaching to me with a Face that confess'd the Stings of a furious Lust: 'Madam, said he,  
' 'tis

' 'tis now no Time to keep your Consent in a  
 ' longer Suspense, and I come to quench the Thirst  
 ' of my Desires, from which nothing can have  
 ' Power to divert me; the Danger we lately esca-  
 ' ped, for a Time retarded the Execution of my  
 ' Wishes, but I must now tell you, that all those  
 ' which Heaven has Power to throw head-long  
 ' upon me, shall not stop my Passage to your  
 ' Enjoyment.

These affrighting Words struck a Horror thro'  
 me from Head to Foot, and wanted but little of  
 snatching all that Assurance from me, which Ne-  
 cessity lays claim to on such an occasion; howe-  
 ver, in that extremity I called back my Courage  
 to the Combat, and judging the danger I should  
 run, in being returned to the hand of *Tyribasus*,  
 when the Pirate once knew my quality, could not  
 insult so cruelly upon my Fears, as that which  
 now menaced me; I deemed it no longer requi-  
 site to hide a truth from *Zenodorus*, which in some  
 probability might divert him from his villainous  
 resolution; this concluded, regarding him with a  
 borrowed boldness in my looks: '*Zenodorus*,  
 ' said I, consider well this wicked enterprize of  
 ' thine, and remember that I tell thee, it is not  
 ' the Daughter of *Eteocles* thou wouldst disho-  
 ' nour, but the Queen of the *Ethiopians*, who  
 ' will all be obliged to hunt thee through the  
 ' World, and write their revenge in thy ruine  
 ' for the infamous violence thou offerest to their  
 ' Princess.

These Words, which (in reason might promise  
 their wicked effect) made not so much as the  
 least dint in the Barbarian's rocky heart, and whe-  
 ther he suspected it a fiction, or that the known  
 truth (in the brutish transport that then possess'd  
 him) was neither capable to change nor defer his  
 design;

design, he expressed no semblance of understanding what I said, and in obedience to a sign he made them, his Men seizing upon *Eteocles* and my Maids to drag them out of the Chamber, without farther delay he assaulted my honour with all the Forces he could make; my Maids and *Eteocles* made a long resistance, with their loud cries striving to rouse the sleeping pity of Heaven, and suffering themselves to be dragged along upon the Earth, still catching at every thing they encountered, as if they rather desired to be drawn in pieces by those wild Beasts, than abandon their Mistress in that sad extremity; and I defended myself so stoutly against *Zenodorus*, as his Face (in divers places) quickly put on the bloody marks of my resistance; but at last our defence proved all too weak, my Servants reduced to that extremity, in spite of all their oppugnation, were ready to be forced from the Chamber, and myself was now grown so weak and weary, as all my Forces were ready to quit the lists, when the Gods sprang a sudden thought in my breast that sav'd me. I began to regard *Zenodorus*, whom I still held by the hair, with a milder Eye, and shutting a part of my anger from view: ‘*Zenodorus, said I, you will reap but little satisfaction in rending that from me by violence, which you ought to seek by softer addresses; I see I must resign myself to your mercy, since all the strength the Gods have lent me is too weak to defend my honour, and I make you a promise, if you will but quietly allow me this Night’s repose, you shall find no farther repugnance in my will.*’ *Zenodorus* staid his rude hands at these Words, and leaving me some leisure to take breath: ‘*Had you spoke in this manner, said he, before we came to those terms, I had granted*

more

‘ more than you demanded, nor will I now refuse this short time to your desires; but be sure you employ it so well to subdue your aversion, as to morrow I may have nothing to combat.’ I confirmed the Promise I had made him, and immediately after he commanded those that tormented my Servants, to set them at liberty, when taking his leave for the rest of the Night, he and his Men departed my Chamber.

He was no sooner gone, but I barred the Door, and turning towards *Eteocles* and my Women that lay weeping at my Feet: ‘ Come, come, *said I*, my dear Companions, no more of those fruitless Tears, ’tis time to think of dying, I have tamely taken too many blows at the rude hands of Fortune, while the means to free myself from her Cruelties were so oft within my reach. I fooled myself with a hope that death would ever be ready at my beck, with an infallible cure for my Miseries, when all other Remedies had lost their Virtue, but of late I sadly felt, that she cannot be always at my disposal, nor take every Alarm to come in to my rescue. Now we have her again at command, without farther delay let us lay hold of the succours she offers us, and stay no longer to see ourselves again reduced to call in vain for her assistance.

My Maids, wholly feeble as they were, did not strive to bandy one single Argument against my intentions, and *Clitie* (as she that had most courage, and indeed most affection) undertaking to speak for the rest: ‘ Let us die then, Madam, *said she*, we are ready to wait upon you to the other World, yet should learn to think our lives much better spent, if by the Shipwreck of them we could see yours safe ashore.

I tenderly embrac'd her and her two Companions at this generous Proof of their Affection, and no longer willing to keep my Tears in hold:  
' I can do no less than weep your Destiny, *said I*,  
' though I know you cannot but think it more  
' pain to live at the Mercy of these Pirates, than  
' die with your Mistress in defence of your Honour, which would infallibly run the same Fortune with mine. Then turning towards *Eteocles*,  
' who silently regarded me with a Look, in which  
' Grief and Pity contested for the upper hand.  
' *Eteocles, said I*, if you ever see *Cesar* again,  
' pray tell him I preserv'd myself pure and spotless to my death, and do me the courtesy to  
' carry him this Message, that it was my last care  
' to keep his Name in my memory, in my Heart.  
' No, Madam, *reply'd Eteocles*, I shall never see  
' *Cesar* more; and though I have ever ty'd my  
' strongest Passions to his sight and service, yet I  
' know how to use, as I ought, the Honour he  
' has done me in committing you to my custody  
' and conduct. Let us die then, Madam, since the  
' Gods will have it so; I dare not counsel you to  
' buy your Life at the price is demanded, and I  
' know well enough how to die with you, since  
' I cannot pay back that sacred pawn to my  
' Prince he unluckily trusted to my hands.

I did not much strain for Argument to combat the resolution of *Eteocles*, but began to join my invention with his how to find out the promptest and most commodious way to die; they had left nothing in the Chamber that was fit to do the Feat, only the Windows were so wide as we might throw ourselves through them into the Sea, and that was the way we made choice of, to apply the fatal relief to our Miseries; but before we were to act this last Scene, I felt a natural reluctance

luctance start some thoughts of revenge in my Soul against those cursed Miscreants, whose Cruelty had led us to the brink of that Precipice; and knowing *Zenodorus's* Chamber was near to mine, I took a Fancy that in putting fire to some combustible thing in my Lodging, it might probably cause him and his detestable Instruments to run some hazard of their lives. At its first conception I imparted this thought to *Eteocles*, who taking some time to scan it before he would render his opinion:

‘ Madam, *said he at last*, I approve your design; for beside that it suits with the just hatred we owe to the inhuman Wretches, it may direct us a way to free ourselves with the greater facility from their impious hands. We may easily set fire on our Bed, with the Candle, which will quickly distribute flames to all parts of the Vessel, and by the courtesy of this disorder, which will doubtless surprize the guards with fear and amazement, with the help of a sheet I intend to tye to the Window, you will have leisure enough to get down to the Water, and seat yourself upon some of those loose Planks I see in your Chamber, where possibly the Gods plac’d them on purpose for your deliverance. I am sure they are strong enough to bear your weight upon the Water, and I intend to swim behind you, and drive it towards the Shore with all the Force I can raise; if my Eye has not cozen’d me, we are not far from thence, and who knows but Heaven may stretch out an extraordinary Arm to succour you, and double my strength to that measure, as you may find it a safe Convoy to the firmer Element?

I was contented to give this proposition the hearing, though I scarce descried the Apparition of a hope to disprove the threats of that imminent

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nent danger, however I could not resist his intreaty to try the Course he had contrived, nor refuse the resignation of myself to his Conduct, at a time when I thought it impossible for fate it self to relieve me.

The Fear lest Time should betray our Plot and us to a sudden Surprizal, made us hasten the Execution; and *Eteocles* presently fastened the Sheet to the Window, and with two Planks he designed for our Safety, let himself gently slide downwards, till he came at the Water. When I thought he was got down, I resolv'd to follow him: But before I quitted the Ship, with the Candles that were in my Chamber, I set Fire to the Bed in several Places, which consisting of a Matter that was greedy of Flame, dispers'd it in a Moment through all the Vessel: I no sooner saw it was fully lighted, but catching hold of the Sheer, I nimbly threw myself out at the Window, and was presently followed the same Way by *Clitie*. *Eteocles* catch'd me in his Arms, and giving me fast Hold at the End of the Plank, he received *Clitie* that was newly descended in the same Manner, and swimming round about us, securely plac'd us together upon our floating Seat; he would have render'd the same Office to my two other Maids, but whether the Flame (that had already begun to devour the Vessel) had affrighted their feminine Hearts, the Smoak stifled them, or possibly the Circumspection of his Care for my Safety, had slacken'd his Regard of theirs, we saw them no more, and I am still ignorant, whether they remained in the Power of the Pirates, or perished by Fire and Water.

*Eteocles* guiding his Eye and Voice by the Light of the inflamed Vessel towards the Chamber, had often called them to come away: But when he  
saw

saw his Pains were lost, he re-converted his Care upon me, and swimming behind our Plank, drove it forward so strangely, as in a short Time we had left a large Distance between us and the burning Vessel.

In the Posture I us'd to secure my Hold upon the Plank, I was up to the Shoulders in Water, and though the Heat of the Season did us the Service, so to moderate the Rigours of the liquid Element, as we scarce felt any Cold, and my Garments assisted me to bear myself up with the greater Ease in the Water; yet Death in all Appearance was so ready to strike the Blow, as if the Miseries of my Life had not lessen'd my Desires to preserve it; I think that hideous Image of Ruin wou'd have needed no other Weapon than mine own Apprehension to dispatch me.

*Candace* was arrived at this Part of her Story, when the fair Princess who had heard it with a serious Attention, could not chuse but interrupt her: ' Ah, Madam, *said she*, what is it you tell me! Is it possible such a Princess as yourself should be led to the Extreame of so deep a Misfortune, and the Gods should submit one of the most accomplished, and the greatest Queens upon Earth, to Perils and Calamities of this Nature?

*Candace* modestly replied to these Words, and resuming her Narration, she recounted how nobly she had been succoured by *Tyridates*, whose Name she yet forbore to mention, cautious of betraying a Prince's Secret, whose Generosity had so much obliged her. The Continuance of her Story leads her from the Shore of *Alexandria*, to the House of her Preserver; succeeds in sequel to her meeting the Prince of *Mauritania*, his Combat with the Stranger that pursued *Zenodorus*, the Arrival and her



her Discovery of *Cæsario*, her second Surprizal by the Pirate; and in fine, all that had arrived to her, since she enter'd *Alexandria*, and accepted the, Prætor's Invitation and Entertainment in the Palace.

At this Period of her Story, the *Parthian* Princess, after she had witnessed by many sweet Expresses of Affection, how sensibly she felt the Blows of *Candace's* Fortune in the brave Recital: 'Madam, said she, as much Work as my Thoughts have at Home, in toiling themselves upon my own disasters, my tender resentments of yours has called them away from their proper Task, and while your Language gave me the lively draught of those perils and afflictions you so oft encountred, I sighed and trembled, as if I had been presently condemned to re-act them in my own Person: But Gods! though our mishaps do carry a resemblance in some particulars, how vastly different is my Destiny to yours? How is the tempest of your Woes allay'd with Comfort, while my hopes are split upon a merciless Rock? You may (and possibly with less difficulty than your incredulous Fears can allow it) recover that Crown Usurpation has ravished; the Prince you love is living too, living beyond the reach of that danger you dreaded, and you seek one another with a probable success in the same Country: But, pitiless Heavens! you call'd away the Darling of my Soul from the World, and it is not permitted me to doubt a misfortune, for which the Gods have not left one single remedy!

The fair *Elisa* bath'd these last Words in a Brook of tears, and the Queen, who was tenderly touch'd at the tender melting Rhetorick of Grief, joining her Cheek to one of hers: 'Come, come, my lovely Princess, said she, let me persuade you to collect some from my Example, do but seriously examine those dangers in your thoughts, that *Cæsario* and

‘ I have escaped, and they will tell you the Gods  
‘ have not put the Power out of their hands, to  
‘ restore you your losses, in saving that Person  
‘ you deplore : He cannot be more dead in your  
‘ opinion, than *Cesar* was formerly in mine ;  
‘ and the same Heavens that gave him me again,  
‘ when I thought they had placed him among  
‘ the Stars, may have such another Favour in  
‘ store for you, if you calmly wait it from their  
‘ Bounties. Alas ! *reply’d Eliza*, how little reason  
‘ have I to expect the kindness of such a Miracle ?  
‘ No, Madam, when I shall once have guided  
‘ your attention through the Labyrinth of my  
‘ miserable Life, I cannot doubt but your Judg-  
‘ ment will tell you, that I have taken the opini-  
‘ on of my own incurable calamity from such  
‘ clear appearances as are stamp’d with an impos-  
‘ sibility of deceiving. To-morrow, if you please,  
‘ Madam, I will give the Copy of my Misfor-  
‘ tunes, for after these deep engagements to your  
‘ generous Compassion, I have neither Grief nor  
‘ weakness that can oblige me to hide them longer  
‘ from you.

*Candace* retorted these Civilities with a comparative affection, and they had longer continued this exchange of kindness, if the Day’s departure had not closed the Dialogue, and the Conscience *Candace* made of *Eliza*’s indisposition had not hastened the Good-night ; but they parted with a mutual Promise to meet again the next morning, and not to suffer a separation by a larger distance of time, so long as they might be permitted to enjoy each other.



# Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

## *Love's Master-Piece.*

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### PART III. BOOK III.

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#### A R G U M E N T.

*The Princess Elisa repays Candace with the History of her Life. The Varieties of good and bad Success, that beset Phraates in the Median War. He is twice beaten in the Field by Artaban his Enemies General, and his Queen and Daughter both taken in a City upon the Frontiers; left there till he returned with new Levies. Artaban falls in Love with his fair Captive, and obtains Permission of his Master to set them both at Liberty. Tygranes incens'd by Affection to countermand his Grant, is deserted by Artaban, who revolts to the Parthian Party. Phraates makes him General of his Army, and he marches in the Head of it against Tygranes.*

THE



THE fair Queen of *Ethiopia* pass'd that Night with some Comfort, drawn from those Hopes she had to recover her beloved *Cesar*, tho' her Apprehension (after having seen his Safety at the Stake in so dangerous a Combat, whence she knew he could not scape without Wounds) rais'd some rational Arguments to disquiet her Repose. But when her Memory represented the desperate Extreame whereto the unbridled Violence of *Zenodorus* had a few Days since reduc'd her, and the Fears that fed upon her Quiet, since she left him involv'd at *Meroe* in that manifest Danger, the over-blowing of those black Clouds could not chuse but shew her a very favourable Change in her Condition, and taught her for a Time to sit quietly down with her other Losses, since she had expelled the weightiest Mischiefs from the Scale of her Fortunes.

The next Day, so soon as she was dress'd, she sent a Visit to the fair Princess of *Parthia*: But while she staid in Expectation of an Answer, she saw the bright *Elisa* was come herself to deliver it, and in such a Posture as proved all her Grievs too weak to dim the Lustre of her admirable Beauty. *Candace* ran to meet her with open Arms, and these two beauteous Princesses exchange'd their kind Enquiries of each other's Health, with a parallel of Grace and Majesty; but they had not worn out many Minutes in their first Entertainment, when *Cornelius Gallus* enter'd the Chamber to bid them Good-morrow; they both received him with a great deal of Civility, and that Man prepossess'd as he was already, with the Excellencies of one, could not so shut his Eyes upon

upon the Beauties of the other, as not equally to divide his Eulogy betwixt them, in very passionate Language: He dined that Day in their Company, and after their Request, retired to execute some important Orders he had received from *Augustus*. The two Ladies gladly welcomed that Occasion, to pass away the rest of that Day together without Interruption, and *Candace* press'd with an impatient Desire to learn *Elisa's* Adventures, could no longer keep her Curiosity speechless, but willing to wake the Remembrance of her Promise: 'I may probably forfeit my Discretion, *said she*, 'by desiring to put you to the Pain of a Relation, in an Estate so little capable to perform it: 'But the Passion I preserve for your Interests, I 'hope may justify my Importunity, especially 'since you may safely claim the same Liberty to 'refuse the Trouble, as I have done to demand 'it. I know no Possibility, *reply'd Elisa*, of 'being importuned by any Employment that 'may divertise you, and my Inclinations have already voted me yours, with too true a Passion 'to estrange the Particulars of my Life any longer 'from your Knowledge.

At these Words they seated themselves by the Bed-side, and the Princess perceiving there were none in the Chamber but her two Women and *Clitie*, after she had set one of them Sentinel at the Door, with the same Caution was used the Day before, to prevent Visits; she thus began her Discourse.

*The History of the Princess Elisa.*

**I**Ngratitude and Cruelty are the blackest of all Vices, and so soon as the Soul of a Prince has once taken their indelible Stains, all that he had

before of great and good, is put to flight by that strong Poison which intirely seizes his Inclinations, and scarce leaves him any shade or trace of Virtue. The former is oft the Child of that Pride, which is the Tumour of Prosperity; and if the latter does not rise from a Root in our Nature, it often springs from the Womb of an irregular Ambition; which usurping the Throne of the Will, excites all Thoughts that are the legitimate Race of Reason, and shuts the Eyes of those that are possessed with this Devil, upon every Consideration, that Piety, Justice, and Honour itself can represent to their intoxicated Judgment. The Proofs of this Truth are but too conspicuous in our Family, and if I derive some Glory from a Birth that has few Equals in the World, I have received Shame enough from the Cruelties of him that gave it, to convince me, that he has left me no cause to boast my Extraction.

The King *Pbraates*, my Father, was born with Qualities great enough, and in the first Bloomings of his Youth, had given such Hopes of his future Bravery, as made him pass in the Opinion of Men for an equal to his generous Brother, the Prince *Pacorus*, who fell in the Flower of his Age, under the *Roman* Arms, after he had made them know by divers memorable Advantages, that they were not invincible.

The old King *Orodes*, my Grandfather, after the Death of *Pacorus*, ignorant of his Destiny, had transplanted his chief Affection upon *Pbraates* (then the eldest of divers Brothers) and with it resign'd the entire Management of all State-affairs to his Disposal; he had been married some Years before, and I had already liv'd about six or seven, when his greedy Desire to reign alone, and remove that fear of a Rival in Ambition, transported him

him to that horrible Piece of Cruelty, which Report has told to the whole World; you know it but too well, *Madam*, that the cruel *Phraates*, to make the Crown fit fast, which his bloody Jealousy told him did but tremble upon his Head, while so many of his Brothers lived, put them all to Death; only *Tyridates* the youngest, then absent from Court, who being spared by the mistaken Piety of him that was sent to be his assassin, has since wandered from Court to Court begging Sanctuary against the inhuman Persecutions of his Brother.

The Queen, who had received this Truth from the Mouth of *Tyridates*, was yet resolved not to trouble the Stream of her Relation by interposing what she knew, and deeming it requisite to keep the News of her Uncle, till the Closure of her Story, and then impart or reserve it as Discretion counselled, she lent a silent Attention to the Sequel.

The Cruelty of *Phraates*, pursu'd *Elisa*, could not so quench its thirst with the Blood of his Brothers, but the old King *Orodes* (whose long Life seem'd to tire the Expectation of his Heir) compleated the Sacrifice to his jealous Ambition, and lost it by the horrid Command of his own Son. I confess I am willing to contract the Relation of this unnatural Act, in as few Words as will barely serve to tell it, and indeed could be content to leave it intirely out, if my Design to draw you the perfect Pourtraiture of my Life could allow it.

*Phraates* having thus secur'd his Throne, by hewing down the Stock, with all the royal Branches that grew near it, began to play the Prudent, as well as the Parricide to preserve his Acquest; the Terror of his Arms made a quick Di-

tribution of it self among his neighbour Princes, and the bad Success of *Anthony*, who with a Part of the *Roman* Puissance brought the War into our Country, where he lost his whole Army, and with much ado sav'd himself by a shameful Retreat, struck a general Fear through all those that probably might nurse any Thoughts of attempting the Crown of *Parthia*.

In the mean Time, I was trained up by the Queen my Mother, whose Inclinations were ever sweet and vertuous, with a very discreet Care; and that good Princess perceiving Docility enough in my Spirit, forgot not to season my Education with all other sage Lessons, that might frame me a Disposition suitable to her Intentions; her Affections told her, that I had not play'd the Truant in the School of Virtue, and by the Help of that Blindness, which is the usual Disease of a Parent's Indulgence, fancying some Qualities within me, which I dare not pretend to, in me she stored up all her Love, all her Delight.

After me, that was the eldest of all her Children, she had divers others of both Sexes; but the Gods (perhaps to punish *Phraates* by the Misfortunes of his Father's Family) cut them all off in the dawning of their Infancy, and of five or six Brothers that succeeded me at several Births, scarce one of them attain'd to a full Year's Age, before they were laid in their little Sepulchres.

The Mishap of our House rendered me more considerable, and a short Time after the Queen, though still in the Flower of her Age, going over Child-bearing, I was regarded by the *Parthians* as the presumptive Inheritrix of that weighty Crown. 'Tis true, the King had a Bastard Son, that was called *Vonones*, but he did not behold him with an Eye that designed his Succession; and though  
he



he fail'd not to endeavour the gaining of a Faction that might prop his Pretences, he was generally known to be born within the Marriage of the King, and could therefore hatch no apparent Hope of being declared legitimate.

I will not trifle with your Patience so much to give you the account of my Infancy, but stepping over the Prologue of my Life, wherein there be- fel me nothing memorable, I shall only tell you I had worn out fourteen Years of it, when my Father invaded *Media*: The Hatred had been long hereditary betwixt the Kings of that Coun- try, and those that wore the Crown of *Parthia*: And though they had taken Breath in some In- tervals of Peace, since the Fall of the unfortunate *Anthony*, and the coming of *Augustus* to the Empire, they were still ready to obey the Beck of every trivial Occasion to pick a new Quarrel, which they both embraced with their old Ani- mosity.

*Phraates* complained, that at the *Median* King's Sollicitation, *Cleopatra* had murdered his Ally, the King of *Armenia*; and though he that did it was since dead, and his Heir succeeded to the Throne, he thought he might justly entail his Revenge upon the Son, since Fate would not suffer the Father to stand the Shock of it; and the new King of *Media* not less eager than he to re- vive the Quarrel, whereto his young Courage was whetted, by divers Reasons on his Side, there broke out a cruel and bloody War betwixt them.

The Beginnings were very doubtful, much Blood spilt on both Sides in divers Encounters, and some Battles, wherein Fortune seemed to stand in a Study on which Side she should list her Smiles. At length, after a Year's Uncertainty, wherein she had kept the Balance equal, she ap-

parently leant to the *Parthian* Party, and the King my Father, swollen with some late Successes, began to advance towards the Heart of *Media*, carrying Ruin and Desolation to all Places where he waved his Ensigns; divers Blows had been given to his Advantage, the whole Frontier sack'd and devastated by his Army, and several Places, with their unfortunate Inhabitants, were made either Carcasses or Cinders by his Fire and Sword.

In fine, the Affairs of *Media* were reduc'd to a very drooping Condition; and *Phraates* hotly pursuing his Fortune, especially after the gaining one signal Victory (almost in the Bosom of their Country) did now more than hope to lay them as low as the Hand of an entire Ruin could throw them.

But at that Time the King of *Media*, having taken some Wounds in the last Fight, was forced to retire, with little hope to repair his broken Fortunes, to his capital City, and leave the Command of his shattered Army to a young Captain called *Artaban*, who (if the common Report may be trusted) from an obscure Birth, in a few Years, by the Conduct of his proper Virtue, was risen to the tallest Dignities, and by that Time the down appeared upon his Chin, had acquired a high Reputation among the *Medians*.

By this Change of a Commander, Fortune revolted to the other Side, and *Artaban* ramassing some Troops with a marvellous Diligence, that were rais'd to re-inforce his Army, and having weakened that of the *Parthians*, by several Surprizes and divers Combats upon Parties, wherein he always carried the Advantage, in a short Time he found himself able to offer *Phraates* Battle, who but a little before had made himself believe the *Medians* would never recover Strength nor  
Cou-

Courage enough to give him another Meeting the Field.

*Pbraates*, misprising those Enemies he had often beaten, and now not fearing to draw Blank in the Lottery of War; (especially since his Opposer's Army was commanded by a young Man without a Name in War, which he had frequently vanquished, when their own King led them on in Person) march'd to the Battle, as to a certain Victory: But the Event confuted his Confidence, and that young Captain, whose Resistance he had so lately despised, disputed the Victory so luckily, or rather (as they reported that saw his Behaviour in the Functions of his Charge) with so much gallantry of Person, and Prudence of Conduct, as after he had bravely tugg'd with many glorious Dangers and Difficulties, at last he broke the *Parthian* Ranks, kill'd a great Number upon the Place, and put the rest to a total Rout.

My want of Skill in the Art Military has oblig'd me to shrink this Relation to so narrow a Continent; for should I adventure to discourse the Particulars, 'twere to engage in a Labyrinth without a Clue.

*Pbraates* thus beaten to the Opinion that he was not invincible, began to consult his Interest with more Circumspection; and rallying his scattered Forces, and remanding those to his Army he had left upon the Frontiers, he put himself again in Condition to make good his Stake, and throw the Dice once more in a second Battle.

He had no more time for this Preparation than necessity exacted; and his gallant Enemy having spurring on his Victory, appeared a few Days after within view of his Camp. *Pbraates* by this time had perfectly unlearned the Contempt of his youth.

Opposer, and with a preciser Caution studied all the Probabilities that might direct his Aim to the Event of the second Combat. He might have made Use of some local Advantages, had he pleas'd to defer the Battle; but his Judgment scanning the Difference of Retreat, told him there was more fear that his *Parthians* would run upon his Enemies Ground, than his own; besides, his Heart was too great to refuse the Encounter of an Army that did not out-number his, which consisted of a People that he had formerly so often beaten, and so little redoubted.

The Battle was fought with a great deal of Cruelty and Blood-shed, and the Victory obstinately disputed on both Sides; but at last she declared for the *Medes*; the *Parthians* were defeated with a far greater Loss than before, and the King himself very thinly attended, had much ado to make good his personal Retreat to a Place of Safety.

This unlucky Blow unravell'd all his former Success, and recoil'd the Progress he had made in *Media*, which he was now forced to abandon in a disordered haste, for fear the active Enemy should get before him, and cut off his Retreat, by blocking up the Passages to his own Kingdom.

Of the numerous Army that followed him into *Media*, he brought home but a very pitiful Remainder, and by this sudden Vicissitude might easily discern the Injustice of that Pride which the tympanous Womb of Prosperity discloses.

When he invaded *Media*, he had left my Mother and me in a City upon our Frontier, the strongest of all the Kingdom, and there it was we received him with all the Regret that was due to the said Success of his Affairs; but his stay there was not long, and finding Necessity press  
his

his sudden Retreat to the Heart of his Kingdom, as well to make new Levies there, as prevent the Palpitation of such Disorders, as might either be stirred (now Fortune wrinkled her Brow) by the secret Intelligence of his Enemies, or the Infidelity of his own Subjects, he left us in that City, and with us the greatest Part of those Forces that remained of his last Defeat for our Guard.

The Reason that we marched not with him, was deduced from his Hope of a sudden return with a fresh Army, and the Opinion he had that his Enemies were too much enfeebled in the last Battle, (wherein they did not buy their Advantage at a cheaper Rate, than the Loss of a great many Men) to be either in Case or Courage to invade his Territories; but that Thought deceived him, and he had marched but a few Days from us, when the victorious *Artaban*, strengthened with some Troops the King his Master had sent him, appeared upon the Frontier, and brought a Fear into the Hearts of our *Parthians*, who had already learnt from his last Actions, to listen to his Name with Terror.

We had yet Time enough to retire, but the Queen my Mother, a Princess of a great Heart, trusting to the Strength of the City, and the Number of the Men that defended it, thought she might do the King a considerable Service, by staying upon the Frontier, where her Presence might preserve an untainted Fidelity in the *Parthians* Breasts, whom the Fear of our Enemies, and the Change of our Fortune might probably fright into Disloyalty: This Consideration made us stay the coming up of the *Medes*, who a few Days after shewed themselves at our Gates, and took away the Hope of Retreat, when we began to desire it.

There passed many memorable Actions in that Siege, which my Ignorance in the Trade of War condemns to Silence; and the *Parthians*, whose Courage took a keener Edge from the Presence of the Queen and Princess than ordinary, behaved themselves in their Defence with an uncommon Bravery.

The King, too late repenting his inconsiderate Desertion of us to the Mercy of that Stranger, bestirred his Industry to send us a timely Succour, as well as the Diligence of his active Enemy would permit him; but the narrow Time they allowed him to perform it, enforced the Loss of all his Endeavours, and those weak Supplies he sent to our rescue being cut in Pieces, *Artaban*, after he had often summoned the City in vain, resolved upon a general Assault; the Queen, my Mother, perceiving her own Liberty, and probably a large Part of her Husband's Dominions depended upon the Preservation of that Place, appeared in Person at all the Posts of the City, exhorting the Commanders, Soldiers, and Inhabitants, to fight in Defence of their Lives and Liberties, with all the moving Language wherewith her proper Interest, linked with the King's, could inspire her. By her Command I stay'd behind in the Lodging, where half dead with Fear, I expected the Event of that threatening Storm, which indeed split our Hopes upon a Rock; for though the City was courageously defended, yet it was far more gallantly assaulted; and from the Top of a Tower, where I was got up to see how the Trial for my Liberty was like to be decided at the Bar of Fortune, with my own Eyes I saw the Enemies General, with his Sword in his Hand, first mount our Walls, and by his brave Example, inviting those he led on to follow him, the Courtine  
was

was quickly covered with his Men, and himself become absolute Master, with the City, of our Lives and Liberties.

At the first Noise of this Disaster, the Queen came to me, and endeavouring to moderate my Fears, as well as the Disorder that had then a little dazled her own Courage, would suffer her; after she had lent an Ear to that horrid Noise that ran round her Lodging, composed of such lamentable Cries and Shrieks as usually echo in the Streets of stormed Cities, where Cruelty and Disorder reign with an unbridled Licence; she sent divers of her Servants successively to the Enemies General, with her Entreaty to use his Victory with a milder Temper, spare the Blood of many innocent Persons that begged their Lives by her Intercession, desiring they might hold them of his Clemency. The first of these Messengers perished by the indistinguishing Swords of our Enemies; but some of those that followed, proving so lucky to reach the General's Presence, and deliver their humble Embassy, found him ready to accord more than they demanded.

He presently dispatched his Orders through all the Quarters of the City to cease the Slaughter, and sent back the Queen's Messengers with two of his principal Officers, to assure us in his Behalf, that we might safely dismiss our Fears, and expect to be treated with all the Respect that was due to our Condition.

These two Officers, in Obeisance to their General's Order, staid to guard us from the Soldiers Insolence; and we found their Authority so prevalent, as the common People of their Army did not attempt so much as to peep within our Lodging.

*Artaban*

*Artaban* carried so great a Sway among the *Medes*, as after he had tugged with some penny Difficulties, to lay the Dæmon of their Fury, he subdued them to a perfect Obedience, and quietly retreated their precipitate Ardour from the Spoil and Pillage; but it cost him a large Part of the Day in reducing all those Disorders to the Form he intended, and we passed away the same Time in such a Condition as your Thoughts might easily figure.

By a sudden Revolution of our Fortune, we saw ourselves Prisoners to a barbarous People, whose Inclinations taught us to apprehend all that might shake the stoutest Courages; and tho' the Courtesy of our Vanquisher had already overcome the Fear of our Lives, Captivity drags other Miseries along with her, that are so hardly supported by Persons of our Condition, as we would make no Reflection, level no Glance at our wretched Estate, that enforced not our Souls to shrink under the Oppression of too just Grief.

I wept excessively upon the Bosom of my indulgent Mother, who keeping more Constancy and Courage at the Helm, endeavoured to dry up my Tears, and strive with all the Strength of her Reason, to give me Comfort at the same Time, when herself so sadly needed it.

Thus we passed away that whole Day, and the following Night, without finding any Change in the Order and Ceremony that was usually observed in our Service, without so much as descrying the least Action, or over-hearing one Syllable that signified the Loss of our Liberty.

Before the Queen went to Bed, there came one from the General, to demand her Permission for his Master to come and wait upon her on the Morrow, not daring to assume that Liberty the  
same



same Day, in so unbecoming a Condition to appear in her Presence, nor willing before he knew whether she would suffer the Visit of a Person, whom the due Obedience to the King his Master had inforc'd to disoblige her.

The Queen gathered a propitious Augury from the Continuation of her Enemies Civilities; and not willing to abuse them, she returned him this Answer, that he might come and see her when he pleased; who would be ready to receive his Visit, as a worthy Successor of those preceding Bounties, that had much more obliged, than all the Proofs and Effects of his incomparable Valour (which carried their own Justification along with them) could offend her.

The next Day, so soon as we were dress'd, after a second Message from *Artaban*, that enquired if the Queen might be seen without Importunity, he entered the Chamber, where I then attended my Mother, followed by the principal Commanders in his Army, for whom he had begged the same Permission to see us.

In that Abasement of our Fortune, I appeared with a Negligence of Dress and Gesture, that barely suffered me to regard that Man, as the Fruit of his Virtue obliged; but so soon as I reached him with my Eye, at the same Moment I felt myself engaged to a more particular Attention.

Madam, I may safely say, that I never had seen any thing till then, nor, indeed, ever since, that could boast a Parity to him in the meanest Part; and I confess, at the first View, my Expectation was so strangely deceived, as I look'd like a Statue, with a Face the perfect Picture of Surprizal and Confusion. His Visage and Port shewed the Evidence of something so great and noble, as in spite of the malicious Noise that ran about the World of his

his obscure Birth, I could not consider him at a less Rate, than if his Temples had been impal'd with a regal Diadem. He was then without Arms, and his Head uncovered, which gave me the greater Licence to remark, as well as the sparkling Vivacity in his Eyes, the perfect Proportion and Kindred of all the Features in his Visage; his Complexion was neither white nor brown, and his Hair neither fair nor black, (but of a Colour composed of both) fell in long rings of Nature's curling upon his shoulders, with a marvellous Decorum; in all the regards and lineaments of his Face, there appeared a natural fierceness, which though he then endeavoured in our presence to keep within a cover of respect, yet he could not hide it so handsomely, but we saw something through those stoopings of his Spirit that spake him born to command others, born to dis-esteem the whole World, and think it held none fit to be his Rival in glory. His stature was tall, but shaped to a perfect harmony; his gesture noble, every Action becoming, and all majestick.

With these Advantages of Person that at first blush surprized our respect, he approached the Queen; and putting one knee to the ground, with all the submission she could hope, not only from her Conqueror, but the meanest of her subjects, he kissed the lowest part of her Garment; he accosted me in the same manner; though we both opposed that excess of humility, when rising from his knee, and addressing his Words to the Queen with an incomparable grace,

‘ Madam, *said he*, if I were not before a great  
 ‘ Queen, and a wise Mistress, that exactly knows  
 ‘ the duty of a Servant, I would strive to excuse  
 ‘ what fidelity has enforced me to do against your  
 ‘ Subjects, and a City made sacred by your pre-  
 ‘ sence,

sence, in obedience to the express orders of a Royal Master, that has honoured me with employment above my merit: But since your Majesty is so well acquainted with the reasons that plead my justification, I have learned to hope, that you will not reject the offer of those respects that are due from a Man, whom Fortune hath compelled to disoblige you, and whom a just knowledge of what your quality has right to, readily disposes to render you all the services you can challenge from the most zealous, and the faithfullest of your own Subjects. Madam, I should believe myself infinitely happy in a Power to make you fairer offers; but since your knowledge tells you, how far that way I may justly reach my endeavours, be pleased, Madam, to bestow some faith upon the protestations I make you, to employ all the credit my services have given me in my Master's breast, to reconcile you to your Fortune; he knows very well what is due to your Person and Dignity, and shall find us all so ready to second him in his design to clear that score, as in a short time I hope you will find it no easy task to discern those you now hold for Enemies, from others that Heaven obliged to a natural subjection, by being born within the limits of your Dominion.

*Artaban* spake in this manner, but with a fashion so noble and so agreeable, as the Queen, while his Discourse lasted, absented for some moments her Misfortunes from her memory, that she might lend him a more untroubled attention; but when she saw him arrived at a period, and silently stand in expectation of her answer, making a fresh assault upon her Grief, to receive her civilities becomingly, 'Generous Warriour, said she, you cannot think it strange, if we have taken some  
sad

' sad apprehensions from an accident - so rarely  
 ' exempl'd by Persons of our extraction, to pass  
 ' from a Throne to a Prison, without reluctance,  
 ' especially in those of our Sex, that are better ac-  
 ' quainted with the effects of Faith than Courage,  
 ' were to fortify the very faculty of resenting; yet  
 ' truth obliges me to tell you, that the knowledge  
 ' we have of your Virtue has already drawn the  
 ' sharpest sting from our miseries; and if your  
 ' Master be truly worthy of so brave a Servant;  
 ' I think we shall have little reason to afflict our-  
 ' selves, or fall out with Fortune for this disgrace.  
 ' Sir, upon the entire confidence, justly repos'd  
 ' in your gallantry, I resign my Daughter and  
 ' myself into your hands, in a firm belief you  
 ' will still treat us with the same generosity, which  
 ' our experience has already tasted. Since your  
 ' admirable Valour did not add more beams to  
 ' the Beauty of your Glory, by defeating our  
 ' Troops, than your Courtesy may reap in the tem-  
 ' perate use of your Victory.

This was the Queen's Answer, to which *Artaban*  
 reply'd with a great deal of respect, and con-  
 tenting himself to repeat his offers, he deem'd it  
 not fit, at the first time, to take the liberty of en-  
 gaging in a longer Discourse, and after he had  
 made me some protestations little different from  
 those the Queen had received, with a grace that  
 gave me a marvellous esteem of his Person, he  
 left the Chamber, not without civilly asking my  
 Mother's consent, that he might have leave to fre-  
 quent her presence at such times, when the tender  
 of his respects would not incommode her.

I cannot but avow that the garb and aspect of  
 that great Man did much surprize me, and my  
 Eyes read him over in so advantageous a character,  
 as I thought the World scarce able to shew his  
 paral-

parallel; nor did the Queen's opinion fall much short of mine: And he was no sooner gone from us, when she fell upon his praises, speaking all to his applauses that truth and gratitude enjoined her, and a thousand times wishing, that the King my Father could purchase such a Servant, with a part of his Dominions. But if we were well pleased at his first Visit, he took the hint of every opportunity in those that followed, to heighten our content, and started no occasion that he did not embrace with a perfect satisfaction to oblige us.

He had resided but a few Days in the City, when he received intelligence, that the King my Father had sent an Army against him, under the conduct of *Vologeses*; and disdaining to give his Enemy time to come up and brave him in his Trenches, he drew out his Forces, and went to meet him.

But why should I train my Discourse to an unnecessary length? *Artaban*, after he had taken his leave of the Queen and me for a few days, quitted the City, where he left a strong Garrison, marched towards *Vologeses*, presented him Battel, and fought it so advantageously for his, and unluckily for the *Parthian* Party, that *Vologeses*, with 20,000 of his Men, were slain upon the place, and the rest saved themselves with much ado, in some neighbouring Woods and Mountains that favoured their flight.

This last blow straggled the *Parthian* Empire, and had not *Artaban's* design been opposed by the sharpness of the season, and weakness of his Forces, enfeebled with so many Combats, he might have marched, without resistance, to the capital City of that Kingdom, which the noise of his Fortune had filled with a pannick terror; but then, in too weak a condition to pursue his Victory,

Victory, the Winter's rigour, that already began to distress his Army, and his Master's Orders, who was unwilling he should engage further, before he received some supplies he intended to send him, obliged his return to the City where he left us.

Never did Man bring back a modesty comparable to his, from so great a Victory: He gave us an account of what had past, with abundance of affliction in his looks, and excused the mischiefs his Honour had enforced him to do us, in such winning Language, as we found it impossible to hate him.

A few Days after, I began to perceive he regarded me with an Eye no longer indifferent; his Words were ranged with more care and less confidence than before, and in all his Actions he essay'd to bespeak me an opinion, that the World could not offer him an employment which was not less important and considerable in his thoughts, than the pettiest occasion to serve and please me. Had I commended upon this carriage of his with interest, my Conjectures could not have missed the mark he aimed at; but as I was then young, and my Spirit untrained to those discoveries, and my thoughts prepossessed with the sense of our Captivity, in which (though sweetened with his Civilities) I could not chuse but taste the restraint. I did not level my regards at a Man so vastly below me, to tie any particular remark upon his behaviour, which in all probability would have made me fly his conversation.

One Day he came into the Queen's Chamber, and entertaining me, while my Mother was busied about some dispatches she was to send to the King (for that liberty was allowed her) after the exchange of some other Discourse that begun the Dialogue: "Madam, *said he*, you would have  
great

‘ great cause to hate me, if I did not strive with  
‘ all the strength of industry to remove it, and  
‘ to the prejudice of what (my Honour excepted)  
‘ is the dearest thing in the World to my wishes ;  
‘ I did not endeavour to give you some service,  
‘ which you could never receive by the single suf-  
‘ frage of my will, if that precious liberty, which,  
‘ for my Misfortune, more than yours, our success  
‘ in War has ravished from you, depended upon  
‘ my resignation, it would not remain so long in  
‘ another’s custody, as that ---.’ He stopt short  
at these Words, and confessed by a change of a  
look a confusion in his thoughts, which I was  
then too innocent to observe, (though I had better  
intelligence from some reflections since upon that  
passage) and after some moments of silence, re-  
covering his speech : ‘ I say, Madam, *pursued he*,  
‘ had it been in my power to finish this restraint  
‘ of yours, that throws me at the Feet of your  
‘ mercy for a gentle construction, the very same  
‘ Day I was so unlucky to begin it, you should  
‘ not now regard me as the Man that has done  
‘ you the rudest injury, but as he that would gladly  
‘ sprinkle the purest blood about his Heart upon  
‘ your Altar, to expiate his crime. It is my Mis-  
‘ fortune that I cannot crave that liberty to my-  
‘ self, without deceiving a Master, to whom I  
‘ owe all, and betraying the trust he has deposit-  
‘ ed in me, beyond the just claim of my deserts ;  
‘ nor would those Forces, that obey me by his  
‘ order, do less than openly oppose a design of  
‘ that nature : And in fine, Madam, my thoughts  
‘ can plot no safer contrivance to release you from  
‘ this estate, which I cannot look upon without  
‘ sighs and blushes, than the same I had chosen  
‘ to serve you.

I was glad to hear these Words, that put me in some hope of liberty ; and regarding *Artaban* with an aspect that told him as much : ‘ And upon what projection, *said I*, have you fastened to restore us our Freedom ? Have you sent Propositions to the King my Father ; and does he offer Provinces and Treasures for our Liberties ? No, Madam, *reply'd Artaban*, I shall only direct my Addresses to the King my Master, and 'tis from the affection he bears me, and that promised recompence, which his goodness deems a just debt to the Services I have done him, that I derive a hope of means to release you. Vouchsafe, Madam, if you please, *pursued he*, *drawing out a Letter from his Pocket, and presenting it open to my hands*, to read here what he has done me the honour to write me and judge if this Bounty does not justly embolden me to demand something of a grand value at his Royal Hands.

At these Words he gave me the Letter, wherein in I read what follows.

*Tigranes King of the Medes, to the invincible Artaban.*

‘ I Should be the most ingrateful of Princes, should I withhold the confession, that I owe you all, and I do not debase my Dignity in publishing, that I hold my Crown of you, since your admirable Valour catched it when it was falling from my head, and replanted it there by the entire ruine of mine Enemies : I see the Bounty-of Heaven that presented you to me, as the Tutelary Dæmon of *Media* still showers the same success upon you in the *Parthians* Country, as when you first beat them from our Thresholds ; and it is no groundless hope that bids  
me



‘ me expect a more puissant Crown from your  
‘ victorious Sword than my Predecessors left me.  
‘ But, dear *Artaban*, what can I do to be quit  
‘ with you deserts? And what reward will be  
‘ high enough to measure with your Services?  
‘ With a part of those Territories your invincible  
‘ Arm has restored me, demand something else  
‘ that carries a greater value, and though your  
‘ desires include a large share of my proper Blood,  
‘ do not fear the refusal of a King, whom the  
‘ unparallel’d effects of your Virtue has rendered  
‘ inviolably yours.

‘ I avow, *said I*, to *Artaban*, after I had read  
‘ this Letter, that the Median King does inge-  
‘ nuously acknowledge what he owes you, yet I  
‘ must say too, there was little reason he should  
‘ have spoke less to that purpose: And should he  
‘ stick at the price of any recompence, he would  
‘ prove himself unworthy of those important Ser-  
‘ vices you have done him. Would to Heavens,  
‘ *reply’d Artaban with a sigh*, that all Persons to  
‘ whom I have vowed Service, would accept and  
‘ own it as your Judgment directs them, and  
‘ that you yourself (when I shall once be so happy  
‘ to make good my intentions) would suit your  
‘ resentments to your own Language. You would  
‘ wrong us to doubt, *reply’d I*, that either the  
‘ Queen or myself do not think ourselves highly  
‘ obliged to your noble Offices, or shall ever be  
‘ tardy in our wills to express, though at the rate  
‘ of something that is dearest, that our appre-  
‘ hensions are neither slow nor insensible to your  
‘ Generosity. No, Madam, *added he*, in lieu of  
‘ those Promises you offer so freely, I expect a  
‘ loss that in all appearance my whole Life will  
‘ hardly repair; however, that cold fear shall not  
‘ pass my design to please you, and in a few Days  
‘ you

‘ you shall know what I shall be able to do for  
 ‘ your Service.

He then said no more, being obliged to join with the Queen, who had newly finished her dispatches, and begin another Discourse.

After his departure, I acquainted the Queen with the hopes he had given me, and as she had cause to credit the parole of so brave a Man, she began to take out some lessons of comfort, from the opinion of his Virtue, and solemnly wait the effects of his promise; nor did our expectations abuse us: And since I cannot be civil with your Patience, unless I abridge a Discourse, that if I untwisted every particular, would reach to an insufferable length; be pleased to know, that a few Days after, *Artaban* entred the Queen’s Chamber, with the characters of a grand satisfaction in his Face, though a little interlin’d with some petty displeasure; and when he had accosted us, ‘ Madam, *said he, to the Queen*, I am come to tender the performance of a Promise, that I lately passed to the Princess your Daughter, and to let you know that I am now the happy Master of some power to serve you, vouchsafe, *pursued he, presenting a Letter to the Queen*, to peruse this Commission I lately received from the King my Master.’ The Queen took the Letter from his hands, and having opened it, read these Words.

*Tigranes King of the Medes to General Artaban.*

‘ I Am ashamed, my dear *Artaban*, you should  
 ‘ undervalue the meed of your inestimable  
 ‘ Valour, at the poor price of two Womens Ransom; and I wish with passion your demand  
 ‘ had taken a larger compass, and included a part  
 ‘ of my Province: Time will not be much older  
 ‘ before

‘ before I shall see you upon the Theatre of your  
‘ Conquest, where I intend to wrangle with your  
‘ Modesty, for the offence it hath given to my af-  
‘ fection. In the mean time, dispose of these two  
‘ Princesses, of all the Booty, and Prisoners that  
‘ are in your hands, with an absolute Authority:  
‘ This is my earnest desire, and when I come I  
‘ shall complain of your nicety, if I find you have  
‘ scrupled to perform it.

The Queen was infinitely pleased in reading  
this Letter; and not able to dissemble it; ‘ I never  
‘ doubted, *said she to Artaban*, that the Median  
‘ King could stumble at the desires of a Man, to  
‘ whose Heroick Acts he owes the preservation  
‘ of his own, and the advantage he has gotten  
‘ upon our Territories. Had the King my Hus-  
‘ band so brave a Servant as *Artaban*, I am con-  
‘ fident he would think all the Riches and Ho-  
‘ nour in his power too cheap to reward him. I  
‘ see our Liberty is an entire dependent upon your  
‘ will, and though your deportment has infinite-  
‘ ly sweetned the loss of it, the desire to unty  
‘ restraint is so natural, especially in Persons of  
‘ our Sex and Rank, as I hope you will not think  
‘ it strange, if we ask it of you, offering such a  
‘ price to redeem it, as your estimation shall ap-  
‘ point. Would I set your Liberties to sale, *re-*  
‘ *ply’d Artaban*, the King your Husband’s Crown  
‘ were too little to pay the Ransom: But, Madam,  
‘ I do not value the possession of Provinces at  
‘ that height, to compare with the Glory I shall  
‘ reap in rendring you a Service, that may in  
‘ some manner repair the displeasure you have re-  
‘ ceived by our Arms. Madam, you are free,  
‘ your Liberty had the same date with my power  
‘ to pronounce it: And you are in suit of a Ran-  
‘ som, which you cannot offer again without dis-  
‘ obliging

“ obliging a Man, to whom, if Heaven has not  
 “ given the Birth of a Prince, perhaps it has not  
 “ refused the Courage. There’s none can raise a  
 “ Doubt against it, (*reply’d the Queen, tenderly*  
 “ *touched with a graceful wonder at Artaban’s*  
 “ *Nobleness*) and if the Gods have not yet reach-  
 “ ed a Sceptre to your Hands, they have given  
 “ you a Virtue preferable to the Roman Empire.  
 “ We do not blush to receive the Gift you offer  
 “ us from so great a Man; and our Judgments  
 “ shall take Advice from the vast Difference be-  
 “ twixt him and others, to shape our Recom-  
 “ pence as well by the Model of his Virtue as his  
 “ Obligation. I shall only desire, *replied Ar-*  
 “ *taban*, three Days more of your Majesty’s Re-  
 “ sidence in the City, a Space required by Necessi-  
 “ tity, for the Preparation of an Equipage wor-  
 “ thy to attend you, and not irrequisite to lengthen  
 “ the Comfort of a Man, who to serve you, does  
 “ possibly divorce his Eyes from their dearest Ob-  
 “ ject for ever.

While he was uttering these Words, I perceiv-  
 ed his Face was suddenly over-cast with the Cloud  
 of Grief, but I then only apprehended it as a  
 Character of his excellent Nature; and the Queen,  
 deceived as well as I, with the same Opinion,  
 only suffered it to improve her Estimation, and  
 augment her Acknowledgment of his Goodness.

We prepared for our Departure, with a great  
 deal of Contentment, but the Gods otherwise dis-  
 posed of our Affairs; and for the first *Remora*  
 to retard our Wishes, the next Morning my Mo-  
 ther was arrested with a furious Fever; the fol-  
 lowing Days it successively encreased with much  
 Violence, and in a few others grew enraged to  
 such a height, as shewed an apparent Danger of  
 her Life. I will not sad you, Madam, with the  
 Retital

Recital of my Grief, nor repeat the Regrets I uttered to see her so cruelly handled by her Malady, at that Point of Time when her Health was so necessary.

I stirred not from her Pillow, where the tender Affection due to so dear a Mother, almost melted me into Tears for her Danger.

*Artaban*, whose Affliction appeared little short of mine, forgot not to urge every Shadow of a Reason, that might contribute to my Comfort, and caused the Queen to be served with as specious a Care, as if she had been in *Pbraates's* Palace.

The King my Father, with *Artaban's* Permission, often sent to understand her Condition, and I wrote him a perfect Account of all the Passages, and gave him every singular Particular, how the generous *Artaban* had obliged us.

In the mean Time, Heaven was pleased to take away all the Danger, but her half conquered Malady proved so obstinate a Resistance of Nature, as it cost her more than fifteen Days after the Fever had left her, before she could recover Strength enough to quit her Bed. When my Fears were once over-blown, *Artaban* resumed his usual Parley, with more Facility than when my Grief forbade that Freedom; but he still framed his Discourses to such a Fashion, as I perceived he eclipsed Part of his Thoughts, and was forced to do Violence upon himself to keep his Heart from his Tongue.

I then began to entertain some little Suspicions of the Truth, but the fresh Sense of our Obligation to that Man, made me fly all Occasions to confirm them, for fear of learning something that might urge me to treat him with an uneven Brow; and indeed, himself sought them so coldly, as I

found no Necessity to disfigure the Face of my Behaviour towards him.

At last the Queen's Approaches to Health renewed the Assurance of our Departure; but our Destiny disposed it so, that the same Day she left her Bed, *Artaban* received Intelligence, that *Tigranes* was upon his march to the City with fresh Supplies for his Army, and three or four Days after we saw him arrived with a pompous and magnificent Equipage.

I know not what prophetick Dæmon taught us to look upon his coming at a Point of Time, as an unlucky Omen: But the Queen was troubled at it, and *Artaban* himself (though his Master received him with all the Caresses that his Service and Deserts could teach him to expect) appeared but little satisfied: However, we disposed our selves to receive him as became us, and his Visit was no longer deferred than till the second Day after his Arrival.

The Queen had then Strength enough to walk about the Chamber, and hoped in a short Time to endure a Litter, which enabled her with a little Help, to give him the Complement of a Meeting at the Chamber Door: He entered it leaning upon *Artaban's* Arm, with a very plausible Deportment: This Prince had a handsome Aspect, his Years were about six or seven and twenty, his Accost very civil, and the Converse agreeable. He treated us with a great deal of Respect, told the Queen he was come to confirm the Promise *Artaban* had made her; that he was sorry her Malady had hindred her from gathering the Fruits of it, and that the Satisfaction he resented to see her in a Place where he might offer her some acceptable Service, was moderated by the Displeasure he took from her Indisposition.

The

The Queen reply'd to this Discourse with a great deal of Acknowledgment, assured him in behalf of the King her Husband, that his Generosity would gain a greater Conquest upon him than his Arms, and forgot nothing that a dexterous and discreet Princess might speak to purpose, at such an Encounter.

*Tigranes* staid and entertained us that whole Day; but at the next Interview, he directed his Language and Behaviour to me with a particular Address, and by the Cruelty of my Destiny, mistook something in my Face that he thought was amiable.

His first Expressions were seasoned with nought but common Civility, and he contented himself to make me a Discourse, that might pass for a Piece of Gallantry among Persons of any equal Condition; the second Day he made my Beauty his Theme, and spent some Rhetorick in Praises upon it, though he let fall no Language that imported it had made any Sculpture upon his Heart; but at the third, he explained himself more openly, and approaching to me near a Window, while *Artaban* entertained the Queen by his Command: ‘ Madam, *said he*, such Prisoners as you are very dangerous, and I fear *Artaban* has done me a Dis-service in detaining you here so long, to make an-unhappy Pass of my Condition into the same with yours.

These Words, which I was not accustomed to hear, discomposed me so strangely, as I wanted Assurance on the sudden to shape him an Answer; only in letting fall my Looks to the Ground, I endeavoured to give him Notice that I was utterly unprepared for Discourses of that Nature. ‘ Do, ‘ Madam, *added he, remarking my Actions*, do, ‘ turn aside those bright Eyes, perhaps for Shame

‘ of your last Conquest, the Wounds they made  
‘ are deeper and more mortal than any of those  
‘ Swords can give that are drawn to decide our  
‘ Quarrel; and believe it, the King of *Parthia*  
‘ has nothing so powerful as they to dis-arm us,  
‘ or make me do Homage to his Empire.

He said no more, and the Intelligence he took from my Face, that his Words had refused me, made him preserve the rest till some other Time, and address his Discourse to my Mother; but that Evening retiring with *Artaban* (as I since understood :) ‘ Ah, *Artaban*, said he, what a milky  
‘ Path of Beauty is this *Parthian* Princess, and  
‘ how over-seen were you, that you did not fore-  
‘ warn me of the Danger to behold her!

*Artaban* was troubled to hear these Words, and the jealous Conjectures he drew from these Beginnings, taught him too well to preface a Part of the Sequel; but if he was nettled with those Thoughts, I was not less perplexed at the Discourse his Master had made me; and the Queen taking Notice of some Stings of Discontent, that stuck in my Visage, pressed me so earnestly to reveal the Cause, as I was constrained to strip the Truth of it to her knowledge.

The next Day my Anxieties were very sensibly redoubled, and *Tigranes* repeating his Visit, having once more engaged the Queen in a Discourse with two Princes of his Lineage, accosted me with more Confidence than before, and anticipating of a Part of what he had to say by his Looks: ‘ I  
‘ know not, Madam, said he, whether the King  
‘ your Father makes use of you to revenge his  
‘ Quarrel, but I am sure he could not impose a  
‘ harder Condition upon his cruellest Enemy,  
‘ than the sad Estate whereto your Beauty has re-  
‘ duced me; and if I did not hope some Re-  
‘ dress



‘ drefs from your Pity, I ſhould think myſelf the  
‘ moſt unfortunate and loſt Prince that ever felt a  
‘ Paſſion.

The Cloſe of this Diſcourſe was as unwelcome to my Ear as the Prologue; and now no longer willing to perſonate a ſtupid Inſenſibility, I ſtruggled with myſelf to return him this Answer: ‘ The  
‘ King of *Parthia*’s Reſentments, ſaid I, are en-  
‘ joined by Juſtice, to deſign a large Part of their  
‘ Animofity to thoſe noble Offices we have re-  
‘ ceived from you and your’s; and I cannot com-  
‘ prehend how you ſhould be reduc’d to a Con-  
‘ dition worthy of Pity, either by his Arms or  
‘ mine; I know not, *Tigranes*, whether to die dai-  
‘ ly for you, will give me a good Title to be your  
‘ Companion; but of this I am aſſured, that the  
‘ Charity of it can never expend itſelf upon a great-  
‘ er Neceſſity; and if Pains and Sufferings can at-  
‘ tract it, never had any Torment a better Claim  
‘ than mine.’ This hardy Diſcourſe (which im-  
‘ ply’d but little Reſpect to a Princeſs, with whom  
the King’s Acquaintance was not above four Days  
old) did a little anger me, and not able to diſſem-  
ble: ‘ My preſent Condition, ſaid I, enforces me  
‘ to that from you, which perhaps your own Diſ-  
‘ cretion would make ſome Conſcience to ſuffer  
‘ Diſpenſe with at another Season.

*Tigranes* was guided by theſe Words, to obſerve ſuch a Diſcontent upon my Brow, as perſwaded him then to give over the Purſuit of that Subject; but a few Days after he renewed the Chafe, and in fine, gave me plainly to underſtand, that I was reduc’d to endure his Perſecutions.

*Artaban*, who drove a greater Intereſt in his Maſter’s new-born Paſſion than we conjectured, perceived it with a very ſenſible Diſpleaſure, and reſolved to employ all his Power to cut it off in

its Infancy: The Queen quickly found herself able to endure a Litter, and perceiving it high Time to challenge the Promise of her Liberty, gave Notice to *Artaban*, that Health would permit her to accept his Offer.

*Artaban*, who knew he had no less Reason to expedite the Performance than she to demand it, and who could not see us in the Power of *Tigranes*, without such Disquiets as result from a timorous Jealousy, readily dispos'd himself to render us that Office, and the same Day mov'd the King to confirm his Grant, whereof the Effects had only been retarded by the Queen's Indisposition. *Tigranes* received this Proposition from *Artaban*, with a Face full of Trouble, and after he had taken some time to return his Answer: ' *Artaban*, ' *said he*, what need you make such Haste to precipitate a Business, that does not demand it? ' The Queen of *Parthia* has not been ill treated ' among us, and we shall have time enough to ' talk of her Departure, when we may agree to it ' with more Civility.

*Artaban* heard these Words with a mortal Displeasure, but knowing the prompt and impatient Humour of *Tigranes*, he thought it not then fit to press him farther.

After this he stay'd some Days before he renewed his Request, and the King knowing his Intention, and how his Honour was engaged, grew cautious to evade all Occasions, that might again betray his Ear to such Addresses; and by putting on a more serious and cold Aspect than ordinary, endeavours to rebate the Edge of his Importunity; but he dealt with a Spirit, which neither Fear, nor all the Considerations of Interest and Fortune, had Power to stagger in the Prosecution of what so weightily concerned his Word and Honour,  
for

for which he had no sooner seconded our Sollicitations, but with a firm Resolve, to expose himself to all the Hazard and Danger that could menace his Enterprize, he went to find the King in his Cabiuet, and with a brave Assurance in his Looks demanded the Performance of his Promise, that referred to our Release. *Tigranes* took these Words very ill at his Hands, and he saw himself oblig'd to reply. ' Ah, *Artaban*, said he, turning his Head aside, how little Care you keep to please your Friends!' ' How, Sir, said *Artaban*, wou'd you approve my Complacence, shou'd I counsel you to violate the royal Word you have passed, and I too in your Behalf, to the greatest Princesses in the World.' ' The Word you have given, (reply'd the King, who began to kindle at the Liberty of this Language) does not engage you at all, since the Execution depends not on you, and you shall fairly excuse and acquit yourself when you tell them, that I have changed my Intention. Though that were enough to disengage me, answered *Artaban*, yet, Sir, it leaves the Debt of your Promise unpaid, and I am tenderly enough concerned in what touches your Honour to oppose myself, with all the Credit I ever gained in your Thoughts, to an Action that exposes you to eternal Reproaches. It was only to you, reply'd *Tigranes*, that I passed my Promise; and the Knowledge of yourself and me will not let you be ignorant that I have Power to revoke it when I please.

*Artaban*, whose Courage could never bow to any base Consideration, could not tamely pocket Discourse so full of angry Scorn; and regarding the King with a haughty Eye, and with that natural Fierceness, that was ready to start into his Looks and Actions, when his Courage waked

it: ‘ Sir, *said he*, I am not born your Subject,  
 ‘ and it was only my unconstrained Will, that  
 ‘ brought me to unsheath my Sword in your Ser-  
 ‘ vice, where-with you have reaped too fruitful a  
 ‘ Harvest of Profit and Glory, to treat me unjust-  
 ‘ ly with so much Contempt and Indignity; if  
 ‘ you think the passive Obedience that may be re-  
 ‘ quired by a Sovereign from a Subject, will serve  
 ‘ to acquit you of your Promise, your Plea is  
 ‘ not good against a Man that owes you no Alle-  
 ‘ giance, and one that has done more for you,  
 ‘ than all your *Medians* at a Lump together. Sir,  
 ‘ if you have any Room left in your Soul for the  
 ‘ Consideration of Services, those I have render’d  
 ‘ you may possibly be found important enough to  
 ‘ merit something more than what you have ac-  
 ‘ corded.’ ‘ The Services you have done me, *re-*  
 ‘ *ply’d the King, inflam’d with Choler*, have all  
 ‘ been pre-required by Degrees of Honour, mis-  
 ‘ placed by my Bounty upon you, to the Preju-  
 ‘ dice of many Persons, that had a juster Title  
 ‘ than you to their Possession; and though your  
 ‘ Services be already overpaid, know I am willing  
 ‘ to add another Recompence, in suffering your  
 ‘ insolent Language to pass without a Punishment,  
 ‘ which I can as easily inflict, as you have fau-  
 ‘ cily deserved it.

These Words strangled all the Consideration of  
 Patience and Respect in *Artaban*; and his Rage  
 had then rendered him utterly incapable of Fear,  
 regarding the King with an Action full of Dis-  
 dain: ‘ Think not, King of the *Medes*, *said he*,  
 ‘ that I can either shrink at your Threats, or be  
 ‘ bought with those Benefits wherewith you up-  
 ‘ braid me: No, both the one and the other are  
 ‘ too much below me, and so long as I carried  
 ‘ this Sword about me (that put the Crown upon  
 ‘ your

‘ your Head, and cut you out a Condition to talk  
‘ like a Master upon the King of *Parthia*’s Terri-  
‘ tories, that a few Months since had scarce a  
‘ Corner of your own to secure you) I shall teach  
‘ it to defend me against all my Enemies; and  
‘ gather fairer Flowers of Dignity and Honour  
‘ in the wide Field of the World, than any I can  
‘ hope from such a King as you; perhaps I may  
‘ carry it into Places, where it may prove, as it has  
‘ been serviceable to you; and by the Assistance  
‘ of my abused Spirit, I may one Day compel  
‘ you to keep your Word, or at least disengage  
‘ me of mine.

At the Close of these Words he turned his Back upon the King, without paying the least Reverence to his Person, and holding his Hand upon the Guard of his Sword, went out of the Chamber with an Action so terrible, as of all those that were near the King, there was not a Man so hardy to oppose his Passage, or had Courage enough to come near him.

*Tigranes* remained so astonished and confus’d at this Adventure, as he knew not where he was, nor had he then the Assurance to reply one Word, or call to his Guard to arrest him; he might easily have taken his Life, and those Thoughts that were the eldest Children of his Anger did vote it so; but some of the chief Nobility then about him, that held *Artaban*’s Virtue in a great Veneration, stept so readily in to mediate in his Behalf, by insinuating the Memory of those grand Things he had done in his Service, as believing he could not put him to Death, without a barbarous Ingratitude, that would render him odious and detestable to all the Earth; he contented himself to send him a Command by the Captain of his Guards, to get him out of the City the same Day, and ap-

pear no more in his Dominions upon Forfeiture of his Life.

This Sentence of *Artaban's* Banishment was perfectly superfluous; since if the King had offer'd to have bought his Residence with a large Reward, he would have staid no longer in his Service. He had no sooner left the Presence, but he came to our Lodging, with all the Haste he could make, for fear Delay should give *Tigranes* leisure to cut off his Passage to that Visit with a Prohibition.

He struggled with himself before he came at us, to sweeten and suppress all that was terrible in his Looks; yet he could not do it so smoothly, but we observed some Alteration there, which neither the Grandeur of his Courage, or Respect, had power to disguise. He had no sooner boarded us, but addressing himself to the Queen, 'Madam, *said he*, I am come, with unspeakable Regret, to avow my Impuissance; an ungrateful King, a Prince that violates his Word, and a Man unworthy to wear a Crown, has robb'd me of the Means to restore you your Liberty; and by the help of an injurious Dis-esteem of my Services, and his own Honour, has unworthily decreed, that you remain his Prisoners, and that I must live with the Shame of that Affront he has given me, and the Sorrow of failing to redeem the Reputation that was pawn'd in my Promise to release you. Madam, I must leave you in the Power of a King, that (basely ungrateful as he is) I know will not dare to forget the Respect that is due to you; and I am going to make his Enemies amends, for the Wrongs I have unluckily done them in my Services to him, for which I carry away with me no other Regard than Shame and Repentance. If the King your Husband will now accept the  
' Service

‘ Service of this Sword, which I drew against him  
‘ and his with too much Success, peradventure  
‘ it may heal the Wounds it has given, in taking  
‘ back what it took away ; and by this very Sword  
‘ I engage myself, once more, before the Gods and  
‘ you, to restore your Liberty. Madam, if my  
‘ Soul stays in this Clay, you need not fear a second  
‘ failing of my Promise ; I am confident I  
‘ shall draw you from the Hands of *Tigranes*,  
‘ though deprived of all human Assistance ; and if  
‘ the King of *Parthia* judges me worthy of any  
‘ Employment in his Army, I do not question  
‘ but quickly to send back that ingrateful Man, to  
‘ seek a Refuge in the Limits that his Father left  
‘ him. I confess, Madam, I must ask some time  
‘ to confirm you this Assurance, and to demand  
‘ your Pardon as I ought, for the Offences I have  
‘ committed, by this unwilling Abuse of your Expectation, in a Promise that I had not Power  
‘ enough to make good.

*Artaban*, after these Words, prepared himself to take his leave of us ; when the Queen (who had heard his Discourse) with Astonishment and Surprizal staying him by his Arm, ‘ Think not, *Artaban*, said she, that because we see ourselves  
‘ deprived of the Hopes you have given us, we  
‘ can find any Cause of Complaint against you,  
‘ ’twas my Indisposition that only hindered the  
‘ Effects of your Goodness, and we are still tied  
‘ in Obligation to that noble Intent, as all the  
‘ Power the King my Husband has left him, is  
‘ too weak to requite it. Indeed we shall stay  
‘ here with too much Regret, in being deprived  
‘ of that Support and Comfort we receiv’d in you ;  
‘ but the Profit we are like to reap, by gaining so  
‘ brave a Man to our Party, whom Victory waits  
‘ upon like a Page, gives a pleasing Relish to this  
‘ second

' second Loss of our Liberties. The King of  
 ' *Parthia* knows your Virtue to his Cost, and he  
 ' is not ignorant how deeply you have put us in  
 ' your Debt: If you draw your Sword in his  
 ' Quarrel, you will doubtless find, from his just  
 ' Resentments, all that you lost by *Tigranes's* In-  
 ' gratitude; and if, as I hope it is, your Valour  
 ' be allotted to cut our Chains asunder, we shall  
 ' then see you in some other Place, where we  
 ' can better acknowledge what we owe to your  
 ' Generosity.

At these Words, seeing he only returned her the  
 Answer of a low Reverence, she embraced him as  
 her Benefactor; and after he had taken his leave  
 of her, approaching to me, ' Madam, *said he*,  
 ' be pleased to allow this Ambition of mine to  
 ' serve you and yours, till the last Moment of my  
 ' Life; and if the Gods permit that I thrive in  
 ' this Design, do me the Grace to regard the Suc-  
 ' cess with some Bounty: But if they decree that  
 ' I perish in the Enterprize, I hope you will ho-  
 ' nour the Memory of a Man with a little Place  
 ' in your Thoughts, to whom the Occasion to  
 ' die for your Interest was far dearer, and more  
 ' glorious, than the Possession of Empires.

There was too much Passion betrayed in these  
 Words, and the manner wherewith he pronounced  
 them, accused his Discretion too openly. How-  
 ever, (as our Condition and his Kindness was then  
 ballanced) I was loath to understand them in a  
 criminal Sense; but regarding him with a Visage  
 that spoke a great deal of Good-will, ' Go, gene-  
 ' rous *Artaban*, *said I*, obey the Motions where-  
 ' with your good Fortune inspires you, and do  
 ' not doubt but I shall ever cherish as great an  
 ' Esteem of your Person, and as grateful a Resent-  
 ' ment of your Actions, as your own Desires can  
 ' frame you.

*Artan-*



*Artaban's* Face confessed a great deal of Satisfaction from these few Words; and having kissed my Hand by the Queen's Consent, who made me a sign to give it him, he took his leave, and retired to the Chamber, where all Things were prepared for his Departure; and delayed his Stay no longer, than the Time it would cost him to mount himself and some of his Servants on Horseback, giving order to the rest of his Equipage to follow him to the Place where he intended to lodge. He was so passionately loved by the Officers of the Army, as a great Part of them offered to run his Fortune; but they could not gain his Consent so much, as to suffer one single Man to go with him besides his Domesticks.

Really we should have stay'd behind him with no Mediocrity of Grief for his Departure, if it had not been sweetned by the Cognizance we took of that considerable Succour he carried to our Army in his single Person; the Grandeur of his Actions, that had got him a loud Fame among all those that loved and knew how to use a Sword, and the Things he had done, and was like to do, to our Advantage: From the Advice of these Experiments, we took an Opinion, that taught us to consider him as a Man that was wholly extraordinary; and since 'tis but fit I should give you my Thoughts in their naked Innocence, I cannot but confess to you, that the marvellous Qualities of his Person, and the grand Obligations wherewith his Virtue had tied us to him, had fetched him some Wishes in my Breast, that had more Warmth than usually tempers common Good-will; and could I have judged his Birth but approaching to any Equality with mine, I think my Soul had preferred him before all the Men in the World. This was all the Advantage he had gain'd upon me, and per-

perhaps it was not so cheap in a Person of my Humour, but it might have given him Content enough, had he known it.

The next Day after his Departure, the King of the *Medes* made us a Visit, and accosted us with as great a Confidence, as if he had given us no Cause of Complaint against him: He made the Queen very bad Excuses for what he had done, and told her, that some important Reasons had persuaded him to defer those Intents that were proportioned to our Wishes; that so soon as he had ranged his Affairs in the Order he aimed at, he would render a fairer Satisfaction to our Desires, than *Artaban* could teach us to hope for. The Queen reply'd, that she never had any other Pretence to that Favour, than by such ways as the World had tracked before her; and though *Artaban*, with an Excess of Generosity, had refused the Ransom she had offered, she had ever persisted in her Design to send it him, and she knew the King of *Parthia*'s Disposition too well, to believe he would receive a Present from his Enemies, unless Reason made the Conditions. *Tigranes* returned an Answer that was near a-kin to his former Discourse: But a little after accosting me, ' Think not, Madam, *said he*, that any other  
' Reason could oblige me to an Action, which (if  
' you place Rigour in your Judgment-seat) I  
' know undergoes a heavy Censure, but the Im-  
' possibility that I feel to render myself from you  
' so suddenly: No, Madam, either consent to  
' stay with us, or carry me with you among the  
' *Parthians*; for, believe it, the Separation from  
' my Court and Liberty, will be less insupportable  
' than to part with you; nor need you afflict  
' yourself to stay with a King, that is more your  
' Prisoner than you are his; with a King that will  
' sooner

‘ sooner give up the Propriety of his Crown and  
‘ Life, than ruffle the smooth Harmony of your  
‘ Thoughts with the least Displeasure. Where  
‘ will you reign with a more absolute Sovereignty,  
‘ than in a Place where Kings are your Subjects?  
‘ And what Condition can your Expectation frame  
‘ among the *Parthians*, that is more advantage-  
‘ ous than to have a crowned Slave to attend you?  
• He vexed me with a Multitude of hotter Words  
to this purpose, which I still reply’d to, in Terms  
that were little obliging. The following Days  
were employ’d in this manner, to prolong my  
Affliction, but he always sweetened his Persecutions  
with Respect; and indeed not only himself, but  
his whole Court (by his Example and Command)  
behaved themselves to us with such a studied Ci-  
vility, as I could accuse him for nothing else but  
the Refusal of our Liberty, and the Importunity  
of his Love.

In the mean time, *Artaban* advanced, by great  
Journies, to the Place where the King my Father  
resided; and though he passed through an Ene-  
my’s Country that he had handled very harshly,  
he carried such Confidence in himself, as he never  
so much as demanded a Convoy, nor sought any  
Caution for the Safety of his Person: Neverthe-  
less, as his Train was very great and magnificent  
for a private Man, he was oft examined about the  
Cause of his Voyage; but so soon as he declared  
that he went to find out the King of *Parthia*, all  
the Passages flew open to receive him, and the ge-  
neral Belief that he was going with Propositions  
of Peace, got him divers Offers of a safe Conduct  
and Guard to the Court.

In fine, he arrived at *Hecatompolis*, where the  
King was then making new Levies on all sides,  
to regain a Condition once more to take the Field,  
and

and march in person to the Place where we were, so soon as the Season would suffer him.

*Artaban* was not so precise as to observe the ordinary Formalities, that usually precede the admission of a Stranger to a Royal Presence; but having only demanded permission to speak with the King, he entred the great Chamber, where he saw him invironed with the principal Persons of his Court. The Nobility of his Aspect and Garb presently drew the Eyes of all the assistants upon him, and while they were gathering fresh causes of wonder about him, he made his approaches to the King with a most becoming confidence, and having paid him the reverence that he believed was due: ‘ Sir, *said he*, I am *Artaban*,  
 ‘ that Name is probably known to you by the damage it has done you, and by some Advantages  
 ‘ in War, that Fortune has given me upon your  
 ‘ Subjects. I have quitted the Service of an un-  
 ‘ grateful King, to come and enrol myself in yours,  
 ‘ if you be willing to receive me: The dishonour  
 ‘ he has done me (in refusing Liberty to the  
 ‘ Queen your Wife, the Princess your Daughter)  
 ‘ by an infamous breach of promise, has made  
 ‘ me resolve to abandon him, and bring that  
 ‘ Sword to his Enemies, which has been drawn  
 ‘ with too much success in his quarrel. Sir, if  
 ‘ you dare adventure a Commission to unsheath  
 ‘ it in your Service, I shall forfeit a great deal of  
 ‘ Confidence, if it does not unravel all his Victo-  
 ‘ ries, and do the same Things for you against  
 ‘ him. Thus repairing your Losses, I shall take  
 ‘ hold of occasion to revenge my particular In-  
 ‘ jury: If you regard me as an Enemy that re-  
 ‘ tarded your Conquests, and destroyed so many  
 ‘ Thousands of your Subjects, you have now the  
 ‘ Power in your Hands to punish the Outrage it has  
 ‘ done

‘ done you ; but if you can bend any Thought to  
‘ consider me as a Man that may be useful to ad-  
‘ vance your Interests, possibly there wants no  
‘ more than your own Consent to re-assure your  
‘ Estate, and revenge yourselves upon your Enemies.

Thus did the undaunted *Artaban* discourse the Intent of his coming ; and the King, whose Wonder, at the first Gaze, had done Homage to the grand and handsome Charms of his Visage, and then improved his surprizal at the Name of *Artaban*, which he had too much cause to remember, could listen to so bold a Speech, and so conformed to the greatness of his Actions that pronounced it, without a marvellous astonishment ; he often travell’d his Eye upon him from head to foot, and encountred nothing but fresh excuses of his admiration in his Person, Discourse and Actions.

At first the Name of that *Artaban*, that had snatch’d the *Median* Crown out of his hands, and shaken his own so rudely, as he already apprehended the fall of it, began to kindle some resentments, and for a few moments he regarded him as an Enemy that had blasted the fruit and glory of his Actions, by the gaining of three great Battles, the taking of his Towns, and the death of 100,000 *Parthians* ; but at the same time he remembred, what the Queen’s Letters and mine had mentioned of his Treatment, and the noble design he had to set us at Liberty ; in sequel, he considered the franchise of his Action, and the grand confidence exprest by the exposure of his safety, unforced by necessity, to an uncertain and dangerous trial ; and in fine, he fell to examine his own interest, which he found was highly concerned in the gaining of a Man that dragg’d Victory after him, and who alone was able to change his destiny.

This

This last thought got the Victory of all the rest, and when he had cashiered the former, and cleared up those clouds that seemed to presage a storm in his Visage, while he was yet irresolute, he approached *Artaban* with open Arms, and giving him his hand with an affable and obliging look; ‘ Gallant Man, *said he*, you are welcome, the ‘ memory of your Actions has wiped out all the ‘ injuries you have done us, and the knowledge ‘ I have of your Valour will not let me disdain ‘ your assistance, which I receive as a certain Omen ‘ of my Victory and Enemies ruine; you may safely ‘ assure yourself of all those Advantages with us ‘ that you forsook in *Media*, and possibly you shall ‘ find we know better than they, how to render ‘ what is due to your Virtue.

At these Words he imbrac’d him, and by his example oblig’d all those in his presence to proportion their respect to his high Reputation, nor needed he take much pains to dispose them to it, for they were all so prepossessed with the noise that ran about the World of the Virtue, and the proofs of his Gallantry, which some of them had *Felt* let to their cost, that they look’d upon him as a Person whom the Gods had raised above Mortality; it then happened, contrary to the usual custom, that those whose birth or desert might feed up an ambition in their Souls to pretend to the highest charges, were all willing to release their claims to him, and calmly submitted to the King’s will without repining, when he gave him the command of his Army.

In the Soul of *Phraates*, with many bad qualities, there is a mixture of some that are good, and as the natural channel of his inclinations still carried him to Warlike designs, he always set a marvellous price upon valiant Men, and ever gave

gave them the upper hand of others in his esteem, that were only indebted for dignities to their birth or Fortune, which they could not merit by their Virtue. Of this he gave a clear testimony in his treatment of *Artaban*, whom he presently placed in the highest rank of his Men of War, and a while after, in presence of his oldest Captain, gave a Commission to command his Army, at the age of twenty two Years, for he had lived no longer.

There wanted not some that criticiz'd upon the King's facility, because he did not stay for some experience, before he trusted so weighty a charge (that imported no less than the conservation, or utter ruine of his estate) to a young Man bred up among his Enemies, whom only a capricious humour had caused him to abandon, and with whom he was not assured that he did not yet hold intelligence: But *Phraates* had seriously studied the generosity, that shined with an equal and continued lustre in all *Artaban's* Actions as none of those distracting objections could penetrate his belief, or lessen his confidence in him. *Artaban* was very joyful to see himself invested with a Power to Act his revenge upon the *Median* King, and believed the Promises of his own great heart, that before a Year was run through the glass of time, he should reduce him to terms of repentance for the affront he had offered.

The Winter's rigour did yet oblige him to make some stay with the King, which he entirely employed in preparations necessary for his warlike Expedition: But so soon as the season grew milder at the Sun's approaches, his Troops compleat, his Companies full, and all things fitted for a march, he put himself in the Head of 20,000 Horse, and 30,000 Foot, and advanced against  
*Tigra-*

*Tigranes* with an order, that the most experienced Captains admired him.

In the mean time, *Tigranes* had not stirr'd from *Nisa* (that was the City's name where we were) and judging his presence more necessary in a conquered Country than in his own, where all things were calm and assured, or rather not willing to abandon us, and indeed not daring to commit such a sin against the respect and complacence of his affection, as to draw us after him like Slaves into his own Provinces, he dispersed his orders through all Parts of his Dominions, to the Troops that lay scattered in their several Quarters, to draw up thither, and with intention to advance his Conquests nearer the heart of *Parthia*, he had formed the body of an Army consisting of 60,000 Combatants. He spake no more of our enlargement, and had already rejected all the King my Father's Propositions for our Ransom, though they prostituted very advantageous offers to his refusal, for which he pleaded to me no other excuse, than that a separation from me would be far more insupportable than the fatal divorce of Soul and Body. He paid me his visits but with too much assiduity, and (bating his condescent to our enlargement, forget nothing, either in Language or Deportment, that might make him nearer approaches in his siege of my affection; but instead of a successive Progress in his industry, every Day was witness to a more obstinate resistance against his Batteries; and though his Person was handsome, and his qualities very commendable, yet the falshood he shewed (as my opinion told me) in so base a revolt from his Word, had given me such a perfect disgust of all his endeavours to please me, as rendered every thing disagreeable about him. The efforts



forts he made to combat my aversion, were always beaten off with the loss of labour, and though the Queen my Mother often commanded me to humour the necessity of our affairs, with a moderation of my rigour, and sometimes to regard him with a gentler visage, on purpose to secure his respect towards us, from the violence of despair, I found it very difficult to subdue my reluctance, and my obedience was never upon harder service than in this obstinate quarrel with my obstinacy. We had the same officers and servants that the King my Father left to attend us, and *Tigranes* had diminished nothing in our House, nor alter'd any thing in tenor of our Service, only he placed a very strict guard upon us, especially since *Artaban's* departure, fearing (for he knew his daring spirit was apt to climb over the greatest difficulties) he would make some attempts to deliver us.

Thus did the pulse of our condition beat, when Fame brought him news of the *Parthian Army's* advance, and told him that *Artaban*, their new General marched at the head of it, and was then coming up to meet him with display'd Ensigns: *Tigranes*, who knew *Artaban* too well to displease him, was a little troubled at this intelligence, but as indeed to give him his due, he was a Man of Courage, he quickly recovered the use of his discretion; and trusting in the number and valour of his Men, which had been accustomed to overcome, he drew his Army together to meet his Enemies, and resolved to lead them on in Person, apprehending it no safety to trust the abilities of any of his Commanders, to cope with such a General as *Artaban*. He then saw himself constrained to quit us, and believing our Persons more secure in that Place, than if he took us  
into

into the body of his Army, he left us there with a strong Garrison, as well to guard us as defend the Place.

In the mean time our languishing Thoughts began to hold up their Heads with more Vivacity than ordinary, and by the lucky Success of *Artaban's* Voyage, and the Hope that was reposed in his Virtue, you may easily judge that our Wishes were mingled but with little good meaning to the King of *Media*; and this was the Subject of the Queen's Discourse and mine, when *Tigranes* entered our Chamber to take his Leave of us: He was then in a Habit of War, and truly became it so well, as doubtless the Decorum of his Mind and Deportment might well be considerable to all such Persons as were not prepossessed with Dislike and Resentment against him. I remember he made a thousand Bravado's in our Presence, and denounced as many Menaces against *Artaban*, whom he call'd the contemptible revolted, and with too confident a Cruelty designed him for an exemplary Punishment: He held us in too long a Discourse to perplex your Patience with the Repetition; and a few Moments before he parted from our Presence, directing his particular Addresses to me: Madam, *said he*, If your Sollicitations of Heaven did not bandy against me, I should think myself already in a Possession of a certain Victory; but sure the Gods will not hear them, because they are unjust; and I shall quickly return with Bays in my Hand, from the Conquest of a Man that will not dare to look upon the Face of his offended Master. I know I shall bring home that insolent in Chains, that would have killed me with a cruel Separation from you; but for your Sake I shall make it my Care to get a gentle Victory upon your Father's Subjects, and

‘ and endeavour to spare their Blood, because I  
‘ adore her that must be their Mistress. I am  
‘ obliged, *replied I*, to your good Intentions;  
‘ but Success is not always suited to our Expecta-  
‘ tions, and Victory (till their Bounty removes  
‘ her) lives rather in the Gods Hands than in Man’s  
‘ Disposal. Ah! might it please the same Gods,  
‘ *answered Tigranes*, that the Conquest I pretend  
‘ to upon your Rigour, might not prove more  
‘ difficult to obtain; that I had no more to do,  
‘ than to vanquish the *Parthians*, with their new  
‘ General, to compleat my Victory upon your  
‘ Spirit, which my Fears tell me will cost me  
‘ many Combats, that include far more Dangers  
‘ and Difficulties, than I am able to encounter  
‘ among your Father’s Subjects.

He staid not for an Answer to this Discourse;  
but taking his Leave of us, he went out of the  
Chamber, and departed the City the same Day.  
He only advanced some two Days march towards  
*Artaban*, spoiling and devastating the Country as  
he went; and at the two Days end, having found  
an advantageous Post to encamp his Army, he  
resolved to stay the coming up of his Enemy, and  
take that Time to rest his Men and Horses, which  
he martialled for the Battle in a very beautiful  
Order.

He waited not long for the Approach of his  
Rival; for the third Day after, *Artaban* (who  
because he was loath to harass his Army, had  
caused it to march but slowly) appeared, encamp-  
ed in View, and the next Day presented him Battle.

*Tigranes* accepted his Offer with all Sorts of Ad-  
vantages; his Army was much the stronger in  
Number, far less weary than the *Parthians*, and  
his Station much more commodious: But all  
these Considerations were incapable to unbend the  
the

the Resolutions of his Rival to fight him; and after he had ranged his Troops with a military Method, that got him the Admiration of all that beheld it, he gave the Signal to begin the Combat, and fought it with such a mingled Skill and Bravery of Captain and Soldier, as after six Hours bloody Dispute, wherein *Tigranes* (by the Confusion of his very Enemies) behaved himself in his Office like a gallant Gentleman, and a good Commander, Victory voted for the *Parthian* Party, and declared herself so entirely for them, as after they had dy'd all the Field in the Crimson Livery of Death, and strewed it with the greatest Part of the *Median* Army, there remained but a few miserable Reliques that escaped the tired Gluttony of their Enemies Swords, and their King, who stay'd to see some of the latest Scenes of that deplorable Tragedy, had scarce Time to secure his Person by a Retreat with five or six hundred Horse (which he had gleaned from the several scattered Troops) to the City where he left us. The victorious *Artaban*, who after he saw his Enemies Backs, did all that was possible to manage his Victory with Moderation, and spare the *Median* Blood, marched after *Tigranes* with such a winged Expedition, as he appeared within View of the Walls, almost as soon as the King of *Media* entered them, and eagerly desirous to block up the Passages, and so deprive him of the Means to carry us away; he made his Circumvallations the same Day, and stopped up the Avenues on all Sides.

*Tigranes* then too late saw the Rock against which his precipitate Pride had dashed him, and deduced his Repentance for what had passed, as well from the Change of his Fortune, as some sad Reflections that almost broke him upon the Wheel  
of

of Despair: The loss of that Battel justified his affliction, but when he saw himself besieged and shut up in a City, whence all the hope of retreat was cut off by his own imprudence, and these things done by a Man, whose resistance he had scorned, and by a Man who a few Days before had taken pay in his Service, he was struck with so violent a Grief as all the courage he could make had scarce force enough to resist it.

You need not doubt but the Frown of his Fortune, and the view of his Enemies, which we discovered from our Chamber-windows, began to get Life again in our swooned hopes, and call home our banished joys; however, the Queen deemed it fit we should visit him in his affliction; he had not seen us since he took his leave when he went the expedition, but full of rage and confusion, had confined himself to his Chamber, where maugre all the comforts his Servants could alledge, from what his hopes might yet lay hold of, he abandoned himself to a very desolate condition; nevertheless, he knew that so long as he had us in his Power, he might capitulate when he pleased, and obtain a free passage to retreat into his own Country: But he looked upon that as a cruel remedy, and he could not consider *Artaban* as the Man that had reduced him to it, without a Whirl-wind of furious thoughts that threw down all his Patience.

After the Queen had sent him notice that she intended him a Visit, we went at last to his Lodging, (for we had liberty to walk the City through, with a great number of Men at our heels, which under the honourable vizard of a train to attend us, were no other than a guard to prevent the stealth of our Liberty) where we took care in the composure of our looks to set a modest Face upon

our Fortune, and found his in too deep a melancholly die to dissemble it; he had no sooner paid his Salutes to the Queen, but addressing himself to me: ' Your Wishes, Madam, *said he*, have been  
' more prevalent than our Arms, they have given  
' the Victory to mine Enemies, and the Gods as  
' well as Men believed it unlawful to cross your  
' will; 'tis you alone that have been the Fountain of  
' my Misfortunes; and if that affection which can  
' never be shut out from hence, unless my Soul  
' keep it Company, had not dazled my judgment, I had ordered my Affairs with a greater  
' caution, and the faithless *Artaban* had never  
' forsaken my Colours to go serve my Enemies.  
' I will not say, *reply'd I*, that we have made  
' any Vows in your Favour, since all sorts of  
' reasons forbid it; but I shall not injure truth to  
' assure you, that with this Victory the Gods have  
' bestowed upon our *Parthians*, we did not demand your Ruine at their hands, and the change  
' of our Fortune shall not forbid us the practice  
' of all the credit we have in the King my Father,  
' to moderate his animosity, and prevail for his  
' condescent to as gentle Conditions of Peace, as  
' your own desires can justly aim at. I know  
' not how to believe, Madam, *answered he*, that  
' you should take such a task upon you for a  
' Prince, in whom you never understood any  
' thing but Subjects of scorn and contempt: No,  
' Madam, you have been too regardless of my  
' Spirit's repose, to perplex yourself with the care  
' of my Estate; perhaps my Fortunes are not so  
' low and crawling as you apprehend them, and  
' I have yet Force and Courage enough left to  
' raise the crest of this condition, to which the infidelity of my Servant, and the love of my Princess, have reduced me.

We

We exchanged some other Discourse, at the end of which we left him. The next Day *Artaban* sent him a Summons, to deliver us into his hands, with the offer of a safe retreat into his own Territories; but he disdainfully rejected his Propositions, and sent back the Trumpeter with a contumelious Answer, that provoked him to prepare for a general Assault.

*Tigranes* was desirous, by a stout resistance, to redeem the credit his error had lost, in suffering himself to be shut up so imprudently; and his Destiny (or ours if you will) decreed his fall into the trap of a piece of indiscretion grosser than the former. The third Day after the Siege began, having learned that *Artaban* was busy in contriving some Engines for the Assault, and believing he should take him unprovided, he sallied out in Person with seven or eight hundred Horse that he had in the City, backed with twelve hundred Foot, which he caused to advance some Furlongs from the Gates, for a reserve: This attempt was so little expected, as they easily surprized the *Parthian* Out-guards, quickly charged through those that made a disorderly opposition to their passage; and *Tigranes*, prided with that successful beginning, blindly spurred on through all where he found the way unguarded: But *Artaban* no sooner received intelligence of what had passed, which ran from mouth to mouth, till it arrived at his Ear, but he mounted himself with an admirable diligence, and taking some Troops of Horse with him, that he saw readiest for the purpose, instead of opposing *Tigranes's* fury, he left him an easy passage to a farther engagement within his Trenches, and in the mean time with his Horse took a little compass to get between him and the City; and leaving a part of his Men engaged in

Combar against *Tigranes's* Infantry, he went to charge the rear of his Horse with the rest, but first he drew a circle of a Man about him, that cut off all possibility of retreat.

The King of *Media* turning his Eyes toward the City, perceived the Folly he had committed, but finding too late that the Malady rag'd beyond the help of a Medicine, he desperately threw himself into the midst of his Enemies, and had there doubtless lost his Life in the throng, if *Artaban*, who knew him by divers marks, had not cry'd to his Men to spare the King; at his voice they drew off, and only contented themselves to surround him, and their General advancing towards him with his Vizor half up, 'Render yourself, King of the *Medes*, cry'd he, Fortune is your Enemy.

*Tigranes* presently knew *Artaban*, and instead of replying, with a Fury full of the stings of despair, made his Sword answer with a blow upon his head, given with all the Force that hatred and anguish could levy.

The excellent temper of the Casque resisted the blow, and the gallant *Artaban's* moderation was so great, as he would neither strike his Enemy again, nor so much as permit any of his Men to touch him, but opposing his Shield to *Tigranes's* Sword, and presenting the point of his own toward him, 'Either render thyself, King of the *Medes*, said he, or thou art a dead Man.

*Tigranes*, as hoily as his fit of despair held him, took some fear from this Menace; and perceiving himself in no possibility to vanquish, thought it no shame to give way to the malice of his Fortune; and sadly perceiving all remedies beyond his reach, after he had taken some moments to ponder the necessity of yielding, at last he presented the point of his Sword to *Artaban*.

*Arta-*



*Artaban* received it with a grand submission; but it was only to return it back to the scabbard; not deeming it fit to disarm a King, to whom he had been so lately tied in the chains of respect and affection; and marching by his side through the middle of his Men, he conducted the King to his own Tent, where he treated him, as if he had never been ingrateful, always kept himself bare in his presence, and paid him his personal attendance as well at Meals as in his Bed-Chamber, as if Justice had made him a Title to that observance by a lawful Sovereignty.

The next Day, so soon as the King was awakened, he came to his Bed-side, and demanding permission to speak his intentions: ‘Sir, said he, without perplexing your memory with what is past, or explaining the just reason I had to serve your Enemies against you, I shall content myself to tell you, that you are now the King of *Parthia*’s Prisoner; if with safety of Honour I could assume the Power, without betraying that important trust he has ventured upon me, perhaps I should quickly release you of this displeasure: But you are not the first King that has been a Captive; and to improve your comfort, this Misfortune has arrived to you at such a point of time, as it shall depend upon your will to accept of an easy remedy. You cannot hope that the City can hold out many Days, especially being deprived of your Majesty’s presence; that might encourage and oblige your Men to a longer resistance. By this reducement, the Queen of *Parthia*, and the Princess her Daughter, will infallibly fall into our hands; yet whatever blame I may contract from a King that has leant the whole weight of his Crown upon my Loyalty, and for whose Interests I could doubt-

‘ less make conditions more advantageous: I demand no other Ransom of your Person, than  
‘ the Liberty of these two Princesses; command  
‘ that they be rendered us to Day, with the Place  
‘ that holds them, and you with all your Men  
‘ shall have a safe retreat granted you; and if you  
‘ think their Guard insufficient, I will send a  
‘ Convoy with you to the Confines of your Kingdom.

*Tigranes*, who could not rationally hope for such gentle Conditions, and who saw that by an extraordinary deference, *Artaban* demanded no more for his Ransom than what a few Days would impower him to take in spite of all resistance, fearing the arrival of some order from the King of *Parthia*, that might probably countermand these favourable intentions; presently accepted the Proposition; and though his affection hotly disputed against the necessity of resigning me into another’s hands, the impossibility to close the wounds of his broken Estate, and buy his Liberty at a lower value, confuted all the arguments it could urge, and he immediately sent order to his Commanders in the City to draw out the Garrison, and leave us as absolute Mistresses there, as when it was first taken.

His Orders were punctually obey’d, the *Medians* quitted, the *Parthians* entered the Place, and we saw ourselves at the same moment free, and reigning where we had so lately and so long been Captives.

*Tigranes* had likewise his Liberty restored him, and retired with his Men towards the Frontiers of *Media*, upon the Parole, and with the Convoy that *Artaban* had given him, to clear his passage through those parts of the *Parthians* Dominion, that lay between him and his *Medians*.

After

After his departure, the Triumphant *Artaban*, whose Valour had unpinion'd our Liberty, quitted his Camp to give us a visit in the City, and his presence was then far dearer and more agreeable than when we first saw him the Year before.

The Queen believing she should not offend her Dignity, by stooping it with a just acknowledgment to her Protector, embraced him with tears of joy; and if I made him Caresses that were less familiar at least, I endeavoured to spread my Face with as pleasing Looks, and put as obliging Words into my mouth, as might serve to let him see, that my apprehension was in no Arrears to his Merit. The Queen and I fell both upon the subject of his admirable Valour, and the exact observance of his Word, with Elogies that proved Oppressions to his modesty; the first part of our Discourse was woven of nought but praises and thanks on our part, of Respect and Submission on *Artaban's*: And after the Queen had amply declared him her resentments, and was turned from him to receive some of the principal Commanders among the *Parthians*, that were come with *Artaban* to render their dutious Respects to her Majesty, taking hold of that occasion: ' You  
' have entirely captived our Faith, Generous *Ar-*  
' *taban*, said I, to your future Promises, and  
' taught us to believe, that the World has no  
' difficulty capable to retard their effects: But if  
' we be indebted to the brave Performance of your  
' Word, the King of *Media's* Violation of his  
' has more obliged us, since if he had strictly  
' observed his Engagement to you in our behalf,  
' we only should then have thanked him for our  
' Liberty, and his ingratitude had not blindly  
' given us *Artaban* with it. *Artaban*, said I,  
' whose Valour disposes the destiny of Empires;

‘ and who from that groveling and deplorable  
 ‘ Estate to which he had once reduced it, has  
 ‘ lifted that of the *Parthians* to its proper Sphere,  
 ‘ and made it shine again with the same lustre,  
 ‘ which his invincible Arm had once sequestred.’

*Artaban* returned an Answer to these Words with  
 a flexure of his Body as low as my Foot, and  
 methought received them with a peculiar Air in  
 his Looks, that would not have worn that De-  
 struction to any other Person, making so many  
 Witnesses of all the Actions and Syllables that  
 parted from him, that the Glories he had gathered  
 from the Honour of his employment in our Ser-  
 vice, did far out-value all those Advantages we  
 had reaped from the effects of his Valour: ‘ Ma-  
 ‘ dam, *said he*, I could not miss of Success in so  
 ‘ just an Enterprize; and the Interests of so Di-  
 ‘ vine a Person as yourself, were too dear to the  
 ‘ Gods to be left to the disposition of Men; by  
 ‘ these invisible blows they struck in your Quar-  
 ‘ rel, the King your Father’s Arms have obtain-  
 ‘ ed the Victory, upon the injurious detainer of  
 ‘ so precious a Liberty, and ’tis your interest in  
 ‘ Heaven that rebated the Points and Edges of  
 ‘ your Enemies Swords, against which no human  
 ‘ Power is capable of resistance: ’Tis to those,  
 ‘ Madam, (if the gain be estimable) and not the  
 ‘ fault of *Tigranes*, that you owe your *Artaban*,  
 ‘ and such as he is, you are more indebted to him  
 ‘ for yourself, than all reasons and resentments  
 ‘ that Anger, Ambition, or any other Motion  
 ‘ could infer to arm in the Quarrel.

He broke off at these Words, with a Fear that  
 his Tongue had been too lavish, and indeed had  
 I seriously examined them, I should doubtless  
 have found out something that tasted of too much  
 boldness.

From

From that Day he scarce ever discontinued his attendance upon us, at such hours as modesty might admit him; and his expectation of some farther Orders from the King, to whom he had sent an express of what had passed, with a desire to know how he would have him steer his Course, made him a plausible pretence for his assiduity.

In the mean time, the Convoy came back that he had sent to Guard the King of *Media*, and the Gentleman that commanded it, presented me a Letter that *Tigranes* had given him at their parting, which the Queen beckened to me to receive, and having opened it in the presence of her and *Artaban*, who was then in our Chamber, I read these Words:

TIGRANES *King of the Medes, to Elisa  
Princess of Parthia.*

**I** Have paid for your Liberty to the double loss of mine own; and the same destiny that made you my Prisoner for a time decreed me yours for ever: The Rigour of my fate has rent me from you, but I shall quickly supersede the decree, and vanquish the distance betwixt us, and you shall see me return in the Van of 100,000 Men, to demand you of my cruel Enemies that made the divorce betwixt us. I shall not enter your Father's Territories to such an Enemy as an injured Lover; in that quality, they that hide you behind their Bucklers will not find it an easy Task to resist me, and those Powers that might possibly retard others, will prove too feeble to oppose my design of your reprisal.

The Queen listened to this Language without Emotion, nor did it much uncalm the quiet of

my thoughts: But *Artaban* heard it with a grand impatience, and gave me notice by the blood that hastily leaped into his Face, how deeply he thought himself concerned in the menaces and design of *Tigranes*, as well in the quality of a Lover as an Enemy: ‘ Perhaps, *said he, with an Action* ‘ *that expressed a great deal of Anger,* He may ‘ invade your Dominions to his own confusion, ‘ and the two qualities he speaks of may prove ‘ equally fatal to his Life and Love: That I think ‘ we shall be able to secure ourselves from the ‘ angriest Part of his Menaces, and if the King’s ‘ Orders do but hold proportion to my hopes, it ‘ may be we shall give him so hard a Task to ‘ defend his own Country, as will save him the ‘ labour of bringing the Oar into yours.

After this Day we tracked more resentment and Animosity against *Tigranes*, than we had formerly discovered, and methought I read a kind of impatience in all his Actions to strangle his Rival’s design of my reprisal: His behaviour was superscribed with such visible contents of meaning, as my suspicion could no way have wanted nourishment, but by the blindness of my understanding; and though the memory of my debt to what he had done for us, shut my Eyes upon a part, yet I found it impossible to learn an intricate ignorance of what his ill-assured and distempered Regards, his frequent Sighs and Discourses, mingled with a Fear that nature never planted in his Heart, would have forced upon an intellect, though shorter and shallower than mine. This imperfect knowledge gave me a real Displeasure, and though Criticism it self could have found out nothing in the Person of *Artaban* that was not very amiable, and the importance of his Service had made him yet a better title to my esteem, than  
his

his outward accomplishments could challenge ; my haughty opinion, that as that Man whose birth was so vastly below mine own, could not make me the mark of his amorous Ambition, without the sin of Presumption against my Quality, nor make me fear to be offended in that nature, that I could not glance a thought upon his boldness without much disquiet.

While I floated in these uncertainties, instead of these Orders we expected from the King, he came himself to *Nisa*, in Part perswaded to that Voyage by the necessity of his Affairs, which called him upon the Frontier, and partly by the desire he had to see us after so long a Captivity. I need not relate the order of his Arrival, nor trouble you with the account of every single passage to our interview ; let it suffice you, Madam, to know, that we found in his Caresses, all that we could hope from a better nature than his, that all his Actions and Discourse assured us of as much tenderness as a Wife and Daughter could expect : But if a Husband and a Father's Love made the apparent impression of themselves in his behaviour, he forgot not what he thought was due to the grand Service that *Artaban* had done him ; and after he had treated him in the presence of his chief Nobility, as a Person of extraordinary Merit, as the Tutelar Genius of *Parthia*, and as a young *Mars*, whose unlimitable Valour had propped and recruited his reeling Empire, he openly protested, that he had not a recompence within reach of his Power, was fit to measure with his Merit, that the Gift of a great Part of his Estate would satisfy but a Part of the debt that was owing to his admirable Virtue. With such Professions as these, he daily made him the Subject of his Discourse in our Presence, and

and during his residence there, he heaped more Honours upon him, than either he was accustomed to render to the most considerable Persons of his Court, or the nearest Princes of his Blood; but he was loath to stop the current and career of his Victories: And receiving intelligence, that the King of *Media* was raising Forces with a hasty diligence to re-invade his Dominions, he gave a loose to the fierce impatience of *Artaban*, and adding a better Part of those Troops to his Army that had followed him to *Nisa*, he Commissioned him to invade *Media*, openly declaring, that he hoped for that Crown by his Valour.

*Artaban*, whose particular Interests daily whetted his asperity against *Tigranes*, gladly received this Order, and prepared for his speedy departure, while we did the same for ours, to return with the King to the capital City of *Parthia*.

The Day of our Separation arrived, and with it the assurance of what I had so carefully fled the knowledge. *Artaban*, who had all this time kept his Tongue from blabbing the Secrets of his Heart, was now resolved to throw away the Mask, and cast the dye; his great Heart had hatched an opinion of himself, that made him believe he needed neither shake nor blush at the Declaration; however, he roused all the Courage that nature had given him to back his Attempt, and preparing himself (as he since confessed) with more resolution than ever he called to his assistance, at the assault of the greatest danger, he came to take his leave of me, with a Face that shewed me the contents of something extraordinary.

I gave him a particular Audience in my Chamber, and when he saw my Women withdrawn to such Distance, as they could not over-hear his  
Dis-



Discourse: ' Madam, *said he*, if I were not now  
' to part upon an Expedition, from which my  
' Return is yet in the Bosom of the Deity, where-  
' in I shall possibly encounter Dangers, with Jaws  
' wide enough to swallow me, I would still  
' make the Consideration of what you are, and  
' my fear to disoblige you (a Passion that I never  
' felt from any but you) to keep those Thoughts  
' at home, that now are about to break their  
' Bridles; had I ventured to give them this Li-  
' berty, while yours was under straint, your  
' might have conjectured that I borrowed the  
' Boldness from your bowed Condition, and ap-  
' prehend, that I treated her in some kind like a  
' Captive, to whom I ought not to have suffer-  
' ed the Escape of one single Regard, that was  
' not tempered with a profound Submission; but  
' now (Madam) that you are free re-instated by  
' the Bounty of Heaven, in your Birth-right glo-  
' rious, safe within the Arms of your great Fa-  
' ther, and that I must leave you in a sad Uncer-  
' tainty of ever seeing you again, think it not  
' strange, if by a Power which I find it impos-  
' sible to disobey, I am forced to declare that,---  
' Hold *Artaban, said I, intercepting his Pro-*  
' *gress,* hold, for Heaven's sake, hold, and do  
' not give me cause to complain against you;  
' after the Injunction of so many Reasons to com-  
' mend your Services, I would not prevent you  
' in this manner, if I were not pre-possessed with  
' a high Esteem of your Merit; and therefore  
' fearful to impair it by any Provocation of Re-  
' sentment against you. If the Presumption of  
' my Language, *said he*, has made me criminal,  
' I will strive to wash away my Fault with the  
' Blood that I am going to shed for your Inte-  
' rest; and when I see that proves too little to  
' take

‘ take out the Stain, I will amend my Enemies  
‘ Defect with my proper Hand, if there cleaves  
‘ so great a Guilt to my Offence in professing my  
‘ self yours, to demand that Reparation. Do not  
‘ arm yourself at this Declaration with an Anger  
‘ that cannot be less than fatal to me; I know  
‘ ’tis faulty, but I know ’tis only made so by the  
‘ Meanness of my Birth, and the weak Estate of  
‘ my Fortune. Madam, my Birth is noble, ’tis  
‘ all I can say of it, and my Fortunes are not so  
‘ low, but I hope my Sword may one Day raise  
‘ them to an equal pitch with theirs that openly  
‘ pretend to the Glory of your Service. First,  
‘ Courage and Virtue should lead the Way, then  
‘ Crowns must follow to deserve you; and, Ma-  
‘ dam, I will seek for Crowns before I vow the  
‘ Boldness to demand you; to that of *Partbia*  
‘ which you are born to, I’ll join the *Median*  
‘ Diadem, and then the Accession of others shall  
‘ strengthen my Claim, which perhaps may ob-  
‘ tain my Pardon of the King himself, since he  
‘ cannot choose but consider, that to adore Beau-  
‘ ty and Virtue in their supreme Degree, is uni-  
‘ versally common to Mankind. I shall only  
‘ then profess my Boldness, when my Service  
‘ shall dispose the King to suffer it; and I will  
‘ never plead my Cause at the Tribunal of your  
‘ Bounty, before I have made them my power-  
‘ ful Advocates; with this Design, Madam, I  
‘ leave you, but whether criminal or innocent in  
‘ your Thoughts, I dare not know; for because  
‘ the Execution depends upon my Life, I will  
‘ not stay for my Sentence from your Mouth;  
‘ since if you doom me to die, it will take away  
‘ the Glory of my future Services.

*Artaban* was as good as his Word, and finish-  
ing his Discourse with a profound Reverence, he  
quit-

quitted my Chamber without staying for an Answer; indeed he might easily do it, for the Confusion I took from his Words had rendered me so unresolv'd how to shape him a Reply, as it gave him more Time than he needed to avoid the Storm by a timely retiring.

I staid in the Place where he left me, strangely stung with the Words he had uttered, and I know not how to represent you my Condition, since I was never so pos'd with myself as at that present.

The Difference between *Artaban* and me, made me receive this hardy Address as a mortal Offence, and regarding myself as a Princess that with Reason enough (as well in respect of my great and illustrious Ancestors, as the Puissance and vast Extent of the King my Father's Dominions) might dispute Place with the greatest Ladies upon Earth, I could not endure the thought, that a Man of so mean a Descent, who had no other Dignities but what he held by the Tenure of his Sword, would dare to paint me his Passion, without resigning the Regency of myself to some angry Thoughts, that made me regard him as an Enemy: And yet the Obscurity of *Artaban's* Extraction could not so darken the Remembrance of what he had done for the King my Father and me, nor divert my Remark of his marvellous Qualities that shined in their double Sphere of Mind and Body, without confessing to myself, that if I weigh'd him without Partiality against my scepter'd Heir, and put all his great Acts into the Ballance, he would be found but a few Grains the lighter: And I will not scruple to confess, since to you, Madam, I am this Day resolv'd none of my Thoughts shall wear a Cover, that a Person so refin'd from the common Metal of Mankind as *Artaban*,  
had

had produced something extraordinary within me; and though Truth will allow me to say, that I had yet defended myself from what you call Love, yet I could not hold up my Heart from leaning to something beyond Good-will. The Sense of his Presumption, the Memory of his Services, and the Kindlings of a little Inclination to his Person, filled the Scales on both Sides, and subjected my Spirit to the Vicissitude of several Passions and Motives that sometimes blew up the Flames of Anger, and sometimes put them out again, as they were swayed by the successive Usurpations, and indeed I found myself too weak to settle any Thing in my Soul with Stability.

These Resolutions might easily be read in my Visage, and my Governess *Urinor* (who by the discreet Care she had taken of my Education, and the Affection I had always born her from my Infancy, had gotten a very great Influence upon my Spirit) approaching to me, and perceiving me fit as if I had lost all Motion, with my Head leaning upon one of my Hands, and my Face covered with the other, with all the Signs of a melancholly War in my Thoughts, and having before precisely observed both mine and the Actions of *Artaban* at his parting, she quickly found the Disease, by comparing the Symptoms; however, desirous by the Help of that Liberty and Privilege I used to allow her, to draw a clearer Discovery from mine own Confession, ‘ Is it not true, Ma-  
 ‘ dam, *said she*, that you are now a little in  
 ‘ Choler, and that *Artaban*, upon the Brink of his  
 ‘ Departure, has broken the Seals of some secret  
 ‘ Thoughts that till then were wrapped up in Si-  
 ‘ lence? ‘Tis true, *said I*, he has boldly thrown  
 ‘ down the pale of that Respect which was due  
 ‘ from him to his Master’s Daughter, and by  
 ‘ this

‘ this Piece of Insolence has put me into such an  
‘ angry Humour against him, as you would do  
‘ me a Pleasure to carry him a Command in my  
‘ Behalf to come no more in my Presence. If I  
‘ commit that Fault, *reply'd Urinoe*, may the  
‘ Gods never pardon me. No, Madam, I am  
‘ too reduable to the brave *Artaban* for the Blood  
‘ he has ventured for you and yours, to receive a  
‘ Commission so destructive to his Quiet, and let  
‘ me die presently at your Foot, if instead of  
‘ affronting his Felicity, I do not raise all the  
‘ Power I have in the World to procure it. Is  
‘ it so, Mother, *reply'd I, with an Air that ex-*  
‘ *pressed more Anger*, is it after this manner that  
‘ you take my Part? I do not think, Madam,  
‘ *answered Urinoe*, that there is any such vast  
‘ Difference betwixt *Artaban's* Party and yours,  
‘ as Passion would imply, and I cannot believe  
‘ I shall incur the Crime of Disobedience by en-  
‘ deavouring to disarm that Indignation you have  
‘ conceived against him. How, *Urinoe*, said I,  
‘ will your Discretion give you leave to dispute  
‘ the Justice of my Anger, when you consider  
‘ that he is *Artaban*, and I am the Princess  
‘ *Elisa*? His Virtue and Desert, *reply'd Urinoe*,  
‘ ought to place him better in your Estimation,  
‘ than if his Veins were Channels to the most il-  
‘ lustrious Blood in the World: And I cannot  
‘ choose but avow, that they have wrought so  
‘ powerfully upon me, as I am less repugnant to  
‘ serve him in what relates to you, than the  
‘ greatest Prince upon Earth.

After this she ran head-long upon the Praises  
of *Artaban*, from thence amplified the Excuses  
of her own Offence, and took such perswasive  
Strains in his Behalf, as a dimmer Intellect than  
mine might easily have perceived, how deep a  
Cha-

Character the Qualities of that Man had made in her Opinion. ' I cannot think it strange, (*said the Queen Candace, interrupting her*) since the Description you have made of *Artaban*, has drawn me so powerfully to his Party, as I must ever conclude my best Arguments well spent to excuse the Faults of so brave a Man. If your Eyes, as well as mine, had been Witnesses to his Worth, *reply'd Elisa with a Sigh*, you would see more Cause to defend his Attempt: But I am well pleased to find you of his Opinion; and I shall need a large Part of this Indulgence you have instructed me to hope for, when you have once understood the Sequel of my Story.



Hymen's



# Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

## *Love's Master-Piece.*

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### PART III. BOOK IV.

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#### A R G U M E N T.

Artaban overthrows Tigranes, and besieges him in the same City, where the Queen and Princess were Prisoners. The King of Media is taken by his Rival, and released again in exchange for Elisa and her Mother's Liberty. He gains two signal Victories beside. Makes an entire Conquest of Media, and drives Tigranes to seek Refuge, and beg Aid in the Courts of Cappadocia and Cilicia. He is triumphantly received by Phraates. Boldly solicites his Love-suit to Elisa. Is abetted by Urinoc, and at last wins her Consent to demand her of her Father. He receives a rude repulse from Phraates, which provokes hot Words, and they procure his Banishment. Media is invaded, and re-conquered by Tigranes's Assistants.

*stants. Peace concluded upon his Marriage with the Princess Elisa. Artaban loses his Labour and Liberty by endeavouring to hinder it. His strange Adventures upon the Sea. Elisa is delivered from the Pirates, and brought to Alexandria.*



**ARTABAN**, having taken his Leave of the King, began to march towards *Media*, the next Day we parted from *Nisa* to remove to *Cassiope*, where the King frequently passed his Summer, and where the Court was commonly the fairest, and better accommodated than in any other City of the Kingdom.

The Image of *Artaban*, as well in our Voyage, as after our Arrival, was perpetually before my Eyes; but my Fancy, according to the alternate Rule of Anger and Affection, received it in very different Forms, and the Pique I took against him for a Crime, whereof my haughty Spirit at least pretended him guilty, had no such absolute Authority in my Soul, but it still had a loving Enemy to Combat; I could not wake the Remembrance of the Declaration he had made me, without a flat falling out with his audacious Enterprize; and yet when I called to mind the grandeur of his Actions, the Importance of his Services, and the Constellation of his excellent Qualities both of Mind and Body, it abated the Swellings of my Heart, and softened my Resentments.

‘ Can I do less than hate that arrogant Wretch,  
 ‘ *would I say*, that flies at an Eagle’s Pitch from  
 ‘ a common Nest; that unknown Thing; nay,  
 ‘ possibly that Cottage-creature, who, because he  
 ‘ has borrowed Greatness from his Master’s Boun-

ty,



ty, thinks he may justify his Ambition in taking his Aim at me: *Taking his Aim*, did I say? He is yet a thousand Times more Criminal; had he only sinned in Thought, and covered his Passion with a respectful Silence, it had been pardonable; but to breathe his Fancy's Flames at the Mouth, to declare his Love in clear and intelligible Terms, and all this to the Princess of *Parthia*; 'tis a Boldness, 'tis an Insolence that cannot be justified. Discretion and Honour require it, that I banish the presumptuous and inconsiderable Man from my Sight and Memory for ever; and if he crowds into my Presence against my Will, that he be received as an idle Insolent, who by his foolish Ambition has made himself worthy of my eternal Scorn and Enmity.

Such Thoughts and Words as these, were the eldest Children of my Anger; and at first they had the upper-hand of all others that contested against him for whole Days together; but in Sequel, the softer Passion got the Victory, and some favourable Dæmon to *Artaban* overthrew all the Breast-works that my Resentments had raised against him. 'And yet that audacious Wretch, *would I say*, that Bird of a common Nest, that borrows his Greatness from his Master's Bounties, is the very same that rescued the Crown of *Media*, from the King my Father's Hand, and since saved that of *Parthia*, from an evident Ruin; 'tis he who scarce arrived at so many Years as (*upon the common Account*) would stile him Man, has already travelled in his Fame to the remotest Parts of the World, by the Death of 20,000 and the winning of four or five signal Battles; and in fine, both by the throwing down and support-

ing

' our Family, and I quadrate mine with the King  
 ' my Father's Resentments, who from *Artaban's*  
 ' Victory reaps a grand Assurance of his own  
 ' Estate, and growing Hope to increase it by the  
 ' Spoils of his Enemies. And do you not feel,  
 ' *reply'd Urinoe*, (you that are the great Wheel  
 ' of all Actions, for whom alone he lavishes his  
 ' Blood and Life) a Gladness that intirely depends  
 ' upon itself, and singly grows up from its own  
 ' Root? Ah, Mother, *said I, turning away*  
 ' *my Head to the other Side with a troubled*  
 ' *Look*, will you eternally torment me with the  
 ' Memory of that Man whose ambitious Flames  
 ' have kindled my Disdain and Anger! And in-  
 ' stead of helping me to disdain against his Pre-  
 ' sumption, must I ever be persecuted with the  
 ' Grandeur of his Services, and the Merit of his  
 ' Person? If I could hold my Peace, *reply'd*  
 ' *Urinoe*, without Ingratitude and Injustice, I  
 ' would leave him out of my Discourse to please  
 ' you, but all the Care and Complacence requir'd  
 ' in a Servant's Fidelity, cannot make me blot  
 ' out the Remembrance of a Man to whom I owe  
 ' all for the Love of you, and whom I would  
 ' not love, but because you ought to do so. Sure  
 ' *Urinoe, said I*, you have lost a Part of your  
 ' Discretion, and I find of late so little Reason in  
 ' your Words, as I know not whether Innocence  
 ' will allow me to listen any longer to them.  
 ' You may pass what Judgment you please upon  
 ' me, *reply'd Urinoe, with a serious Visage*,  
 ' but if you tax me with Imprudence for so slight  
 ' a Cause, I fear you will judge me a convicted  
 ' Fool when I have told you that I lately receiv'd  
 ' a Letter from *Artaban* directed to your Hands,  
 ' with an Engagement of all the Credit, that my  
 ' Care and your Goodness has given me in your  
 ' Thoughts

' thoughts to persuade your refusal. Be not astonish'd, Madam, *pursu'd she, remarking some amazement in my Looks*, I would sooner have taken my death than this employment, if I thought it might justly offend you, and you would wrong me to believe that my own Life is not less dear to my desires than your interests. 'Tis true *Artaban* is no Prince, but his Virtue has already rais'd him above the greatest, and will doubtless place him in a rank that shall overtop the best of those that enoble that Title: Besides, *Artaban* adores you with the same respect that he owes the Gods, *Artaban* fights for you, and possibly is shedding the last drop of his Blood at this moment in your Quarrel.

*Urinoe* followed this Discourse with a long train of other arguments, arm'd and authoriz'd with so much Power, deriv'd from my education, as in spite of all my repugnance, she forc'd me at last to read *Artaban's* Letter, though I think she had not gotten so cheap a Victory upon my resolution, if the treachery of my proper inclinations had not aided her, and my own desires struck as many blows as her persuasions in the Combat.

Madam, I have made you a confession, which then I would not own to *Urinoe*, and to that end, endeavouring to possess her with a belief, that to her alone *Artaban* was indebted for all the obligation; I suffered her to approach with her Candle, and she opened the Letter wherein I read these Words.

*Artaban to the Princess Elisa.*

' I Know not, Madam, what success I ought  
 ' to expect from the continuation of my  
 ' faults, since my fate enforces me still to offend  
 ' you, and if Fortune be so kind to conduct these  
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blots to your bright Eyes, and so noble to lose  
a few moments upon the object, you will read  
an unhappy obstinacy in my crime, that may  
provoke a heavy doom from your anger: Yet,  
Madam, I have no Power to repent it; and  
though I were sure my ruine were infallibly  
tyed to the perseverance, I would run with a  
greedy haste to embrace it as my last Felicity.  
To die for you is a thousand times more glorious  
than to put on laurel for the Conquest of *Media*,  
or make the spoil of *Asia* wait upon the Triumph,  
and the Victories I may win for the King your  
Father, must ever yield precedency to the Ho-  
nour of being vanquish'd by you. I know you  
cannot chuse but blush at the conquest, nor rank  
a private Man without shame among your Slaves,  
since 'tis the duty of all the Kings upon Earth  
to submit to you, and wear your chains as their  
greatest Ornament; but we have no Power to  
fight against the Force of Destiny, and as mine  
has not suffered me to fasten my regard upon  
any thing that is not above me, so yours can let  
you see nothing that is not as much below you.  
You will hardly find an equal to yourself, if you  
seek it among Men, and if that poverty of merit  
in mankind be suppliable in part for default of  
a full proportion, it can be no other way, than  
by such thoughts of Respect and Veneration as  
mine. I know the present pitch of my short  
winged Fortunes disgraces all the Proof I can  
give of any zeal to serve you, but possibly the  
Gods may one Day permit me to put longer  
feathers to their pinions, and strengthen my  
plea to that privilege by Supplement of Virtue;  
which my Birth has refused me. In the mean  
time, Madam, do me the grace to receive  
my Services without aversion, and suspend your  
judg-

judgment, which doubtless by the vote of your first resentments could not chuse but be rigorous, till the sequel of my Actions may better inform you, whether justice will enjoin you to sign my pardon, or pronounce my condemnation.

This was *Artaban's* Letter, which at the solicitation of *Urinoe* I read distinctly, and though I found some cause to be vexed at the process of his boldness, yet I had not reason enough left me to confute the reasons that induc'd me to pardon him. *Urinoe* read more than half a confession of this in my visage, and willing to compleat her discovery, after she had taken up the Letter, which I had thrown by with a regardless Action: 'Ah? Madam, *said she*, why will you do this violence upon yourself? Do you taste any sweetness in this Constraint, or does my fidelity begin to be suspected? Is it to me that you ought to disguise your thoughts, and do you believe that you hazard any thing, in telling me that you are not willing to hate *Artaban*.

These Words spread the Crimson-livery of Shame upon my Cheeks, and covering the blush as well as my hand would do it: '*Urinoe, said* I, you have almost put me past the Power of Answering; and if customary Freedom did not give me a larger Commission of boldness with you than other Persons, I should be dumb to Discourse: 'Tis true Mother, *continued I, throwing my arm about her neck, and blushing with a deeper dye*, that I have prized *Artaban's* Services at their full value in my thoughts, and 'tis as true that I do not hate his Person; but these resentments (the secretest that ever dwelt within the closure of my breast) which I strip naked to you as my Mother, have not usurped so far upon my reason, to force an Approbation of his

‘ rashness; they have got my consent to suffer,  
‘ and let it pass with impunity, which doubtless,  
‘ I should not have done, had I examined his  
‘ fault with rigour; but they shall never soften me  
‘ to so fond an indulgence as will deserve a se-  
‘ vere construction, and I am resolved to regulate  
‘ all my Actions to so strict a Decorum, as you  
‘ shall never see the loss of that care you have taken  
‘ to mould me after the model of Virtue. I fear  
‘ not that, *reply'd Urinoe*, your Virtue has beam'd  
‘ itself so clearly through all the passages of your  
‘ Life, as I shall always believe you capable of  
‘ conquering more pressing and passionate motions,  
‘ and let the Gods never give me leave to demand  
‘ any thing in his Favour, that may expose you  
‘ to the least shadow of reproach. The sum of  
‘ my desires is, that you would pluck a Man from  
‘ the precipice of despair whom necessity declares  
‘ so useful to you and yours; one who has put  
‘ you so deeply in his debt, and a Man whose  
‘ uncommon qualities may easily excuse all the  
‘ impressions he has given you to his own advan-  
‘ tage; do we know for what the Gods have re-  
‘ served him? Those dawnings of glory that shin-  
‘ ed from the first Actions of the greatest Men,  
‘ were never so bright and beautiful as his; and  
‘ if Fortune can learn so much Justice to make  
‘ his Virtue her Favourite, he must needs tread  
‘ the Stairs of success to such a conspicuous height,  
‘ as may give the King your Father reason to  
‘ desire his Alliance.

‘ Ah! Mother, *said I*, (*too well pleased with  
‘ this Language*) since you will enforce me to  
‘ avow my weakness, to you I will not longer  
‘ scruple to confess, that if *Artaban* were lifted  
‘ to a degree, which might make him a claim to  
‘ the King's consent, I should despise the largest  
‘ Thrones

• Thrones and the longest Scepters upon the Earth  
• for his sake.

*Urinoe*, highly satisfied with her Victory, and desirous to advance her design upon my yielding Heart, after some Discourse (which consisted all of reasons, coined on purpose to confirm me in those thoughts) she attempted to prevail for an Answer to *Artaban's* Letter; but of that I cut off her hopes by so firm a resolution, as she durst not press me any further; A few Days after, with the news of a second Victory, I received another Letter from *Artaban*, which *Urinoe* caused me to read, as she did the former, and indeed there came no Expresses from him, but still gave account of the taking in of some City, or some considerable blow he had given the Enemy.

I confess the Renown of his Actions, the Price of his Services, and the Sollicitations of *Urinoe* began to work very powerfully upon me; and, in spite of the Resistance I could arm in mine own Defence, all these Considerations usurped such a Magistracy upon my Spirit, as, in fine, I sadly perceived that I was now no longer Mistress of my Liberty; when awake, he was always the Argument of my Thoughts; nay, my very Sleeps would not defend me from his importunate, and yet agreeable Image, that was ever presenting itself to my sickned Fancy; and I beheld *Artaban* with the Opticks of my Soul, not only as covered with the Laurels of so many Victories, but as *Artaban*, whose personal Accomplishment even under a Helmet, did a thousand times out-vye the Beauties of young *Achilles*; as *Artaban* stelled with all those Graces that are fit to make a feminine Heart their Quarry; and in fine, as *Artaban*, who, (at least, if my Judgment mistook him not) loved me as much, nay, above his own Soul. How oft have

I waked from these Dreams, when the warm Blood leaped into my Visage, chased thither by the Remembrance that I had suffered my Imagination to stray so unbecomingly? How oft have I rowed against the Stream of those Motions, with a real Anger, which I cou'd not approve, and for some Moments inforc'd myself to hate the same Thing, that my Fears informed me was grown too dear to my Desires? A thousand and a thousand Times have I tried to take up Arms in my own Defence, by seeking for something in the Person of *Artaban*, that deserved my Contempt, a thousand Times have I shot Reflections at that Obscurity of his Birth, that had he known what Pains I took to find him guilty, it might justly have edged his Resentments against me. The daily Discourses upon his repeated Gallantry, that my vigilant Ear gleaned from the *Parthian* Nobility, and the King himself, who every Minute exalted the Obligations he had to his Valour, struck themselves home to the Centre of my Breast; and at those Times, if a regardful Eye had perused my Visage, it would not have missed the Discovery of such Changes there, as might easily have given the Intelligence, that I did not slightly concern myself in his Praises.

To compleat my Overthrow, I received a Letter from *Artaban*, (which aided by a Pre-disposal of my Heart in his Favour, touched me more tenderly than all the rest) and with it there arrived an Express to the King which told him, that within three Days March of *Praspe*, the Metropolis of *Media*, *Artaban* in a great Battle, had defeated *Tigranes* with such an universal Overthrow, as all the Army was cut in Pieces without Hope of Resource, and the King himself, having hardly escaped in person, was gone (as the common Belief



lief had voic'd it) either to seek for Sanctuary or Succour in some neighbouring Court; that the succeeding Day to this Victory, all the adjacent Cities had sent their Keys to *Artaban*, who received them in the Name of the King of *Parthia*, and was since marched towards the capital City, with a firm Belief, that they had not Courage enough left to shut their Gates, or Man their Works against him.

At the News of these important Successes, *Phraates* passionately celebrated his Fortune with a Joy that equall'd it, of which he openly expos'd some clear Proofs, by the Bonfires he caused to be made in the greater Part of his Cities, and the Honours he decreed for *Artaban*, to whom he erected Statues with Inscriptions so glorious, as they might well have contented the most boundless and irregular Ambition. The Letter I then received from *Artaban* which *Urinæ* caused me to read as the rest, I think shew'd me these Words.

*Artaban to the Princess Elisa.*

‘ **T**HE *Medians* will quickly be your Subjects,  
 ‘ and there remains so little to do, to complete the Conquest of that Crown, as within a  
 ‘ few Days, I may promise it without Presumption; till now I have fought as a Man whose  
 ‘ Life was not unuseful to your Family; but since  
 ‘ it is become criminal in your Thoughts, and  
 ‘ every Day increases the Guilt, I will henceforth  
 ‘ combat, as one that hath nothing to lose that is  
 ‘ dear unto you, and try to wash away with Blood  
 ‘ the Offence I have committed; since there is no  
 ‘ other Way to take out the Stain, may the Gods  
 ‘ favour me so much as to make that Reparation  
 ‘ great enough to appease your Anger; and I call  
 ‘ them

‘ them to witness; that I will think myself gloriously rewarded, for all the publick and particular Services I have render’d you, if you will only let me carry the Satisfaction to my Tomb, that you did not hate me.

‘ No, *Artaban*, said I, when I came to the Period of these Words, I do not hate you.’ I scarce uttered this before *Urinoe*, when she saw the Marks of Shame and Confusion start into my Visage. I had not only called back my Words, if it had been possible, but even those very Thoughts that hatched them, but I knew ’twas Vanity to hope it; and *Urinoe* gladly taking Advantage of the Compassion and Tenderness that my Weakness betrayed for the Sufferings of *Artaban*, passionately pressed me for an Answer to his Letter; she pursued my flying Denials all that Day without overtaking them, but the following, she continued the Chase so hotly, as at last I was wearied to a Yielding. A long Luctation with myself, before I cou’d vanquish my Repugnance to an Action which my Reason told me deserved a severe Censure; but in fine, as if I had suborn’d Reason to excuse Desire, at last I believed I had found a Way to reconcile my Scruples to *Urinoe*’s Will, and my own Inclinations; and I thought I had so nicely studied my Reply, as might pose a Stoick to fasten a just Censure, or *Artaban* any Advantage upon them: At last, after a tedious Choice and Rejection of Words, I made my Paper speak in these Terms.

*The Princess Elisa to Artaban.*

‘ I Should sin against my Quality, thus by exchanging Paper, if a just Motive did not oblige me, and I thought not in Conscience, whatever that Action amounts to, is due to the  
‘ Deserts

‘ Deserts of your Service: Heaven is my Witness,  
‘ that before your Offence was committed, my  
‘ Estimation (bating those Persons that gave me  
‘ Being) bestowed not a larger Share of itself up-  
‘ on any Person on Earth than *Artaban*; nor  
‘ should I have put a shorter Date of those Re-  
‘ sentments, than my proper Life, if the Cogni-  
‘ zance of your’s had not conceal’d them: I am  
‘ sorry to tell you, that your Actions oblige me  
‘ to hate you against my Inclination; I neither  
‘ misprize your Person, nor set too cheap a Rate  
‘ upon your Virtue, and I could spend some Wish-  
‘ es (those not faint ones) that it were parallel’d  
‘ by all those Requisites that might authorize your  
‘ Ambition; but since the Gods refused you that  
‘ Favour, learn to stoop the Soarings of your Cou-  
‘ rage to the humble Pitch of your Fortunes, and  
‘ appease my just Displeasure by removing the  
‘ Cause of it.

I was very well pleased with the Success of my Invention (as my Ignorance then styl’d it) and I thought I had woven my Words with Skill enough to secure my Reputation: But I had not examined them so strictly to suspect the Satisfaction they gave to *Artaban*, who found it by a more cunning Construction, than I thought they wou’d have borne.

In Effect, he discovered which Way my Inclination bent itself, through the Cobweb Disguise of my Expressions, which augmented his Boldness; and raised his Heart to such Hopes, as I did not think I had given him. When he received it, he was already gotten within the Walls of *Praaspa*, and his Sword had then so little Work to make himself absolute Master of *Media*, as in less than two Months time, he finished the entire Subjection of that large Kingdom to the *Parthian* Scepter.

In the meantime, the unfortunate *Tigranes* was retir'd to the King of *Cappadocia*, and *Cilicia*, his Allies, whom he endeavoured to arm for his Interest. The miserable Prince then felt by a sad Experience, how deeply the Gods detested Ingratitude, and how unjustly we suffer Pride, the Bastard of Prosperity, to cancel the Memory of a Benefic.

While he solicites his Friends Assistance, to reseat him in the Throne of his Ancestors, *Artaban* who had made an entire Conquest of his Country, received the Oath of Allegiance in *Phraates's* Name, of all those whose Losses had enlarged his Sovereignty, placed Garrisons in the most considerable Cities, and ordered all Things else, as Discretion and Necessity decreed it. He then saw himself gloriously acquitted of his Promise, and began, not without the Appearance of Reason, to fortify the Hopes he had conceived; the King my Father, who yet kept it living in his Thoughts, that he was reducible to his Valour for a puissant Kingdom, was grown very studious of his own Power, (though I think in vain) to find whether it had a Reward within its Reach, that might measure with his Services; he was very willing to escape the Guilt of a sluggish Acknowledgment; and whether he feared his great Authority among the *Medes*, or was really desirous to see him, he invited him home to his Court in the most honourable Manner, that Gratitude could invent; I remember the Letter he wrote him spoke much to this Purpose.

*Phraates King of Parthia to Artaban.*

I Am doubly indebted to your Valour, for the  
 ' Conquest of a puissant Kingdom, and the  
 ' Conservation of that which was my Birth-right,  
 ' and by the sole Virtue of your invincible Arm,  
 ' I

‘ I reign over the *Medes* and *Parthians*; but neither of these Crowns can give me any true Taste of Happiness without you, and I can never think the Authority truly mine, till you have a Share of it; come away then, my Dear *Artaban*, to receive the Recompence I have prepared you: ’tis true, I possess nothing that is not below your Merit, but I pretend to go as far in Requiral, as the dearest and most precious Things I have in the World will carry me.

*Artaban* received this Letter with a grand Satisfaction, and though he had a near Guest at the King’s Intention, who was really jealous of his Power among the *Medes*; the passionate Desire he had to see me, only lent him Leisure to despise that Consideration, as possibly it would have taught him to trample upon all others that might have offered him Cause of Discontent. At length he began to think (as we are all too prone to flatter ourselves with the Fruits of our own Wishes) that the King, in his promise of the dearest and most precious Thing he had in the World, could mean no other than his Daughter; and curiously positing the Weight and Worth of his Services, he found them tall enough to over-top all other Rewards but that. Fraught with these Hopes, he compleated his Garrisons in Places of most Importance, and leaving the Command to him that he thought was worthiest, he left *Media* behind him, only with such Troops as were necessary to guard his Person, entered the *Parthian* Territories, and by large Days marches, bent his Course with an amorous Impatience to the City, where we then resided:

Never was triumphant Captain received into the Walls of *Rome* with greater Glory, nor did ever her seven proud Hills echo with a louder Acclamation.

clamation and Applause, than resounded in the *Parthian* Court at *Artaban's* Arrival; the prime Nobility paid them Honours that seemed only due to the Person of their King, and if the King himself did not treat him with the specious Formality observed by Kings at their Entertainment of crown'd Guests, at least he received and caressed him with every tender Proof of Affection, that might be expected by an only Son (though stor'd with all the excellent Qualities of *Artaban*) from a paternal Indulgence; in Effect, he forgot nothing that could enter the Thoughts of a studious Gratitude, to express itself with Elegance; and by his own Example, obliged all the Persons of Honour in his Court, to a Deference that offended his Modesty. I shall take Pity of your Patience, Madam, by forbearing to amplify the single Particulars that conduced to his Reception, and content myself to tell you, that after the King had locked him a long Time within his Arms, and held him a While in Discourse of his own Gallantry, he led him into the Queen's Chamber, where I was then present in a Confusion of Thought, a Part of which cannot well be missed by your own Imagination.

'Tis true, that *Artaban* was not unwelcome to my Eyes, and I cannot say that there was not some Impatience mingled with my Wishes to see him; yet it pos'd me to cast up a true Account betwixt me and my Honour, and I knew not what Face to put on to his publick Accost, nor how to receive his particular Visit; my Judgment had not pass'd the Vote, whether it behoved me to treat him as a Man that had publickly served us, or privately offended me, and in this Division of Thoughts, I saw him enter the Chamber before I had Time to settle their Obedience to a Resolution:

olution: Oh, what a resistless Puissance did he bring in his Looks, to disarm a Part of my Choler! How had a full Year's Absence stuck new Graces about him, and added me-thought some Majesty to his Mind; his Behaviour (as my Opinion weighed it) was handsome, and far more hardy than before: But I judg'd it so, by his Deportment to the Queen; he quickly shewed me Reason to quit that Opinion, when he came to salute me; and had any critical Eye perused our Faces at that Account, it had made an easy Comment upon our Hearts. *Urimoe* told me since, that if *Artaban* wanted any Courage or Assurance in his Looks, I appear'd not less confused and astonished; nevertheless, as he was naturally the boldest Man in the World, he quickly recover'd himself to an Estate of repeating his Civilities to the Queen, to whom the King, taking hold of his Hand, had presented him: 'See, Madam, *said he*,  
' behold the Man, that divided your Chains asunder, and revenged your Quarrel; now methinks  
' it should not ask much Pain to obtain your Pardon for the Captivity he made you suffer, nor need  
' we henceforth scruple to trust him with the Care of your Liberty and Revenge.' 'He has cleared  
' the Debt of his Promise so nobly, *reply'd the Queen*, as he deserves the Reposal of more Confidence in himself, than in in the entire Puissance  
' of a Kingdom; but you are not so deep in his Debt, for the Conquest of a Crown, as to those  
' that acquired him for you, from whom without Ingratitude yon cannot disavow that you received him.

*Pbraates* enlarged the Queen's Discourse, with much more upon the same Subject, which for a long time they bandied from one to another, scarce allowing *Artaban* the Leisure to speak against himself,

himself, or his Modesty the Means to defend him from the Oppression of their Praises. In Effect, he spake but little that Day; and after they had disposed of a large Part of it, the King led him back with his own Hand, still discoursing upon the Theme of his great Acts, and when he had detained him a While longer by himself, at last he set him at Liberty to retire.

I was no sooner gone back to my Chamber, when *Urinoe* having nicely observed the Appearance of some indigested and irresolute Thoughts in my Visage: ‘ Confess, Madam, if you please,’ *said she*, that the Coming of *Artaban* has given you some Inquietude, and you are yet divided in yourself, in what Fashion you should treat him.’ ‘ If I treat him as I ought,’ *answered I*, my Behaviour will neither suit his Inclination nor mine; and I confess there is now a Combat in my Soul, that rends it several Ways, with the greatest Torture that ever fainted a Female Heart.’ ‘ Ah, Madam,’ *reply’d Urinoe*, do not strive against the Tide of your own Inclinations, since they raise no War against your Duty; and why do you refuse a few Moments Audience to *Artaban*, which he devoutly begs by my Intercession? Either permit him to justify or accuse himself at your Feet, and then if your Reason says he has offended, you will find him readily dispos’d to pay you the Forfeiture of his Life for Expiation; and if he thinks he is innocent, you cannot make yourself less, by giving him Leave to prove it.’ ‘ *Urinoe, said I*, (after I had taken some Time to let my Thoughts controul one another). I know it is my Duty to be deaf to your Desires, and ’tis my Weakness thrust me headlong upon an evident Occasion of Blame; but I know how that I

‘ am



‘ am not able to resist a Motive that over-powers  
‘ my Resolution, and since you desire it with such  
‘ unanswerable Vehemence, you have Leave to  
‘ bring *Artaban* tomorrow to my Chamber.

*Urinoe* extremely glad of the Permission, the same Evening gave *Artaban* Intelligence how prevalent she had been in her Sollicitation, and, as he told me since, he prepared himself for that Visit, with a most passionate Impatience. The next Day I feigned a little Indisposition, on purpose to enjoin a Privacy exempted from common Visitors; nor could any think it strange, that *Artaban* was then admitted to that Privilege, if they rightly examined the Credit that he carried at Court, or my particular Engagements to the Glories he had gotten to my Advantage.

He came with *Urinoe* who received him at my Chamber Door, into my Cabinet, whither I was retir’d, and where I had seated me upon a little Bed, having caused the Curtains to be close drawn before the Windows, upon Pretence of his Head-ach, banishing as much of the Tell-tale Light from the Closet as was possible, that *Artaban* might find it less easy to read the red Letters of my Shame in my Visage, for the Fault I committed. Indeed he entered with a Grace and Garb so becoming, as the skilfullest Piece of Detraction could have found nothing common about him; and though he carried less Courage and Confidence in his Looks than ordinary, yet he had still the undefac’d Impression in his Port and Visage, or something so Great and Lofty, as there was as much Difficulty to misprize him for his Face, as his Actions. Pardon me, Madam, if I sin against the Majesty of your Thoughts, by shewing the Easiness of mine: ’Tis true, I was too hasty to disband the Forces of my Judgment, that should have

have resisted the Batteries of his Merit and Affection, but they lost the Field at the first Appearance, all my Anger presently tendered its Arms, and I felt my Reason in too weak an Estate, to put a Tongue to my Resentments.

All my Attendants staid in the Chamber, and *Artaban* perceiving no Body present, but *Urinoe* and her Daughter, (the same you see with her here in my Chamber) who, he knew, deserved his Confidence as well as her Mother, concluding he might safely take that Liberty in their Presence, threw himself at my Feet so hastily, as I had neither Time nor Power to prevent him, and kissed the lower Part of my Robe, with an Action wholly suppliant, and indeed only due for a meaner Merit; but unwilling to let him stay in that Condition, and recoiling a Step or two from the Place where I was: ‘Rise *Artaban*, said I, if I were  
 ‘ not prepossessed with too much Indulgence to  
 ‘ your Offences, this prostrate Action could not  
 ‘ obtain their Pardon.

‘ ‘Tis true, Madam, answered *Artaban*, raising himself, that I could look for no less than  
 ‘ Death, from any other Judge but you; and I  
 ‘ vow by all that’s Great and Good, if your Anger has prepared me a Condemnation, to receive  
 ‘ the fatal Doom from your Mouth, with as perfect a Resignation and Obedience, as the Pardon I beg at your Hands.’ ‘Believe it, *Artaban*, you will not obtain that so easily, reply’d  
 ‘ I, as your Imagination flatters you, and perhaps your own Opinion has not taken your  
 ‘ Crime at the full Proportion, but I shall refer the Punishment to yourself, in appealing to your  
 ‘ Judgment for the Censure of your Faults.’ ‘My  
 ‘ Faults,’ reply’d *Artaban*, are worthy of all the  
 ‘ Pains that Cruelty itself can invent, and would  
 ‘ be

‘ be utterly void of any Hope of Pardon, if they  
‘ could not borrow some Excuse from the Vio-  
‘ lence you have done me ; ’tis not my Will, Ma-  
‘ dam, that has offended you, for the Gods are  
‘ obliged to witness, I levied all Power against  
‘ you that was likely to present any Fruit to Hope,  
‘ from a Soul capable of Knowledge and Reason ;  
‘ even in my greener Youth, which you know  
‘ is apt to take home Objects to the Heart before  
‘ it has weighed them. I have endeavoured to  
‘ fortify my Soul against the Force of Nature,  
‘ with an Opposition under which I was like to  
‘ fall your Sacrifice ; I saw my Resolutions cow-  
‘ ardly turn their Heads in the Combat against  
‘ you, and though I called the Knowledge that I  
‘ ought to have of you and myself to re-inforce  
‘ them, at last I found an absolute Impossibility  
‘ to hold up Arms any longer. No, Madam, it  
‘ was not blind Presumption that thrust me head-  
‘ long upon this Attempt, for I never found any  
‘ thing in my Person or Services, that might au-  
‘ thorize my Boldness ; ’tis a restless Constraining  
‘ that only labours to excuse me, and my Thoughts  
‘ are clad in all the Whiteness and Purity of  
‘ Truth, when I protest at your Feet, it was  
‘ only yourself that forced me to offend you. I  
‘ should think myself very innocent of your Faults,  
‘ *reply’d I*, if by forbearing to cut them off in  
‘ the Infancy, I had not contributed to their Nou-  
‘ rishment ; ’tis that has made me an Accomplice  
‘ in your Crimes, and had I timely given the Con-  
‘ sideration of my Birth and Duty, the Preceden-  
‘ cy of those Services you have rendered us, I had  
‘ happily prevented the Sequel of a Mischief,  
‘ whereof I could not avoid the Beginning. But  
‘ since it is not in my Power to revoke what is  
‘ past, I will try to expiate a Part of my Error,  
‘ by

' by a better Regulation of the Future, and I hope  
 ' my Prayers will prevail with yourself to assist  
 ' me, by changing your Aims to some other Ob-  
 ' ject.' ' No, Madam, *said Artaban, interrupt-*  
 ' *ing me,* let me beg you will never hope my  
 ' Consent to that, if you desire my Obedience ;  
 ' ordain me any thing but ceasing to adore you,  
 ' since all your Power and mine, are too weak  
 ' to effect it ; and 'tis as possible that I should  
 ' live without a Heart, as without a Heart that is  
 ' not entirely your's.' ' But what are the Thoughts  
 ' you foster, *answered I,* or what Design can  
 ' you level at the King of *Parthia's* only Daugh-  
 ' ter, that may promise any Hope of Satisfaction ?'  
 ' The same, *reply'd Artaban,* of rendering you  
 ' what we owe the Gods, with a clearer Submis-  
 ' sion, and a warmer Zeal, than commonly com-  
 ' poses those Vows, that are twice a Day winged  
 ' for the starry Palace ; the same of making your  
 ' Glory the Mark, Rule, and Guide of all my  
 ' Thoughts and Actions, and the same of passing  
 ' my Life, or finding my Death in the Affairs of  
 ' your Service.

' But do you believe, *added I,* that the King  
 ' whose Will is the Law of mine, does approve  
 ' your Intentions ? Or do you think that without  
 ' his Commission, I can keep an unstained Duty,  
 ' and still suffer them to run in the same Chan-  
 ' nel ?' ' I will not say, *reply'd the hardy Art-*  
 ' *aban,* that such a Princess as *Elisa* can be meri-  
 ' ted by Man, and I know too well, that the gain-  
 ' ing of a Hundred Kingdoms, and the Loss of a  
 ' Thousand such Lives as mine, can infer but weak  
 ' Arguments to legitimate that Ambition ; but I  
 ' think I may safely say, that if I rendered the  
 ' Services that *Phraates* has received of my Sword,  
 ' to any other King than him that is Father to  
 ' *Elisa,*

‘ *Elisa*, I shou’d think I could not set them at a  
‘ meaner Value, than the Honour to serve his  
‘ Daughter; no, Madam, ’tis the only Dispro-  
‘ portion betwixt yourself and me, (leaving your  
‘ Birth out of the Balance) and not betwixt my  
‘ Services, and the royal Dignity, that frames my  
‘ Presumption; and if my vast Distance below  
‘ your personal Merits, were weighed up to an  
‘ Equality, by your Permission, I would learn to  
‘ hope, that by greater Conquests than that of *Me-*  
‘ *dia*, I might become considerable enough to the  
‘ King your Father, to own a Demand of that  
‘ Nature without Blushes.

In this Discourse of *Artaban*, there was something that savoured of a great deal of Arrogance, and yet that Arrogance appeared so well placed in him, and indeed all Things else speak so near an Alliance, and so perfect a Conformity to the Grandeur of his Courage, as instead of condemning, I felt an affectionate Impulsion to augment my Esteem, and found myself utterly unable to hinder the Confederacy of my Words and Actions, with the Treason of my Love.

‘ I avow, *said I*, that Men of your Condition  
‘ may fasten very haughty and pregnant hopes to  
‘ their Courage; and if Justice guided the hand  
‘ of Fortune in the distribution of Treasure, there  
‘ could be nothing above you. I know not how  
‘ the thoughts of *Phraates* agree with this opi-  
‘ nion, but without his Seal I can make no assu-  
‘ rance, and, that once obtained, the Conquest of  
‘ my obstinacy will not cost you much trouble.

I know not what rash fit of folly wrested these inconsiderate Words from my mouth; I know they were followed at the heels by shame and repentance; nor did the Artificial darkness cover my confusion from *Artaban*, who a little in  
Pain

pain to see it, fell once more at my Feet, and kissing them with a transport of Joy: 'Now Fortune, *said he*, I bid defiance to thy Malice, and since my divine Princess does vote me happy, I hope both Gods and Men will declare themselves in my Favour.' He spoke much more to this purpose, which I only answered in blushes, for all the time he staid after this, my shame would not let me speak in any other Language, and I found it impossible to recover my Colour and Confidence, as the discovery of it made him take his leave sooner than he intended; and he went out of my Chamber with hopes, that till then he had never conceived.

After that Day, he directed all his Actions to deliver me so many messages of Love, and paid me his respects in so amiable and obliging a fashion (or rather, Madam, my weakness understood it so) as I was content to pull off the Mask of my affection: But before I came to this Confession, it cost him whole Days, with abundance of pressing and passionate Discourse, whereof the length releases my repetition: But when I had once vanquished that difficulty, he receiv'd some Proofs of my affection, that shewed my indulgence in a deeper Tincture than the difference of our conditions would well permit; however they were still limited by Rules, as straight as the steady hand of a virtuous resolution could draw them; he never obtained any Favour from me, besides what the Tongue and the Eye delivered, and I strictly reserv'd myself to the King's Disposal, without whose Consent I always assured him his hopes were thrown away.

I know, Madam, that maugre all my Circumspection, I was yet very culpable, in not taking the first kindlings of affections, from the Com-  
mands

mands of those to whom my Birth had submitted me; but I know too, that 'tis no wonder if extraordinary merit produce effects that are like themselves, nor need those hearts, that have held the Fortrefs all their Life, against any puny Siege, be asham'd of an overthrow, by such Forces as vanquished me: 'Yes, my dear *Artaban*, I love thee, and I should love thee yet much more than myself, if the Gods had left thee still amongst Men; couldst thou come hither again from thy starry habitation, thou would'st justify the affection I have for thee, and I cannot now disavow it with so little shame, as before I confessed it.

The fair Princess was constrained to stop the current of her Discourse, on purpose to make way for another, compos'd of some fugitive Tears, that had newly broken over their Chrystal Banks in abundance; and after she had thus wept and sigh'd away some moments, wherein the fair Queen took occasion to sweeten her sorrows, with all the Comfort that her Pity could invent, she went on in this manner.

*Artaban* was ador'd among the *Parthians*, and the prodigious things he had done for the interest of that Nation, acquired him so much Honour in the general esteem, as could not well be ascrib'd (and save Religion harmless) unto a mortal Person, especially the King who had reap'd the fairest Fruits of his glorious Labours, and saw himself surely seated by his Valour, not only in his own Estate, but Master of one of the greatest Kingdoms in *Asia*, openly published his impuissance to pay what was due to so great a Virtue. Of this he made a particular Declaration the same Day he was crown'd King of *Media*, after the Ceremony was ended, holding *Artaban* in his left hand: 'Tis of you, great man, said he, with a loud voice,

' hind with the Stings of a Remorse for exposing  
 ' a Man that has so bravely obliged me, to the  
 ' Cruelty of so many Disasters. But as there is  
 ' but a Part of *Elisa* stays behind him, so he can-  
 ' not go away with *Artaban* entire and undi-  
 ' vided; and if he leaves me a Heart, which I  
 ' keep as the dearest Pledge that ever was pawn-  
 ' ed by Lover, so I have given him leave to glory  
 ' in the Possession of that which my Duty (how  
 ' precise and severe soever it ought to be) could not  
 ' refuse to his Merit, his Affection and Services.

I breathed my Sorrows with divers other Dis-  
 courses of the same Tenour, which I cannot re-  
 peat, and be civil with your Patience; and all my  
 Actions were distempered with a Grief so violent,  
 as there were very few Eyes in the Court too dim  
 to discover it.

The next Day, after *Artaban's* Departure, the  
 King came into my Chamber; and finding me  
 in Bed, which I resolved to keep for some Days,  
 on purpose to conceal what my tell-tale Looks  
 would have betrayed too plainly. ' The audaci-  
 ' ous *Artaban*, said he, was Yesterday so rash,  
 ' as to demand you of me for the Salary of his  
 ' Services: Can it be possible, *Elisa*, that you  
 ' should either know, or approve his Insolence?

These Words stabb'd themselves to my very  
 Heart; but unwilling to betray any Trouble in  
 too long a Study for an Answer, ' Sir, said I,  
 ' the Services of *Artaban* are known unto me,  
 ' but I am a perfect Stranger to his Insolence;  
 ' and he never discovered any Thoughts to me,  
 ' that might justly offend your Majesty.' ' If I  
 ' thought, reply'd Phraates, knitting his Brows,  
 ' that you favoured the Ambition of that pre-  
 ' sumptuous Man, I should soon make you know  
 ' the Displeasure you have done me.' The Queen  
 ' coming



coming in at this Passage, interrupted the Sequel, and secretly strove to allay the King's passionate Heat with mild and gentle Insinuations; she was a perfect Lover of *Artaban's* Virtue, as she deem'd herself obliged, and had been touched with a tender Sense of his Disgrace. In fine, her Gloss upon the Cause of his Disturbance differed much from the King's; and though her Opinion pointed at something too hardy in the Attempt of *Artaban*, yet that Reflection could not blemish the Esteem she had for him, and prov'd so far from forcing his Deserts to the loss of any Ground in her Memory, as if his Felicity had depended upon her Disposal, she would not have oppos'd it. However, she openly regretted the unlucky Cause of his Absence; and though she durst not condemn the Refusal the King had made him, yet she made no scruple to speak it in his Presence, that she was sorry his Passion had forfeited the future Service of so brave a Man; and if he thought him not worthy to wear the Title of his Son-in-law, she wonder'd he would not rather endeavour to preserve him by some other Benefits, than pay the Arrears due to his Merits with Injuries and Outrage.

The King, who had yet little feeling of the fault he had committed, could not suddenly repent it, and repuls'd all those that adventur'd to urge the necessity of *Artaban's* Valour, for the defence of his Estate, with such thundering Words, and a look so terrible, as none of them were hardy enough to re-inforce their Arguments. The obstinacy of his humour stuck these Sentiments in his Breast for a time, and the Prosperity of his Affairs had so enchanted his reason, as he had already driven *Artaban* from the Place he held in his memory, and shuffl'd him among the com-

mon

the Male Line of the *Arfacides* being utterly extinct, (the Prince *Tyridates* excepted, to whom all knew *Pbraates* would never leave his Crown, and the Bastard *Venones*, whose Pretences would be always like himself, illegitimate) he would either be obliged to create a Candidate for his Crown at home, or else contract an Alliance with some neighbouring King, and so run the hazard of metamorphosing the *Parthian* Liberty to a provincial Servitude, which could not be less than insupportable to that warlike Nation.

When these popular Discourses had once found the way to *Artaban's* Ear, they quickly matured his Resolution to a positive degree: In fine, he began to think that Delay might do him Injury, and concluded it unfit to stay till Time might moderate the King's Impatience to requite him, and the Beauty of his brave Acts had left its Gloss in his Memory.

In the heat of those Thoughts, (after he had once more begg'd my Permission) he went one Day to find out the King in the Palace Garden, where he was then walking with a Train of his principal Nobility about him. The King receiv'd him with a very affable Aspect; and after the exchange of some open Discourse before all the Company, at last (as his frequent use had made it a Custom) he drew him aside from a particular Parley, and to that Purpose making a Sign to the rest, not to follow him, he pass'd into the next Alley, leaning upon his Arm, and began to entertain him with indifferent Things, as Chance and Occasion offered to his Thought.

*Artaban* having allowed some Time to a respective Attention, and shap'd such Replies, as he knew were most agreeable to *Pbraates's* Humour, at last grew desirous to change the Theme of their  
Dis-

Discourse to a Subject of more Importance, and chasing all the Fear from his Heart, might discredit his Design, by appearing in his Looks and Gesture: ‘ Sir, said he, how are your Intentions now bent to dispose of us? has your Judgment voted us useless for your future Service? and are you content to sit quickly down, with the Crowns of *Parthia* and *Media*; when you have Power enough at your Back to master the greatest Part of *Asia*? You understand that the Kings of *Cappadocia* and *Celicia*, have already raised Forces in *Tigranes*’s behalf, to wrest the Crown of *Media* out of your Hands, and, in outward appearance, your Majesty takes no care to prevent them. I beseech you, Sir, give us leave to go meet them, before they force the unwelcome Compliment of an hostile Visit upon us; let me once more beg the Honour and Assignment of as many Troops to my Conduct, as I had for the Conquest of *Media*; and suffer me, for your Interests, to carry the War home to those Princes Doors, that are coming beyond their Limits in chase of their own Misfortune: Sir, I do make you a Promise of their Ruine, to be paid in less than is requisite to take exact Survey of their Provinces, and if I do not lay both those Crowns at your Feet, before Time be two Years older, blot out the Name of *Artaban* from your Memory, and call me Impostor.

When *Artaban* spake in this Manner, the King regarded him with Admiration, and instructed by the Proofs of a fortunate Experience, how capable he was to change his Words into Actions, he listened to the same Language from him, as he would have done to an Oracle, which might have been interpreted from another Mouth, as the Effects of a vain Presumption; and he had made

*Pbraates* plainly perceiving his numbers too thin to accept the defiance, was fearful to fight upon so great an inequality and drew back his Army towards our Frontier; his Enemies improving their Pride and Courage at this retreat, almost trod upon the heels of his Rear in their march, and appeared as soon as he, upon the ancient limits of *Parthia*.

The same *Tigranes* that a few months before (unable to tread a foot upon his own Land) had been enforced to beg the shelter and support of his Life among strangers, then saw himself repossessed of his hereditary Throne, and in a more potent condition than ever, to make the Crown of *Parthia* tremble upon the head that wore it: in effect he was now in Power to give a mighty check to the *Parthian* Monarchy; and the two Kings his Allies (Princes provoked by their proper Virtue, and the bruit of *Pbraates*' Cruelty to lift themselves on his Enemies Party) were resolved to break into his Territories, and with their Friends to carry on the Quarrel of Divine Justice, for the Blood he had spilt at home with so black a Cruelty. All the Courage *Pbraates* had, could not exempt him from shaking at the threats of this approaching tempest, and indeed he was in very great danger, when his Fears were unexpectedly released from the Rack, by a friendly Demon to the *Parthian* Monarchy, and my particular Enemy.

*Tigranes* wholly vanquished, divested and driven from all, he had still nourished the flames of a Passion that I was so unlucky to kindle, and finding that it still blazed higher, he made his hostile approaches to our Kingdom, he thought himself in better case than ever to make it publick to the World, and demand me of my Father  
with

with a Sword in his Hand, that Fortune had already render'd very dreadful to *Pbraates*; he made this proposition to his two Friends, and though then their Spirits boiled with the heat of Victory, yet they were loath to resist a design, whereof the accomplishment proffered Peace to their People, and Satisfaction to their Friend, the only cause that helped them on with their Armour.

*Tigranes* confirmed by his Friend's Consent in this Resolution, and besides desiring to sit quietly down with his Subjects, and taste the sweets of a calm repose which so long had been exposed to the miseries of a cruel War, sent two of his prime Nobility to *Pbraates*, with an order to demand me for their Queen, and an absolute Power to conclude the Peace and Marriage.

They could not have made this Proposition to *Pbraates* in more propitious season, and the Terror of their Arms had already disposed him to accept Conditions, much less advantageous than those they offered him: For besides that he had then the Power of three great Kings to grapple with, which he found himself too feeble to resist upon equal terms, he distrusted his People's Allegiance, who he knew detested his Cruelty; and learning from all Parts of his *Parthia*, that the most considerable Persons shrunk away from the War, and openly cry'd out for Peace, his Jealousy foretold a dangerous Insurrection, if he took not a sudden care to content their longing.

*Pbraates*, in treaty with such thoughts as these, when the Ambassadors of *Tigranes* arrived, not only prepared their welcome, but procured them a favourable Audience, and at the first Overture of their Master's Message, got them a full Concession to all they demanded, as well in Relation to the Peace as Marriage. Never was affair of so grand

grand Importance huddled up with so short a debate: Before the Ambassadors returned to their Prince, the Peace was concluded, the Articles signed, and the unfortunate *Elisa* destined as a Victim to be sacrificed for the publick repose.

*Tigranes* distrusting the King of *Parthia's* Performance of Articles, insisted upon a Ratification of the Treaty, before he drew off his Army from the Frontier, believing, that while he held *Pbraates* in the Chains of Fear, he might more securely tye him to the accomplishment of his Word, than when he once retreated without an Enemy at his heels to the Centre of his Dominions. My Father represented, that such a Precipitation in Affairs of that nature, would carry a very shameful construction, and appear to the World with all the proportions of a forced Act on his Part, without the least gust of a liberty, that (content rightly stated, and reputations considered) might perform a clearer satisfaction to both.

At last *Tigranes's* Consent struck fail to the opinion of his two Royal Friends, that advised him to render *Pbraates* the deference he desired, coupling their Counsel with a Promise, that if he broke his Word with him, they would once more join their Forces to his, with a Resolution to ruine him.

All things thus concluded, and solemnly sworn on both sides, the two Armies drew off from their Posts and retreated; *Tigranes* and his two Cousins took the several ways that led to their own Provinces, and *Pbraates* bent his Course to *Hecatompolis*, where we then resided; but he was followed by the Ambassadors of *Tigranes*, one of which, as Custom would have it, was to espouse me in their King's Name at the *Parthian* Court, and after the Ceremony, conduct me into *Media*.

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In the mean time I trailed on my Life in a very doleful condition, the memory of *Artaban* made a continual War upon my quiet; I loved him far dearer since his disgrace and absence than ever before; and if at that distance he could have travelled his Eye to the naked Tablet of my Heart, and seen how strong a guard of favourable and faithful thoughts I had there placed about the Image of himself and Virtue, it could not have brought him home a feeble satisfaction. Old time (that usually sheds poppy upon such resentments) could never shade the Eyes of mine with the least Inclination to drowziness; and if before he had appear'd with some Graces about him that were lovely, he then presented himself armed at all Parts with such invincible Advantages, as left nothing in *Elisa's* Power to give away from him. I passed away a Part of my Life in Discourses of him with *Urinoe* and *Cephisa*; and they could not please me better than by straining their Art of speaking well upon his Praises, but we never closed our Converse without a warm Epilogue of Tears; and sometimes when those were wiped away, and Liberty allowed it, we begun the Discourse again, and ended it with another Shower. You may judge, Madam, whether I lightly concerned myself in the wrongs he suffered, since if for his consideration, I made no vows against my own Party, at least I learned the News of their distress without a sigh, nay, and in some kind rejoiced at the bad success of our Arms, and the unlucky Confusion to which my Father had reduced himself, by driving so brave a Pilot as *Artaban*, from the Helm of his Warlike Affairs. ' Had *Artaban* kept  
' his Command, *would I say*, when Fame brought  
' me the News of our overthrows, Victory would  
' never have left us, and the same *Tigranes*, that

‘ now proudly rides in his Triumphant Chariot,  
‘ had still hung down his uncrowned Head, and  
‘ tamely taken the Chariot of a Shaker from  
‘ Cousin Kings.

These were my Thoughts, these my Employments, when I received the dismal News of a publick Peace, and my own private Disaster. I understood the King had made me the Price of his Safety, before he vouchsafed me the least notice of such an Engagement, and I learned he had given me away to *Tigranes* at such a time, when my Heart had more Aversion for him, than any that nature had ever made of his Sex.

Madam, as I have already told you, he was a Prince handsome enough, courageous and valiant, without the least Blemish of Cruelty, Avarice, or any other Vices, which blot the Lives, and sully the Repute of Princes, (at least, if you bare his Ingratitude to *Artaban*, for which his Love does make some Apology). and yet whether I derived my Antipathy from some undiscovered cause in nature, or the reasons already alledged, since the time that I first beheld him, when my Heart was mine to dispose of, before *Artaban* could plead any Privilege there, I never admitted the least Inclination to his Person; but at such a time, when his Competitor had made so clear a conquest of my Will, I could not understand that I was promised to *Tigranes*, without falling into the extreams of a Comfortless Grief. ‘ What, *cry’d I*, has the King given  
‘ me to the greatest of his Enemies, that would  
‘ doubtless have denied me to the dearest of his  
‘ Friends, and does he sacrifice his only Child to  
‘ his People’s Repose, without considering how  
‘ justly her own does plead for a place in his  
‘ Thoughts?

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In sequel, I carefully informed myself of the truth, and receiving (where-ever I bent my inquiry) nothing else but cruel Confirmations of my misery, I took a sad Farewel of all my Hopes of a reverting happiness, and abandon'd myself to the cold Embraces of a desperate Melancholy, that even tore up my very Capacity of Comfort by the Roots.

In this calamitous Condition the King found me, when he arrived at *Hecatompolis*, and understanding the cause of it, he burst into an Anger that would not suffer him to see me for several Days after; but at last, importun'd by necessity, either to bow or break me to his Will, he caus'd me to be call'd into his Chamber, and no sooner spy'd me at the door, when without any other reception (though he had not seen me of divers months before: ) ' What *Elisa*, said he, do you  
' then oppose my Intentions, have you so slender  
' a portion of Respect for the Commands of a  
' Father and a King, that you can give them the  
' Hearing, and refuse your Submission?

The Fierceness of the King's Action, and the Tone of his Voice, sent some Fear to my Heart, yet they could not so apall my Courage, but it recovered Strength enough to throw me at his Feet, and return him this Answer.

' Sir, I was ever resolv'd to spend my whole  
' Life in a continued Practice of Obedience to all  
' you shall please to ordain me; but you know,  
' Sir, yourself has always taken care to nourish  
' so strong an Aversion in me to *Tigranes*, as I  
' hope you will not think it strange, if I feel an  
' Impossibility to vanquish it. *Tigranes* was my  
' Enemy, reply'd *Phraates*, when I commanded  
' you to hate him, but now he is become a Friend  
' to the House of *Partbia*, 'tis my absolute and

' indispensable Will, that you love him with all  
 ' the faithful Rights of Affection, that are due to  
 ' the Man I have chosen for your Husband.' ' Ah !  
 ' my Lord, *said I*, will you wreck the quiet of  
 ' my Life, and sink my Joys at once, for State-  
 ' consideration, and will you not give me some  
 ' time at least to clear my Breast of all that denies  
 ' him Entrance there, before you force me to his  
 ' Bed ?' ' Never think to obtain any thing of me,  
 ' *reply'd the furious King*, but the extremest De-  
 ' grees of Hatred and Rigour if you keep the least  
 ' Objection to my Will unvanquish'd by your  
 ' Duty ; Go, get you out of my Presence, and  
 ' come no more in my Sight, before you have  
 ' bow'd your stubborn Heart to obey me without  
 ' a Scruple of Repugnance.

I was struck dumb at the Cruelty of his Lan-  
 guage, and returned to my Chamber so confus'd  
 and afflicted, as it cost me the rest of that Day,  
 to get my Reason again into her Place.

The next Morning there came a Command  
 from the King, that I should make myself rea-  
 dy to receive *Tigranes's* Embassadors, who a little  
 after, being enter'd my Chamber, they entertain'd  
 me with an Account of their Delegation in behalf of  
 their Prince, and offer'd the first Homage of that  
 Reverence, which they paid me as due to their So-  
 vereign Queen.

I would not suffer any Passion to break loose in  
 their Presence, as without doubt I had done, if I durst  
 have followed the Stream of my own Resentments,  
 but they cull'd a very slender Satisfaction from my  
 Language and Looks ; and if an impos'd Forma-  
 lity put some of my Words in a civil Frame,  
 they came from me in a Posture so visibly con-  
 strain'd, as they might easily read through it the  
 small Inclination I had to become their Mistress :  
 how-

however, in publick they deem'd it not fit to license any further Inquisition, and the King, without so much as vouchsafing any Enquiry what Blows I had struck in the Combat with myself, caus'd all Things to be prepar'd for the Ceremony, to which I was to be led, as a Victim to an Altar.

Gods! what a World of unquiet Thoughts did then tread the Mazes of my Soul! what Excuses did I not make to the unfortunate *Artaban* whom a rigorous Constraint had caused me to abandon! How often have I summon'd Heaven to take notice of the Violence was offered me! How oft from the Justification, have I passed to a Complaint against him, accusing his Affection of Apostacy, and falsely charging him with insensibility of my Affection, and Discharge of my Interests.

*Cephisa* and her Mother daily endeavour'd to dry my Eyes, but were utterly unable to stop their Source with any Solace to my sad Heart; and the Queen my Mother, whose sweet Disposition ever charg'd itself with a tender Care, and a dear Indulgence for the Peace of my Spirit, knowing her Power too weak to wrestle with the King's Intentions, left nothing un-essay'd to ease me of my Anguish, by perswading a Resignation to his Will, though she has protested a hundred times a Day, that she would not think it too dear a Rate, to ransom my Repose at the Price of her own, and vow'd she could not see the cruel Preparation of my following Miseries, without getting all my Sighs and Sufferings by heart in her own Breast. But Fortune had not spent the spightfullest Mischiefs she intended upon me, and she rais'd me up a fresh Disaster (unforeseen by my Fears) that struck me deeper than all that fore-ran it: And now, Madam, you are to understand the uttermost Effects of Ingratitude and Cruelty.

There was but one Day left unspent before that which was appointed for my nuptial Ceremony, when the King, being in one of the Palace-Courts, inviron'd with a proud Train, compos'd of the prime Nobility among the *Parthians*, and the King of *Media's* Embassadors, saw himself aboard-ed by a Man, whose unexpected Appearance was quickly grown the Astonishment of all the beholders: His Visage was pale, and a little altered, yet not so estranged by that Change, but he was quickly known to be *Artaban* by the whole Assembly. At the View of a Man so indear'd to the best, and affectionately rever'd among all the *Parthians*, their Joy, started out into a thousand Acclamations, and the King recovering his Face as well as the rest, appeared with a greater Surprizal in his Looks than any of those attended him.

*Artaban*, not so much as straying one single Regard from his Purpose upon the Troop that inviron'd him, directed his Addressee to the King himself; and his Steps no sooner carried him near enough to be heard, when setting apart all other Formalities, ' King of the *Parthians*, said he, I  
' am not returned to thy Court to demand *Elisa*;  
' nor to tell thee I am content to fall in the Price  
' of my Services into a cheaper Value. I am on-  
' ly come hither, to make thee a new Offer of  
' this Arm, which of late thou hast miss'd to thy  
' grand Disadvantage, and whereof the sole Ab-  
' sence has possibly reduc'd thee to take very shame-  
' ful Laws from thy Enemies. I hear thou art  
' resolved to give away thy Daughter to *Tigra-*  
' *granes*, the cruellest of all thy Opposers, to whom  
' upon a fair and unforc'd Treaty thou would'st  
' doubtless have refused her, and thou receivest  
' him for thy Son-in-Law, at a Time when all  
' *Asia* takes notice to thy Shame, that nothing  
' but

but Fear and Weakness makes the Match;  
*Phraates*, if thou hast not cashier'd all Care and  
 Esteem of thy Reputation and Glory, yet break this  
 dishonourable Marriage; and instead of giving  
 with thy Daughter the Crown of *Parthia* to  
*Tigranes*, suffer me to restore thee that of the  
*Medes*, which once before thou didst receive at  
 my Hands. I dare engage all the Honour I  
 have gathered in the Field, to recover it before  
 the Gods and Men; and if with the sole Assi-  
 stance of thy Forces, I do not set it once more  
 upon thy Head, before the Sun shall compleat  
 the Circle of a Year, I am contented mine shall  
 be expos'd to all the Rigours thy Wrath can  
 invent, with an utter Abjuration of any Plea  
 for Mercy.

Thus did the undaunted *Artaban* disclose his  
 Thoughts; and the King, who, during his Dis-  
 course, had recover'd himself from his first Amaze-  
 ment, darting at him a disdainful Look, ' And  
 whence comest thou, *said he*, thou that didst  
 so basely shrink from me in the War? Has thy  
 foolish Presumption brought thee to be my  
 Counsellor in Peace? Art thou now crept out of  
 those lurking Places, where thou didst shroud  
 thy Head from the Showers of Danger in our  
 Combats, to disturb mine and my Subjects Re-  
 pose, to re-kindle a War that has already cost  
 so much Blood; and, by the Example of thy  
 own perfidious Actions, oblige me to break an  
 Alliance, which my Word and Honour are laid  
 in pawn to perform?

At these injurious Words, *Artaban* lost all Pa-  
 tience; and as Nature had planted noble Scorn in  
 his Soul to pocket any Wrongs for fear of Death,  
 his Contempt of that Bug-bear received an extra-  
 ordinary Increase from the Provocation of this

unhandsome Language; and bespeaking the Expectation of what he had to say with a terrible Look, ' The Glory of my former Actions, *said* ' *be*, has Power enough to justify and secure itself against the reach of any Stain from thy Reproaches; and thou hast seen me fight with too much Prodigality of Blood for thy Interests, to make thyself believe that Fear could ever force me from the Combat: No, *Phraates*, if I forsook thee in the War, thou knowest 'twas thy Ingratitude bereft thee of my Sword, and I cannot be accused of Cowardice and Disloyalty by any but Monsters and Parricides.

These bold Words, that openly uncovered the blackest of his Crimes, set his Rage a running like Wild-fire through all the Parts of *Phraates*' Body; and turning to his Guards, ' Seize upon him, ' *cry'd he*, in a *Flame of Fury*; let him be taken dead or alive.

These Words had scarce mingled themselves with the Air, when *Artaban* was environ'd by a Thousand of his Enemies; but though the love of Life was utterly expelled his Breast, yet Revenge easily got his Consent to hold it at a very dear Rate to those that first attack'd him: And now he presented the same dreadful Sword to the Throats of his Opposers, which they had often seen him brandish against their Foes in so many Combats, and from which the Sun then first beheld Victory to be ravished by an unequal Number. *Phraates* their Captain was presently thrown dead at the Feet of his Companions, and in a few Moments the forwardest of his Men received a like Pass from his Sword to follow him. *Artaban* then quitting the Care of his own Preservation, rushed in among them with a headlong Fury; and quickly goring himself all over with their Blood, was

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in an instant become so terrible to the hardiest of his Enemies, as *Pbraates* himself, though bulwarked round with Thousands of armed Men, scarce thought his Person secure behind so many Bucklers. Yet at last this prodigious Valour grew incapable to guard his Liberty ; and while it was still cutting Lanes through those that faced him, they assaulted him behind with better Success ; and by an Inundation of his Enemies, which poured themselves at once upon his Back, he was borne to the Earth, and reduced to an Estate of making no more Resistance.

By the King's Orders he was immediately bound, and led before him, and *Pbraates* had Cruelty enough to aggravate the Sense of his Misfortunes with Menaces and Reproaches unworthy of Entertainment in the Mouth or Mind of a King. *Artaban* retorted all his Threats with Contempt, and was so far from stooping to a Power with the least Flexure of Submission, that might have given or taken his Life at pleasure, as regarding him with an Eye that spoke nothing but Disdain and Indignation : ‘ *Pbraates*, said he, I shall receive the bloody Kindness of thy Command that dooms me to die, and prefer it (the main one denied) above all the Dignities that Fortune has left at thy disposal : Credit me, King, ’tis a necessitated Sacrifice for the safety of thy Son-in-law, and might concern thy own, if my Respect to the Princess *Elisa* did not guard thee from such Intentions.

The King, after he had vomited some outrageous Words against him, that shewed the Cruelty of his Nature, sent him to one of the rudest Dungeons in the City, commanded his Hands and Feet should be laden with Irons, and imposed very strict Precautions upon his Guard, that made

them acquainted with the Importance of the Prisoner, and the Fear was due to the Recovery of his Liberty.

The last Disaster of *Artaban* spread a strange Amazement through the *Parthian* Court; and those that a while before had seen that great Man at the Head of their Armies dealing Destruction with a dextrous Hand (as if he play'd with Victory) among their Enemies, gaining Battles, conquering Kingdoms, and quitting himself in all his Departments, as if he had been sent with a Commission from Heaven to make their Nation happy, could not see him thrown into a Dungeon, charged with Irons, exposed to Shame, and, in all their Judgments, pitched as an eminent Mark for Death to draw his Bow at, without spending some serious Reflections upon the sickly Constitution of human Fortunes, and deploring the Fate of so brave a Man with all that could signalize an unfeigned Affliction. 'Tis true, they found something that required a Balance in the haughty Humour and indomitable Spirit of *Artaban*; but when their Memories glanced upon the marvellous Things he had done for them and their Country, they knew not how to accuse his Confidence, since it took a lawful Birth from the Greatness of his Heart and Courage, which had so bravely beaten off, and defeated Danger, that threatened Chains and Ruin to their Country. But if the *Parthians* interested themselves in *Artaban's* Fortune, judge, Madam, in what manner I was touched at the news of this unlucky Passage. I am discouraged to enterprize the Difficulty I feel to perform it, and shall close it in as few Words as will serve to tell you, that my Grief seemed to have borrowed some Darts of Death to strike me, and I think the sudden Arrest of Fate itself would  
not



not have dealt more cruelly. My Sorrows were grown so head-strong, as they easily taught their untoward Children (my Tears) to break their Bounds; and I had so little Power to pinion the airy Wings of my Sighs, that they broke loose in whole Troops to carry news of my Resentments. All that Day I shut up myself with *Urinoe* and her Daughter, not permitting so much as the sight of any Person; all the Parts of Speech that belonged to the Grammar of a lawful Grief, had a free Passage through my Mouth; and if I lamented *Artaban's* Misfortunes, I complained a thousand times of his Imprudence, and decried his desperate Resolutions that loaded my Mind with more Misery than it was able to support. The King's bloody Disposition filled me full of deadly Fears in his behalf, and I could not examine the Danger that menaced his Life, without suffering such Thoughts to devour my Quiet, that were the nearest Neighbours to Despair.

' Ah, *Artaban*! would I say, art thou come  
' back on purpose to bring the cruellest Addition  
' to my Grief that it was capable of receiving;  
' and was it not enough for the unfortunate *Elise*  
' to suffer for thy absence, but thy return must  
' throw us both headlong to our Tombs? I had  
' sadly lost the hope of ever seeing thee again,  
' and now thou hast rashly removed that Afflic-  
' tion; but ah! thou hast done it with a danger-  
' ous appearance, that put me to far greater Pain,  
' than a perpetual Divorce could ever have in-  
' flicted.

I tormented myself in this manner, and wasted the whole Night in such a doleful Condition, as I think my Sorrows would have softened the stony Heart of *Phrautes* himself, had he rightly understood them; but in this full Tide of Affliction,  
maugre

maugre all my Protestations and Tears, I was forced to obey a cruel Order from the King, that caused me to be conducted to the Temple, there to espouse *Tigranes*, in the Person of his Ambassador, and receive the Crown of *Media*.

I was too great a Sufferer at this Ceremony to bring away the Description. In short, I was there espoused, there publicly crowned, (and after all the ordinary Formalities that usually wait upon such Solemnities) led back to the Palace, in an Estate that contracted Pity from all that saw me, the King my Father excepted.

After this Action, he fell to consider what he should do with *Artaban*; the Revenge he believed was due to the unbecoming Words he had given, carried weight enough in his Thoughts to make a seeming Justice his Assassine; but, besides the turbulent Motions of his Choler, he had many other Reasons, and those of no feeble Footing in his Breast, that solicited *Artaban's* Ruin. His Experience of this Man's invincible Spirit, and his amorous Aims at me, hatched him some sanguine Fears, that he would prove a perpetual Ague to himself and his Son-in-law; remove Heaven and Earth to ravish *Elisa* from the Hands of *Tigranes*, and always keep a Capacity consistent with his Life, to disquiet the two Kingdoms, as well by the help of his offended Courage, as the Affection and Authority, which his grand Actions had acquired, and were likely to preserve him among the *Medes* and *Parthians*. In fine, he thought he could not sleep securely, so long as such an *Artaban* was above ground to traverse his Designs; and this Consideration easily got the Victory of all that resisted it to conclude his Murder. But when his Memory made fresh Opposition, by reviving the Services that Man had done him,

him,

him, he gave credit to a new Conception, that he could not bring him to a Scaffold, without deepening the Tincture of his execrable Crimes to the Eye of the World, and drawing upon himself a dangerous Increase of his People's Hatred, to whom he was already very odious.

The Influence of these Reasons on both sides held him some Days irresolute; but at last could not prevail for *Artaban's* Pardon. In fine, he closed with one Invention, that he thought would render him less odious than any that had trod their successive Steps through his Fancy.

He was well acquainted with the Cause and Temper of *Tigranes's* Resentments against *Artaban*; and, besides the Knowledge that all the World had of it, he remember'd in his Propositions of Peace, he demanded his Head, or *Artaban* dead or alive in his first Article. Besides, he had understood that, since his Imprisonment, *Artaban* had openly protested, *If he were at liberty again, he would kill Tigranes*; which being told to the *Median* Ambassadors, they had brought it in as a new Complaint against him to the King. This sprung him a Conceit, that he might safely rid himself of *Artaban*, and tie *Tigranes* to him in an immortal Obligation, sending (with his Spouse) his Enemy in Chains, by his Death to satisfy for all the Losses he had caused him.

This Thought had no sooner made itself known, but presently grew up to a Resolution, and to the Persons who were appointed to conduct me into *Media*, there was added a great Number of others to guard *Artaban* thither; but because he feared those Friends that *Artaban's* Virtue had acquired among the *Parthians* should attempt a Rescue, if we took the ordinary Road, he directed our Voyage through *Hircania*, tho' much the farther way,  
and

and gave secret Orders to a certain Number of Vessels, that he judg'd necessary for my Conduct and *Artaban's*, to wait us at the Port upon the *Caspian* Sea, where we were to embark, after we had travers'd *Hircania*.

See, Madam, how far he stretch'd his Ingratitude, and what a rancorous Malice inhabited his Heart, to expose a Man that had so gallantly oblig'd him to the Rage of an Enemy, that had never been so but because he serv'd him.

The Rumour of this Resolution that rais'd a general Murmur among the *Parthians*, struck me with an unparallel'd Astonishment; all the Blood I borrowed from his Veins, could not stop my Cries against this last Effect of *Pbraates's* Cruelty: But when I had spent some serious Reflections upon this Design, I spy'd a little glimmering of Comfort, and I believ'd there was more Hope of procuring *Artaban's* Safety, by my Intreaty to *Tigranes*, upon whose Spirit I still thought Affection had left me some Authority, and whose Disposition was never so voic'd by the common Repute to be cruelly inclin'd, than by leaving him to my Father's Mercy, whose marble Heart never gave Access to Pity, when Choler or Ambition kept the Gate.

But why should my Relation travel the farther way towards its Journey's End, by such unpleasant Passages? This Design of the King's was acted as resolv'd, and I was snatched out of the Queen my Mother's Arms, who as well as the wretched *Elisa*, was ready to die for Grief at our Separation) before my Fears of such a sudden Divorce had time to feel themselves in Season, and conducted with *Artaban* through *Hircania*, which is under the King my Father's Dominion, to the *Caspian* Sea; where after I had given my last Fare-

Farewel to those, who, through private Respect or publick Command, had accompanied me thither, was put into a Vessel among the *Medes*; *Artaban* laden with Irons, in another full of armed Men, and both these followed by three other Ships freighted full of Soldiers, that were rather sent as a Guard to the Prisoner, than a Train to the Princess. They were commanded by *Orestes*, Brother to the same *Euphrates* that was killed by *Artaban* a few Days before in the Court; and therefore for the greater Assurance, preferred by the King to that Charge, as his bitterest Enemy. *Orestes* had with him a thousand well trained men in those Vessels, and *Polinices*, who by the King's Commission was Captain of his Convoy, commanded two or three hundred *Parthians* that were all in our Ship, with my Women, and Part of my Family; of all his Servants, then the unfortunate *Artaban* had no other with him but *Telamon*, a young Man of a great Heart, and lively Wit, and rare Fidelity.

I seemed as if I had rather been conducted to my Tomb than my Nuptials; and if some Bolts and Shackles had not made the Difference betwixt us, it would have troubled any Judgment, not anticipated, to distinguish which, or *Artaban*, or I was the Prisoner.

All the time we travelled by Land, I durst not so much as demand a Sight of him, and I deem'd the Request would be easier obtained when we were once on Ship-board, and had lost the Sight of so many Persons that came no farther than the Shore, and might probably carry back dangerous News of them that permitted it. However, the first Day I thought it unfit to hazard a Repulse, till I had made myself better acquainted with the Faces of those that had Power to grant it: But the  
next

next Day, after some Endeavour to soften and flex the Spirits of *Polinices* and *Tigranes's* Ambassadors with gentler Words, and smoother Looks than I had formerly put on, I begg'd their Permission for a Sight of *Artaban* upon the Deck of his Vessel. At first, these barbarous Men made some Scruple to consent, and defended their Disobedience with the King's Orders, which they alledg'd were positively express and rigorous against it. But at last I assaulted their Obstinacy with so many powerful and prevalent Reasons, telling them that the Sight of me could no way conduce to the Safety of *Artaban*, that at the best they would but rob themselves of an Opportunity to oblige me, since I knew I could owe the same Favour to *Tigranes*, whenever I desired it; and at last threatening to let myself dye with Hunger, and so bereave them of all the Honour and Reward they expected for their Service in my Conduct to the King of *Media*, if they refused my Demand: As in fine, whether the Fear of a future Revenge for the churlish Refusal, or the Importunity of my Prayer was the best Advocate, they gave me my Desires. Then was *Artaban's* Vessel brought near to mine, and himself plac'd upon the Deck, with all his Irons upon his Arms and Feet. This Object struck a Horror through me of my Father's Inhumanity; and (if *Cephisa* had not supported me) doubtless I had fallen upon the Deck, and all the Succour she could lend my feeble Spirits, had much ado to hold in my Senses to their several Properties.

*Artaban* took some ruddy Shame into his Look, that I saw him in that slave-like Posture charged with Irons, and I read in the very Rays, that his Eyes darted downwards (for I saw they fled my Face) that it was not the Fear, but the kind of  
Death

Death that troubled him, and he could not patiently take the Account of those Thoughts that told him, he was carried to be thrown at the Feet of his Mercy, who had so lately been despoiled and stript of his Purple by his own Hands ; of a Man that was Enemy and Rival conjoined, and such a Rival, whom not only his Anger, but his amorous Interest had compos'd him a Resolution to kill him in the very Centre of his Guards. These Reflections swelled his great Heart to a Purpose of anticipating his Death, before he receiv'd it by the King of *Media's* Doom ; and in pursuit of that Design, perceiving he was too strictly guarded to surprize any Opportunity of throwing himself into the Sea, he resolv'd to make Hunger his Executioner, and had therefore taken very little Nourishment since we first embark'd.

After I had a little recovered my Spirits, that at first were driven from their Places, by the assauk of so sad a Spectacle, fastening my Eyes upon his Face, and discovering all to his easie interpretation in the Dialect of my Looks, that the presence of so many Witnesses advis'd me to hide :

*Artaban, said I,* the Condition you appear in is very unworthy of you, and if I received not some comfort from a Hope to release you of all the shame and danger, you should quickly know how large a Propriety I claim in your Misfortunes.

*Artaban,* (fierce as a *Lybian* Lion to all besides, only in my presence ever gentle and submissive) rais'd his Eyes to my visage, and struggling with himself to keep some sighs from breaking Prison : *Madam, said he,* my Condition is very glorious, since it takes a Pedigree from no other Fountain but the Love of you. I shall embrace my Death, and finish my Tragedy without

without the least Reluctance, if my sufferings  
 for you may speak the Epilogue: For you alone I  
 abandoned *Tigranes*' Interests, for you chased  
 him out of your Father's Kingdom, and despoil-  
 ed him of his own; for you incur'd the indig-  
 nation of *Phraates*, and in fine, for you, am  
 now going to render my naked throat to the  
 Sword of the incensed *Tigranes*. 'Tis I, Ma-  
 dam, must be made the Sacrifice to propitiate  
 your *Hymen*, and *Tigranes* will possess his  
 Heaven of happiness in you without a Cloud,  
 when he shall once see his Fears washed away  
 with the Blood of a Man, that had he lived,  
 would still have held him to a very close dispute of  
 his Title. This is my Destiny, and yours, Ma-  
 dam, is to be led in Triumph into the Arms of  
 a young King, that attends your approaches with  
 a paining expectation, to receive a flourishing  
 Crown, and pass away your Days with all the  
 Varieties of content and delight, that are worthy  
 to entertain you. The establishment of yours,  
 and the of end my Life, I believe will both arrive  
 at one Conjunction of time; since your Consent  
 has sealed to these, I forbid my Soul so much  
 as a secret murmur; but if my preceding Ser-  
 vices have made me worthy to prefer a suppli-  
 cation, I would fain conjure you to obtain of  
*Tigranes*, that he would not let me survive this  
 last Scene of my Misfortune. There is cause to  
 suspect, if I come alive into his Hands, he will  
 prevent the Death he intends me, by another  
 Martyrdom ten thousand times more cruel, which  
 I shall suffer every several moment, in being  
 made a Spectator of his Felicity; but your good-  
 ness bids me hope you will take care to cut off  
 this approaching disaster, and represent to *Ti-*  
*granes*, that he ought to content himself with  
 his



‘ his Fortune, and my single fate, without tram-  
‘ pling upon me by an ignoble Triumph at my  
‘ Death, that will fully the credit, and tarnish  
‘ all the Glory of his Life.

While *Artaban* expressed himself in this manner, I was half drowned in my own Tears, which the sad contexture of his Language, and the deplorable Estate wherein I beheld him, drew away from my Eyes in great abundance; and though his reproaches offered me some cause of exception, I easily pardoned all to his Grief, and assured myself they were the Off-spring of a belief, that I had willingly dispos’d myself by the Conquest of all my repugnance, to espouse *Tigranes*.

If I could safely have trusted my Justifications in that Place, as it was then peopled, I had quickly cured him of his Error; and indeed, I that had been the Source of all his Misfortunes, could not owe less to that gallant Man, whom I then saw ready to perish for my sole interest. I durst not give him my thoughts at their full proportion, and yet I was unwilling to keep all under Hatches that my Heart had for him, supposing those that heard us would partly conjecture Pity to be the parent of that which indeed was the Child of affection. Encouraged by these thoughts, and regarding him with more Passion than ever I taught my Eyes to express before: ‘ *Artaban*,  
‘ said I, you are very cruel to aggravate my dis-  
‘ pleasures by your reproaches, and by them you  
‘ have given me causes of complaint, which would  
‘ not have been easily pardoned at another season:  
‘ I relish no such sweetness in this Triumphant  
‘ condition (as your unkindness stiles it) which  
‘ the Deities know I opposed with all my puis-  
‘ sance; and I must not blush to tell you before  
‘ *Tigranes*’ Ambassadors, that I fled as far from  
‘ the

‘ the honoured Alliance, as the Obedience due to  
‘ a Father and a King would permit me. Those  
‘ that believe they made a clear Conquest upon  
‘ my Will, did not well understand me, nor do  
‘ I think that any Action of mine could ever raise  
‘ them a rational conjecture to feed such hopes:  
‘ For all else that had no dependence upon me,  
‘ and wanted a remedy beyond my reach, dispute  
‘ it with Heaven, upbraid my Sovereigns, and  
‘ accuse your Fortune and mine: But if you  
‘ have lent any credit to a thought, that I can  
‘ plant myself any repose with *Tigranes* upon  
‘ your Ruins, or behold the Death you are in  
‘ danger to take upon my Score, with a calm  
‘ brow and a quiet heart, you are most unjust,  
‘ more ingrateful yourself, than those that have  
‘ condemned you to suffer it. No, *Artaban*,  
‘ take your leave of that Opinion, and be assur-  
‘ ed, that instead of demanding your Death at  
‘ the hand of *Tigranes*, if I do not obtain your  
‘ Life, he shall quickly see the end of mine.  
‘ Remember I pass you this bold Promise, be-  
‘ fore these interess’d Persons, and do solemnly  
‘ protest in their Presence, that whensoever he con-  
‘ demns you to dye, he pronounces my Sentence.

‘ Ah, Madam, cry’d the afflicted *Artaban*, how  
‘ vain and fruitless; nay, how cruel is this unsea-  
‘ sonable Pity of your’s? Quit, I beseech you, the  
‘ Hope that I can ever take my Life of *Tigranes*,  
‘ or of you yourself, at the Rate of keeping these  
‘ Eyes unclosed to see my Princess in my Rival’s  
‘ Possession. By this time I might have cut down  
‘ those high-grown Hopes with his Life; had I  
‘ still been Master of my Liberty, I would not  
‘ basely bargain for my own with an imply’d  
‘ Condition, to attempt his no more upon the  
‘ guilty Penalty of Ingratitude and Cowardice:

‘ Thus

‘ Thus you would enjoin me, Madam, to die  
‘ by Degrees, of unspeakable Torture, instead of  
‘ one gentle Blow that will send me down to the  
‘ Shades, from Sufferings far more unsupporta-  
‘ ble than itself. But since at these Extrems  
‘ of my Misery, you are contented to unmask a  
‘ Compassion, that I never merited, which forces  
‘ my Acknowledgment, that Fortune is the only  
‘ Cause of all my Complaints, give me leave to  
‘ satiate the Thirst of an implacable Foe to my Fe-  
‘ licity, who has ever been strewing Impediments  
‘ in my way to an Acquest, that could not be the  
‘ Quarry of a common Virtue, prevent the Malice  
‘ of my Enemies that would make my Shame  
‘ their Triumph, and spare my Princess the Pains  
‘ of discomposing her bridal Joys with a trouble-  
‘ some Pity, which I know her excellent Dispo-  
‘ sition cannot deny to such an Object.’ ‘ No,  
‘ *Artaban, said I, apprehending my Design, I*  
‘ can never agree to that, and if your Will still  
‘ allows my Pretences of some Power upon it,  
‘ you cannot dispose of your Life, nor attempt  
‘ any thing against it without my Consent. What  
‘ would you then have me to do? *said he, raising*  
‘ *his Voice higher than ordinary.*’ ‘ I would have  
‘ you generously endure, *reply’d I,* these frantick  
‘ Fits of your Fortune, and consider that with a  
‘ weaker Courage than your’s, I have borne the  
‘ Oppression of almost as weighty Sufferings. For-  
‘ mer Ages have left us many Precedents of a  
‘ hopeless Change in Affairs as desperate as your’s;  
‘ and if you can but quiet those rash Over-boilings  
‘ of your Spirit, and conform yourself to the Will  
‘ of Heaven, you will certainly receive, either Ease  
‘ in your Miseries, or Constancy to support them;  
‘ there is this besides to comfort you, that the Per-  
‘ son for whose sake you abide these Torments,  
‘ has

' has as great a Share as yourself in the same  
 ' Affliction, and methinks this should sweeten the  
 ' Sense of your Calamities, to see how near a Com-  
 ' munity they had with her's, for whose sake  
 ' you are so willing to suffer them; call home  
 ' then, *Artaban*, the straggled Forces of your Spi-  
 ' rit, and do not put a Maid to the Blush for  
 ' your Weakness, whereof till now she never sus-  
 ' pected you guilty.

I unclothed my Thoughts in this Manner, and  
*Artaban* made some Semblance to moderate his  
 rash Resolutions, as well by the Prevalence of my  
 Language, as the Example I gave him of my Con-  
 stancy; when some upon the main Mast cry'd  
 out, they discern'd some Vessels making towards  
 us with full Sails, and a while after, when a shor-  
 ter Distance gave them leave to take the Objects  
 at a truer Proportion; they added there was Cause  
 of Suspicion, they intended to assault us, especial-  
 ly because they made their Advances too swiftly  
 towards us, to be accounted any other than En-  
 mies.

My Conductors were troubled at this Intelli-  
 gence, which caused them to break off my Dis-  
 course with *Artaban*, and when they had led him  
 back to the same Cabin that was his Prison before,  
 they begun to prepare themselves for the Encoun-  
 ter of those Dangers that their Fears foresaw. They  
 were scarce singled to their several Tasks, but eve-  
 ry Minute sprung new Causes to increase their  
 Apprehensions, and they that were best acquaint-  
 ed with that Sea, had no sooner remarked the  
 Flags of those approaching Ships, but they cry'd  
 out with a mortal Fear, it was the Pirate *Zeno-  
 derus*, *Zenoderus* the most redoubted Rover  
 that ever robbed upon the Ocean, or rather the  
 only Man that by his prosperous Villainies was  
 become

become terrible, since the great *Pompey* purged the Sea of those Diseases.

Our Commanders, as well as Soldiers, turned pale at the very Name of *Zenodorus*; but when they had considered themselves Masters of five strong Ships, and that the Pirate's Number exceeded not theirs above one or two, they quickly recovered Spirit and Resolution to defend their Lives and Liberties courageously.

*Polinix* and the Median Ambassadors presently fitted themselves for the Fight: *Orestes* was covered with *Artaban's* Armour, which he had begged and obtained of the King the same Day we began that unlucky Voyage; Arms that were signally rich in Beauty, Fame, and their Master's Glory, wherein their Usurper appeared like another *Patroclus*, in those that belonged to the valiant *Achilles*.

*Artaban* was half distracted with Rage, to see that Rook in his plundered Plumes; and wish'd they might be as fatal, as the Son of *Peleus's* proved to his presumptuous Friends.

The Commanders armed, and the Soldiers ready for Combat, we staid the coming up of our Enemies, since the weighty Bulk of our Vessels would not suffer us to save ourselves by flight; and we waited not long in that Posture, before they poured themselves upon us with a skilful Fury.

They were indeed a part of *Zenodorus's* Fleet commanded, in his absence, by his Nephew *Ephialtes*, one of the boldest Pirates that ever rode the Ocean, who without measuring Danger, either by the Number or Force of those he encountred, had made it his Custom to charge all that came near him; the Combat was begun by the Pirates, and their Shock sustained by our Men with a great deal of Resolution; my Ignorance will not  
let

let me describe you the Fight in Parts; but Madam, shall I give you a short List of my Resentments, at that Present? Indeed I cannot chuse but tell you, that the Detestation I still cherished, of the very Thought to espouse *Tigranes*, and the Grief I took for *Artaban's* Misfortunes, had left me so little Care, or Love of Life, as I can hardly say, that Death look'd ugly enough to affright me; and if I may assume the Liberty to undisguise my criminal Thoughts without a Reserve, I think *Artaban's* Danger was attended with as large a Portion of my Fears, as those that regarded my proper Safety.

In the mean time, an interchanged Cloud of Arrows rain'd upon both Parties; the Pirates quickly found a Resistance, that made them with the Danger unattempted, and certainly the Advantages they got, had cost them a great deal more Blood, if *Orestes* (as if those famous Arms had refused to do Service to their Master's Enemy) had not been tumbled dead at the Feet of his Men, by some of the first Blows that were struck in the Combat, and my Conductor *Polinices*, with one of the *Median* Ambassadors suddenly acquitted (by divers Wounds) of the Care to obey their Master's Commission.

*The END of the SECOND VOLUME.*



